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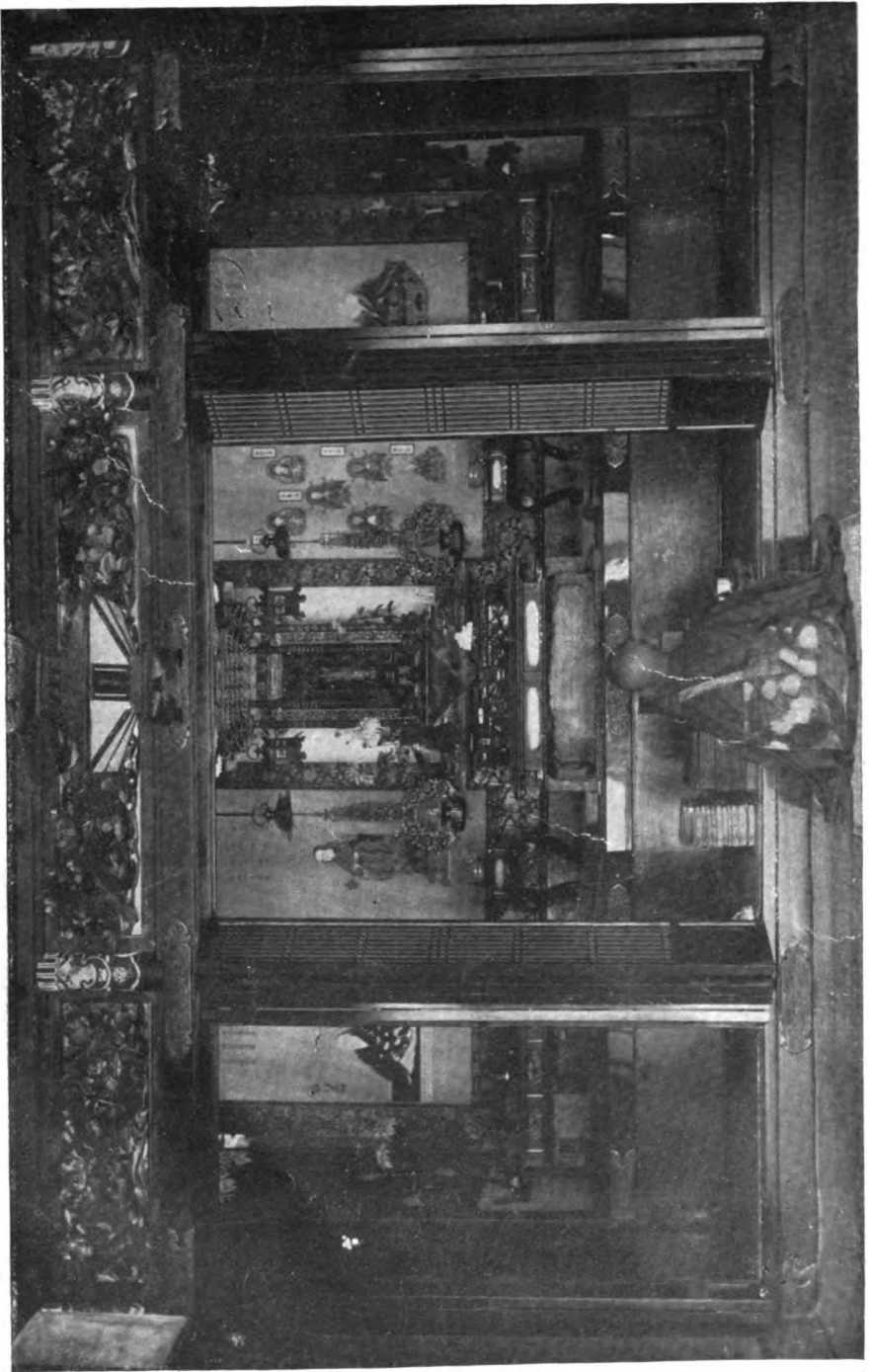
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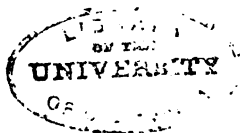
At the Altar.

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No. 1



Welcoming the Buddha's Most Holy Bones.

By D. Brainerd Spooner. (Tutor at the Siamese Legation, Tokyo.)

PROBABLY in benighted Christendom it is not generally known that an ancient dagaba was opened on the border of Nepal a year or two ago, wherein were found, I think, five urns, containing various relics of Gotama Buddha, even to a portion of his most Holy Bones. The golden trinkets and the urns themselves, I am told on high authority, found an unworthy last resting place, some in the Calcutta, some in the British museum; but the Bones were presented by the British Government to the King of Siam, as the only Buddhist monarch in the world. Thereupon the representatives in Bangkok of the various countries where Buddhism is a popular, tho' not the State religion, prayed His Majesty for fragments, among them as was natural, the minister of the Mikado. His Majesty graciously granting this request, a deputation of Japanese Buddhist priests was straightway chosen, with Lord Otani, son of the Most Rev. Count Otani of the Higashi Hongeoanji, Kyoto, at its head, and the company, eighteen in all, set out to receive the Holy Relics.

Meanwhile the Siamese Minister in Tokyo was busy writing letters and preparing the way for this delegation, which was possibly one reason why they were received so royally,—which adverb will stand a literal interpretation. They were in Siam one week; dined with the King, went to Ayuthia in his private train, saw the "sacred" white elephants, had dinners and theatre parties galore. In short, it was a delightful and memorable experience. With fitting ceremonies they received the Holy Relics in a vessel of pure gold and sailed away for home arriving safely and in due time at Nagasaki, where, as at other cities between there and

the ancient capital they rested a day or two, thereby giving the people an opportunity to worship.

Of all this the Marquis had been kept informed by telegraph, (and I by him) and he thought it would be a neat bit of courtesy to go to Kyoto, where the Bones are to rest temporarily, to welcome the priests on their return, and, merely incidentally, see the Gion Matsuri.

His Excellency very kindly insisting that I should go with him, we started out, we two alone, and unsuspectingly existed through the weary hours and worse heat until we reached Nagoya, where, to my unspeakable surprise and embarrassment (I chose that word: I had to be interpreter) we found a group of priests who had been sent those hundred miles to meet His Excellency. And from there on the stations were picturesque with little knots of reverend gentlemen.

The situation began to dawn on us, which was indeed fortunate, else what should we have done on reaching Kyoto? The platform was packed, jammed with priests.

"Bishop and abbot and prior were there;

Many a monk, and many a friar,

Many a knight and many a squire,

With a great many more of lesser degree,
In sooth, a goodly company."

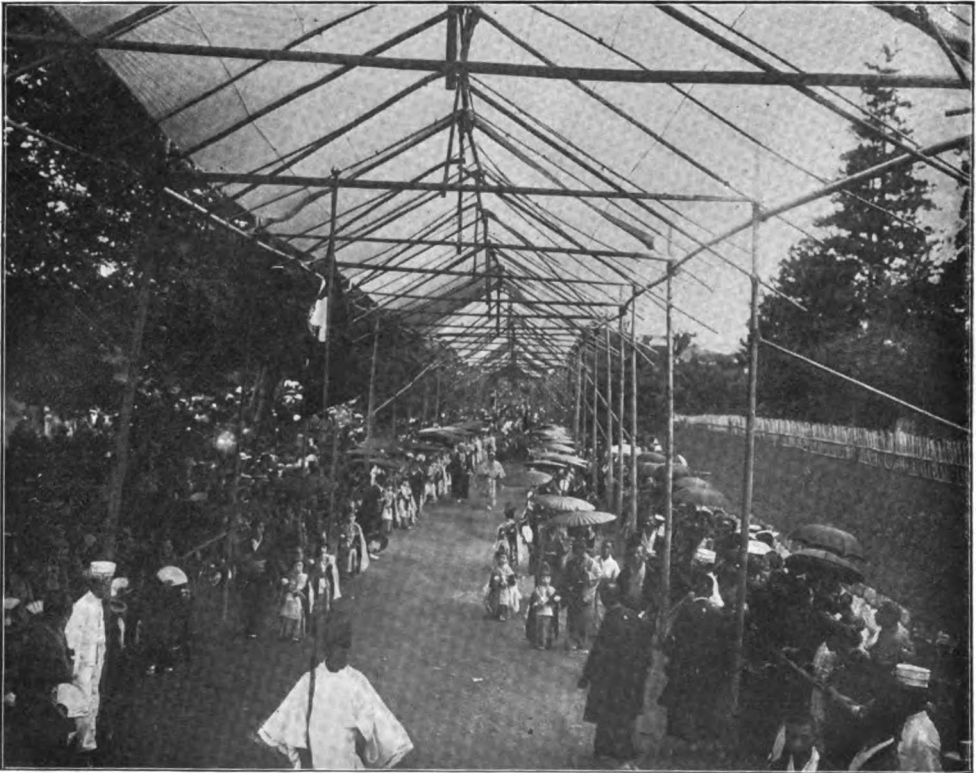
And not a soul spoke English. Woe was me! Policemen, however, straightway took us in charge, struck a path through the crowd with their swords, and escorted us triumphantly to the waiting-room, where each of the "goodly company" paid his respects and his compliments to the Minister. It was an occasion. Of course I could not understand their titles, and could only guess which was which by the gorgeousness of

their robes and the hush of the others on the approach of certain ones.

After I had collected a few hundred huge cards inscribed in unintelligible Chinese characters, the policemen cut another path through the by this time seemingly impenetrable forest of people, and we were ushered to His Grace's carriage. The *betto*s started shrieking up the street, and we were off for the hotel. This, too, seemed something triumphal, for, as has already been

to see, full of that peace which the world cannot give. Courtesy to him was instinctive, and I bowed very low before I learned he was the Archbishop of the Myohoin, the temple where the Holy Relics now rest.

And I must tell you of the present he sent the Marquis. A large box, about two and a half by four feet, carried in on a stand with handles, and full of the most artistic confections man ever saw, perfect roses in full bloom and of all colors, morning glories,



A View of the Procession in Kyoto.

said, it was the eve of the Zion Matsuri, and the streets were well filled. But in comparison to what came later it was as solitude.

It would make an article in itself to adequately describe the reception at the hotel. The costumes, the profound bows, the Oriental compliments, and all. One old gentleman was particularly striking in a long-sleeved gown of purple gauze over white, a red brocade arrangement on his left side, white gloves and digitated socks, and with the sweetest, kindest face one could wish

pine cones and needles, conventional sea-waves, delicate petals of the pink lotus scattered over a mass of their own green leaves,—a sight for goddesses to weep at with envy.

Now we had to come to Kyoto one day early to see the matsuri, but unfortunately for our plans, the next day the priests were due to reach Osaka, and those in Kyoto politely insisted on our going thither to witness the ceremonies, which we did: and thereby hang several tales.

We were the only guests at the large

Osaka Club Hotel, and after a peaceful tiffin, which was the last peace in hours, went down to the station to meet the Bones, which came at last amid the prostrate multitudes and the richly robed priests, his Lordship at their head in delicate brown with a shimmer of purple somewhere. After a deal of heedlessness on somebody's part the procession started out for the Tennoji, a very ancient temple said to have been founded by Shotoku Taishi as long ago as the year 600; and in the first coach rode the

nese lettering, are marching solemnly through the narrow, sometimes covered streets, something like those pictures we used to have in our geographies of a "street in Canton." And everywhere are crowds of devout spectators. Considerably ahead of the shrine containing the Holy Bones comes our coach, surrounded by priests, and whether the populace took us for the Relics to be adored, or simply limbs of Satan to be appeased, is not clearly stated in the text; but whatever the cause, the fact re-



In Full Array.

Siamese Minister and his English tutor.

I think anyone at home would have deemed it worth considerable to see that coach. It must have been nearly as old as the temple, *blue brocade* inside *and out*, gilded with tassles and long gold fringe—a sight to behold. But funnier still, omitting mention of the steed, was an old three-foot organ that faced our seat—"a yard of music."

The long line of dignified priests in their flowing robes, the fantastic standard bearers with long and narrow flags inscribed in Chi-

mains that they worshiped us as we passed by! Actually put their hands together inside their rosaries, bowed as only Orientals can, and in pious accents murmured their musical Eastern prayer, "Namu Amida Butsu, Namu Amida Butsu," (usually translated, "I adore thee, O Eternal Buddha.") until the Marquis and I could not stand it any longer, and fairly shed tears—of laughter. And it was *so hot!* Then he got indignant; sat bolt upright, shook his fist and expostulated with them, "No, no! No, no!

"I'm not a bone! I'm not a bone!"—but it was in vain. In desperation he opened the organ, and while I pumped, played snatches of Siamese songs on those keys that had not yet reached Nirvana. Vanity of vanities! They seemed to think them the strains of heavenly harps, for they only bowed the lower, and mumbled faster and faster, till all the air was one loud hum of "Namwamidabu"—until we were too weak to play or laugh any more, and simply lay back exhausted. About this time I looked out the gold-fringed window on my side, and caught the eye of a youth just putting his hands together for prayer—and I felt sorry for him; his astonishment, his dumb amaze at seeing me was very touching. He was one of my old students at Obsu, ringleader in a "strige" there was.

We finally reached the temple, after three mortal hours of being worshiped in that brocade organ coach, and rested awhile, sipping tea with the high-priests, after prayers in the temple, and afterwards carried away our boxes of cake, Japanese fashion. We were wholesale dealers by the end of the week.

A sail—or whatever you call it when a man shoves you along with a pole—up and down the river alive with lanterned pleasure boats full of gay Orientals singing to their tinkling samsens or their lugubrious shakuhachis ended that day's incongruities, and we rested for the morrow.

On that day the Governor very kindly sent his carriage, and we went to see the queer old sacred dances at the Tennoji, which were given despite the rain on an uncovered stage between two ponds simply crawling with tortoises. The rich old costumes of the dancers against the huge upright temple drums, with the pagoda towering in the background, made a truly weird and Eastern picture. The dancers themselves were not at all exciting, being merely dignified, but to the unregenerate, meaningless pantomimes, yet interesting withal and quite impressive, especially at the part where the offerings were made, two priests standing in the center of the stage, each with a huge red umbrella held over his head, and a wee little boy in attendance, while young men hurried across with stands or trays of various kinds of foods, which were received by the priests at the top of the temple steps and placed before the altar.

That night we returned to Kyoto so as to be there to meet the Bones again, which we did early the next morning, and fell back of His Lordship, or rather tried to, for the crowd was perfectly unmanageable. We were separated long before we got to the little wicket leading in from the platform, and where the crush was terrific; no superlative is adequate. Of course it was mostly a reverent crowd, but not wholly. The inevitable pickpocket was abroad, I discovered, on looking later for my watch.

It is but a little way from the station to the Higashi Hougwanji, and after getting through the jam, and with the help of one of the priests, who had met us at Nagoya, rejoining the Minister, is was only a few minutes before we turned in between the two huge bronze lanterns into the great yard of the temple, fling between lines of nearly prostrate priests. It was a wonderful picture. The temple is one of the largest in the Empire, with a massive double Oriental roof whose countless beams were hoisted into place by ropes of human hair, which was the only offering the peasant women could make. On either side of the broad and high steps stood a line of temple musicians in pale grey silk, the one with green, the other with purple scarfs, playing the weirdest of music on queer instruments—dles of pipes of unequal lengths bound together and held straight up in the air in playing. To these really solemn strains the little case with its covering of gold brocade was carried up the steps, across the spacious hall, and deposited on the central altar; the white folding doors of the chancel, long and narrow paneled with frames of gold, were quickly closed, and the Marquis and I withdrew to an inner room finished in natural woods with plain gold walls, and there we waited.

We had visited this temple once before, the morning we went to Osaka, when the Minister had an audience, so to speak, with His Grace the Archbishop, a most charming gentleman, who for dignity of rank and person is certainly surpassed by few. And yet the Americanism in me is so strong that I could scarcely accustom myself in all the days we were there to the sight of the other priests, who in any ordinary presence might be counted high kneeling on the floor when addressing him. His robes were of course gorgeousness itself, but his bro-

cade was especially worthy of mention as a gift from the Mikado (His Grace is a kinsman of the Empress) and was figured in the Imperial chrysanthemum crest, which I believe he said no other priest might wear. In shape it was the same as that of any priest's; a piece about two feet wide suspended from the left shoulder by a strap of the same material, and encircling the body without meeting at the right—a curious thing, whose name I'm sure I do not know. They call it "kesa," and on ordinary occa-

nalia of Buddhism glittering before it, and beautifully reflected in the black lacquer floor, as are the gold walls at the back, painted in enormous lotuses. Above the chancel runs a wide frieze, a solid mass of intricate and exquisite carving, all in the brightness of new gilt, for this is the newest, as well as one of the grandest of Buddhist temples, having been erected in 1895 at enormous expense, almost, if not quite all, being raised by popular subscription.



Buddhist Priests.

sions wear it carefully folded quite as the Episcopal clergy do their stoles.

While we are waiting let me tell you something about the interior of this temple, whose main hall is the largest room in Japan (something of Milton's vagueness, perhaps, but I trust not obsolete), and whose ceiling is supported by great three-foot pillars of teak wood. The chancel is enclosed by the narrow white doors above-mentioned, which usually stand open, showing the three altars, the central and main one a perfect blaze of gold with all the shining parapher-

Now, I know I am a failure at description, but were I the master of it par excellence, it would still be impossible to show the beauty of a Buddhist temple, its wealth of gold and carving, to one unfamiliar to Oriental extravagance of decoration. But if you could have seen that hall as we presently saw it, from our vantage point within the chancel, filled with countless numbers of high-priests from all over the Empire, clad in the most gorgeous of silks and brocades of every conceivable shade—you would agree that mortal eyes have seldom seen anything

surpassing it in splendor. Certainly few, if any courts, could compare with it in magnificence of coloring.

After a priestly tiffin of inedible vegetables, the Holy Relics, which had been placed in an ornate golden shrine newly made, took their place in the procession which had started hours before, and we were off again. First came the shrine, then Lord Otani, and two other high-priests returned from Bangkok, then a man in stiff white, with a peaked black cap, bearing aloft a Siamese flag whose elephant was fearfully and wonderfully made, with claws like a Bengal tiger's. In the shadow of this marvelous creature walked the Siamese Minister, with me at his shoulder; then his official interpreter, who long since rescued me, and from there on an endless line of priests.

Like all summer days in Kyoto, it was hot. We had waited four hours, had had practically no tiffin, and to walk through those miles of sweltering people was a test of one's faith; and I alone of all that multitude had none to test. But fortunately they had spent something like seven thousand yen on a covering of white cloth which extended from the Hongwanji clear to the Myohoin, and save for which we had surely given out.

The astonishment of the people on seeing me among those thousands of priests was amusing—that is, until I discovered the truth, which was—can you guess? They were taking me for the Siamese Minister, me with my red cheeks and redder beard! Yes, the Marquis passed by unnoticed, and they saved their bows and benedictions for insignificant me. People nudged their worshiping neighbors that they should look at me, and thus was many a prayer left half unsaid. The sacrilege I caused! I began to be alarmed lest His Excellency blame me for it, and yet I'm sure it was not my fault that the populace could not distinguish between a Southern noble and his Northern slave. Gradually I dropped back and back, however, until I was between priests whose flowing silks effectually screened me from my worshipers.

I think it took us fully three hours to reach the Myohoin, and never was saint or sinner so glad of rest and tea. They have a very neat way of serving tea, those priests. The cups are a little larger than the ordinary Japanese ones, and are served on

little lacquer stands like elevated saucers, and every cup is covered with a tiny lacquer lid.

After the Minister and I had worshiped—I not knowing at the time the full significance of bowing before the idol and scattering powdered incense over the glowing coals in the censer—we were allowed to go home; I say this for the hotel seemed a very home, we were so tired.

But the next day brought the most enjoyable experience of all, a tiffin at Count Otani's, given in, or next, the Mikado's apartments in the retiring villa of the Lord Abbot, opening wide on what are rightly famed as the most beautiful gardens in the ancient capital. The banquet (we had of course a delicious French menu and the best of wines) lasted fully four hours, during which on the one side geese kicked antics in the pond and storks raced up and down the lawns and on the other some famous actors especially hired for the occasion presented three comic pieces from the Japanese theatre. After the tiffin the whole party, eight in all, rode around the pretty ponds in a little boat festooned with purple; in and out the tiny pine-clad islets, under the semi-circular bridges, up and down the grassy bank; watched the gold-fish crowd for food, admired the parrots and the peacock, then took our jinrikishas and were trundled back to the hotel.

The following days were spent in tiffins at the different temples (though as flesh is forbidden in most of the Buddhist sects, our reverend hosts were usually unable to join us) and in witnessing the ceremonies at the Myohoin.

Did you ever see a Buddhist ceremony? They are very beautiful and very interesting, although a total ignorance of the meaning of what is being said and done inevitably detracts from the solemnity. The urn containing the Holy Relics had been taken from the portable shrine and placed on the central altar, directly in front of which was a raised seat for the Archbishop, the other priests sitting around the room. And over all floated the perfumed clouds of incense from the censer on the altar. After numerous ceremonies, prostrations, and mystic finger signs on the part of the Archbishop, they all arose and circled round the room, bowing low each time they passed the altar as is done in certain Christian churches,

all this time chanting in slow and solemn strains from what I took to be hymnals or breviaries, held on round metallic plates from which depended long silken cords of a sombre hue, and from time to time dropping little round pieces of dark paper which zigzagged lightly to the matted floor. It was very effective. Gradually the Archbishop moved in toward his throne, the others back to their original positions; once more all were seated and the metal plates removed. After a seeming repetition of what had preceded the marching (or should I say processional) the Archbishop rose and slowly

lowed bones, the size of a finger's end. But small and yellowed though they be they have a golden resting place, and millions of pious heads bow down to them.

We broke the journey back at Nagoya, and at one other place, so small as not to be mentioned in Murray's Guide; a little place called Fukuroi, where is the temple of one of the high-priests of the delegation to Siam. Our long line of jinrickishas, for several priests accompanied us, wended its meandering way through low-lying rice-fields and stretches of bamboo forests until we reached the stone steps of the temple,



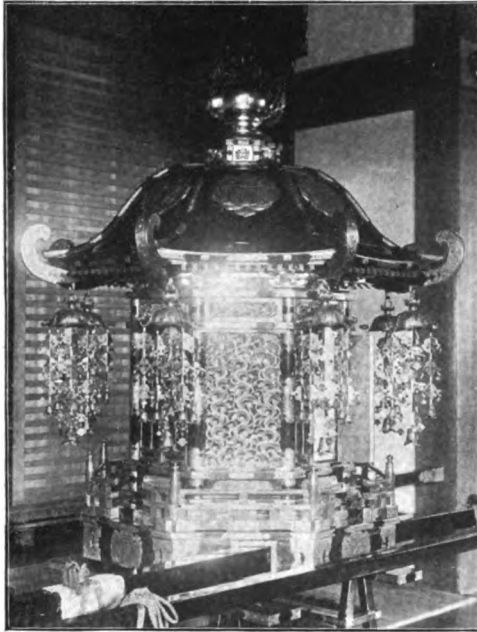
Tennoji-Temple at Osaka.

very slowly, withdrew from the room, while the others touched their foreheads to the floor, not rising till he had crossed the threshold.

The last grand ceremony came on the twenty-fourth of July, when the urn was opened and the Holy Relics reverently shown. I myself was not allowed to be present, as only the heads of the different sects were admitted, but the Minister tried to console me by saying that looked at merely as a sight they were perhaps a little disappointing, being simply three little yel-

lowed bones, which nestles high up on a hillside far above the surrounding country. Here we found the priests and acolytes drawn up to receive us, and filing between them climbed up to our neat little open room, where we were provided with cool kimonas and then shown to our perfumed baths.

About seven o'clock, I think it was, probably about sunset, we were called to worship, and whether or not it was because this is a temple to the god of fire, I do not know, but the ceremony was very different from anything we saw in Kyoto. The chancel



The Shrine in which the Holy Relics were carried from the Higashi Hongwanji to Mijohoin.

itself, deep and narrow, and nearly filled with the great altar, is somewhat raised above the level of the chapel in which we sat on a raised mat in the center of the floor, a boy industriously fanning off the mosquitoes from our devoted persons, the rest of the "audience" squatting on their heels around the room. At the left of the chancel stood the upright drum, which boomed incessantly, in unison, however, with the deep-toned gong upon the right. Behind these sat the priests, in two rows, two by two, the Bishop in the center on a mat somewhat similar to our own, placed in front of the altar in which reposed instead of the Buddha's Bones, a photograph of the Siamese King. The most interesting part of the service, which was very long, was the opening of the Holy Scriptures, which was done to dispel all evil spirits, we were told. The books are not like ours, but are without backs, simply long and narrow covers, between which are folded back and forth long strips of paper, so that when you lift one cover the pages stretch out and fall back again like the sides of an accordion. I have forgotten how many volumes there were; each priest had a pile of trays full of them, and at a given signal took one, raised it rev-

erently to his forehead and while all chanted, opened it, first to the left, then to the right, and so on, the pages falling after one another just as water falls.

At that point in their prayer-book where special petitions are inserted, the Bishop raised his aged voice and in tremulous accents invoked the blessings of his God on King Chulaloukoru, in words I could not understand, and upon the Marquis in the following strange formula: "Shyam koshi kakka, *Banzai*," "Shyam koshi kakka, *Banzai*," which is at least something equivalent to "Three cheers for His Excellency, the Siamese Minister, hip, hip, hurrah!"

Our beds that night were spread upon the floor, great piles of quilts (they sleep on one themselves) with rolls of chaff for pillows, and all the night two priests walked to guard their honored guest! But beds were not important after all; we were late to them in the first place, and by three o'clock the next morning the reverberations of their matutinal devotions expelled the possibility of sleep. At three o'clock! After a very early and still more frugal meal, although they served a banquet for a priest, we followed the purple-robed Bishop up the mountain side, around his little shrines and teahouses, and while the cocks were still a-crowing, were off for Tokyo.



A Typical Pose and Costume.

Birds of Prey

By Elizabeth Haight Strong



MARIA LUCERO lay dying in her tiny bedroom over the restaurant she had kept for thirty years. Equal to the emergency of death as she had been to every need of life, she had purchased her coffin over a month ago, and locked it in the little room opening into the one in which she was passing away. Why she kept that door locked her nephews Angelo and Guilio could not imagine. They surely did not wish her gasty purchase for themselves, but, on the contrary, were more than content that it should be put to the use for which she selected it.

It would soon be needed, they thought, as they watched with repressed interest, the fight between life and death for the tired body in the wide, old-fashioned bed. She lay on her bed with her eyes half-closed, her right hand and arm extended at her right side. The left hand was pressed over her heart. They tried to move it, but, weak as she was, she offered resistance. The nephews then withdrew to the narrow balcony with its pots of scarlet geraniums, to wait until the struggle was over.

In a low chair beside her sat the friend she had known for over ten years, Captain Simi, of the schooner *Dancing Wave*. He had told her that he would close her eyes, and he was present to fulfill his promise. Death advanced steadily, and for every minute she fought him determinedly.

Sounds of the busy world came to them like an echo. Heavy trucks rumbled through the narrow streets, milk wagons clattered by, peddlers straggled past, half calling, half singing; the penetrating screams of children at their play; all these sounds, jumbled and muffled by the distance, floated up to the watchers of the dying. Then the rattling of dishes followed the blowing of

the shrill noon whistle, and something more familiar still than all the noises, was wafted up to them. Angelo and Guilio leaned over the balcony, and sniffed the air expectantly. A savory odor was borne to their eager nostrils from *La Buena Mesa* underneath. Pablo Salazar was taking their aunt's place in the little back kitchen, where for thirty years she had leaned over the stove and cooked for her patrons. She had passed more than one-third of her life amidst its fumes, getting up at sunrise and going to bed at midnight in the stuffy bedroom overhead, the very walls of which reeked with the pungent odor of her cooking.

"She must be very rich," Angelo and Guilio thought, for she had lived economically, almost to miserliness, and never given them any money, sometimes refusing them even a meal in *La Buena Mesa*. Now all her accumulations of years would soon be theirs, and they might walk in and out of the restaurant whenever they pleased. They held their breaths as they tried to imagine the exact amount. There it was in the small iron chest in the corner, which the old aunt used for a seat morning and evening, when she put on and pulled off the red stockings she always wore.

They had never seen the inside of the chest, for the key to it hung from a ribbon about her neck. The cold hard metal lay on the withered breast, in which had died all passion save the one of possession. It was her scapula. She kept it constantly warmed with the faint heat of her shrunken bosom. Many a time during the last month Angelo and Guilio looked at that ribbon, calculating, enviously, and thought how languidly beat the pulse in the wrinkled throat, and how easily its feeble throbs could be made to cease. But it was safer to wait, for Maria Lucero grew weaker every day. The odors of her hard-working life seemed closing round her, smothering her.

As though she could read their thoughts, the figure in the bed moved restlessly. The Captain moistened her lips with some water,

and then resumed his seat. It made his great heart ache to see how helpless had become the active frame of his strange friend. Never had he seen her still before; not since the first time he met her, over ten years ago.

He had landed in the strange port of San Francisco, one rainy afternoon, and had not even an acquaintance in the place.

He found his way like a homing pigeon to this Mexican settlement in the heart of a foreign city, and his foot-steps strayed to *La Buena Mesa*, where the hot savory dishes reminded him of home and the kindly ways of Maria Lucero won his friendship.

After that, whenever his schooner was in port, he lived at the little restaurant, and they always made a gala time of it. He promised to take her out on the bay, and she planned the trip with all the eagerness of a child. How surprised her customers would be when they found *La Buena Mesa* closed at high-noon, and what good things to eat she would cook to take with them!

She was to have the trip at last, but it would make no difference to her if the day was calm, or a stiff breeze blowing, tufting the waters with white caps. She would never return from it. Neither would they take the Captain's favorite frijoles with them, nor the tortillas for which she was famed. Instead, she would go on board the schooner in the coffin she had kept strangely locked in the little back room for the last month, and he would bury her at sea, as she had made him promise to do. The worthless nephews would then squander in a few months the money she had worked hard for years to earn, and denied herself to save.

A sound made him turn toward the bed. Death had won the fight. He arose, removed the pillows, lowered the head, and pressed down the lids. Then he joined Angelo and Guilio on the rickety balcony, and saw their exulting countenances and the low gray houses opposite as through a mist.

After a little while he returned, untied the faded ribbon about the brown throat, and removed the key that she held in her left hand. As he crossed the limp hands on the still breast, he noticed that she had pressed the key so tightly to her, it left an impression above her heart. He put the key in his pocket to give the lawyer as she wished, for it was not to be used

until after the funeral. The nephews returned to the room with him, and their eyes followed his movements as hungry dogs watch a bone.

On the day after the waters of the bay received the body of Maria Lucero, Angelo, Guilio, Captain Simi, and the lawyer gathered together in the room in which the old Mexican woman passed away. The chest stood on the floor in front of them, symbolical of its dead owner; small, secretive, and its four sides of iron were no more unyielding than had been her will. The lawyer, thin-lipped, cold-eyed, came slowly forward with a key in his hand to unlock the chest. Angelo, Guilio, and Captain Simi saw that it was not the one Maria Lucero had worn about her neck. The key that she held even in death? To what had that belonged? The shadow of a fear crept into the heart of the nephews.

The lawyer stooped and inserted the key. The nephews drew their chairs closer. They might have been vultures hovering over carrion. At last they could thrust their hands into the pieces of money.

The lock resisted. The chest seemed like a creature at bay. The two boys leaned over it as though they expected it to struggle. The lawyer took a firmer hold, a faint pink tingeing his pale cheeks from the exertion.

Finally the key turned, reluctantly as though it was a sacrilege to yield to any hands save those withered ones with the brown spots and broken nails. The lawyer pulled up the ring on the top of the chest, and then inserting the fingers of his left hand in it slowly raised the lid. A hollow sound like a mocking laugh came forth. Angelo and Guilio left their chairs and stooped greedily beside the lawyer, Captain Simi peering over their shoulders. Two papers were the contents of the chest; one, a legal-looking document, the other a letter. The man of law opened the document first, then handed it to the birds or prey for inspection. Eagerness gave way to dismay. She had sold the restaurant and the building in which she lived. This was the receipt made out a month ago. Pablo Salazar owned *La Buena Mesa*. Why, then, had he permitted them to take their meals there free of charge, as they had done in their aunt's time? What had become of the money she hoarded, and which they

thought she kept in the chest? Could it be possible that they were to lose that for which they had waited so long?

The lawyer cleared his throat. Angelo and Guilio turned eagerly in his direction. He had the letter in his hand. The other paper had contained such a surprise for the nephews they had forgotten the existence of this one. They subsided instantly and waited impatiently for it to be read. The lawyer's tone had the sharpness of a knife to the excited imaginations of the boys. Every word of that bitter letter was like the thrust of a stiletto into their covetous hearts.

TO MY NEPHEWS, Angelo and Guilio Cassini,

To be read them by my lawyer, and in the presence of my friend, Captain Simi: You know well that I've good cause for hating you both; but my real reason dates father back: before you were born.

Your mother was my younger sister, but very unlike me. I was plain, quiet, dull. She never worked, never saved. Where was the need? All that could be spared from the household we gave her, that she might wear bright ribbons. I worked hard, and learned to hoard. When I was nearly thirty I'd saved almost enough to buy a little restaurant. Then, one day, your father, Enrica Cassini, came between me and my drudgery. The little blood left in my old body grows hot again, when I think what a fool he made of me. I began to spend my hard-earned savings for gay ribbons like my sister's, and I even bought a little gold brooch to wear at my throat. I told him my plans. He said

he would put what little he had to mine, and together we could buy out a friend of his. With Enrica to manage and me to do the cooking, we would soon grow rich. Then we could go back to Mexico and live among our own people.

The wedding day came. Enrica Cassini and my sister could not be found.

Well, I began all over again, and now for thirty years I've worked steadily. The only time I gave a holiday a thought was when I planned a trip on the bay with Captain Simi.

Father Biggio brought you to me fifteen years ago. Your mother died after giving birth to Guilio. 'Tis small wonder. Your father was stabbed by a man to whom he owed money. I've clothed and fed you both as I promised Father Biggio. You've repaid me with selfishness and greed. I've seen your hands clutch and unclutch as you thought of my savings. Your eyes devour me as I grow weaker and weaker day by day. But I've outwitted you. I vowed over thirty years ago that never again would anyone have a cent of my savings, and so, my heirs-at-law, I'll take them with me. I ordered a coffin made over a month ago, as you both well know. The only worry of your idle lives is that it has not yet been put into use. Between the folds of the cloth inside, I've sewed the money from the sales of the restaurant and building, and also the sum I managed to accumulate by stern economy and hard work. The key that locks the room it is in hangs about my neck. When Captain Simi lowers me into the bay, the waters will close over my money, too; so my death will cost you a few tears after all, my nephews.

I thank your father and your mother, Angelo and Guilio Cassini, for sharpening the wits of your aunt,

MARIA LUCERO.

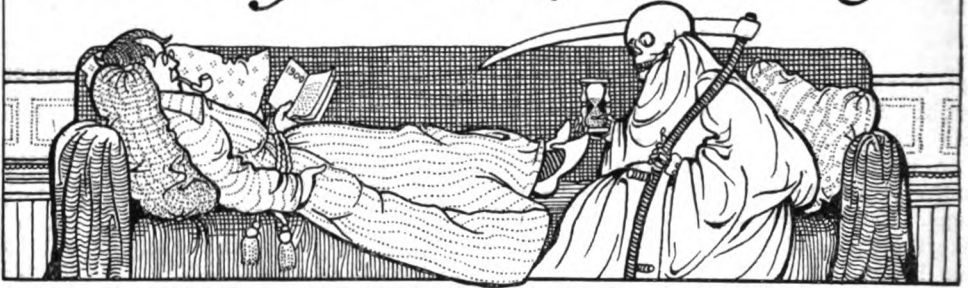
AFTER-LIFE.

BY PARK BARNITZ.

I leave the sound, the sorrow, and the strife;
 Long long ago
 I lived within the hopeless world of life;
 Now on my heart forever stilled from strife
 Slow falls the snow.

My heart is still at last, mine eyes no more
 Their lids unclose;
 I lie low in the house without a door;
 While I forever sleep, my spirit sore
 Grows in a rose.

The Diary Habit; by Gelett Burgess



FOR seven years I have kept my diary were this true, I am sure, yet the mania scrupulously, without missing a day, and, now, at the beginning of a new century, I am wondering whether I should maintain or renounce it. There are certain good habits, it would seem, as hard to break as bad ones, and if the practice of keeping a daily journal is a praiseworthy one, it derives no little of its virtue from sheer inertia. The half-filled book tempts one on; there is a pleasure in seeing the progress of the volume, leaf by leaf; like sentimental misers we hoard our store of memories; we end each day with a definite statement of fact or fancy—and it grows harder and harder to abstain from the self-enforced duty. Yet it is seldom a pleasure, when one is fatigued with excitement or work, to transmit our affairs to writing. Some, it is true, love it for its own sake, or as a relief for pent-up emotions, but in one way or another most autobiographical journalists consider the occupation as a prudent depositor regards his frugal savings in the bank. Sometime, somehow, they think, these coined memories will prove useful.

Does this time ever come, I wonder? For me it has not come yet, though I still picture a late reflective age when I shall enjoy recalling the past and live again my old sensations. But life is more strenuous than of yore, and even at seventy or eighty nowadays, no one need consider himself too old for a fresh active interest in the world about him. Your old gentleman of to-day does not sit in his own corner of the fireplace and dote over the lost years, he reads the morning papers and insists upon going to the theatre on wet evenings. Have I, then, been laying up honey for a winter that shall never come? It would be better

nolds me. Besides this distrust of my diaries, I am awakening, after seven years to the fact that, as an autobiography, the books are strangely lacking in interest. They are not convincing. I thought, as I did my clerky task, that I should always be I, but a cursory glance at these naive pages shows that they were written by a thousand different persons, no one of whom speaks the language of the emotions as I know it to-day. It is true, then, my diary has convinced me, that we do become different persons every seven years. Here is written down rage, hate, delight, affection, yearning, no word of which is comprehensible to me now. I am reading the adventures of some one else, not my own. Who was it? I have forgotten the dialect of my youth.

Ah, indeed the boy is father of the man! I will be indulgent, as a son should, to paternal indiscretions.

And yet, for the bare skeleton of my history, these volumes are useful enough. The pages which, while still wet with ink and tears, I considered lyric essays, have fallen to a merely utilitarian value. I am thankful, on that account, for them, and for the fact that my bookkeeping was well systematized and indexed. As outward form goes, my diaries are models of manner. So, for those still under the old-fashioned spell, who would adopt a plan of entry, let me describe them.

The especial event of each day, if the day held anything worthy of remark or remembrance, was boldly noted at the top of the page, over the date. Whirring the leaves, I catch many suggestive phrases: "Dinner at Madame Qui-Vive's," (it was there I first

tasted champagne!)—Henry Irving as Shylock" (but it was not the actor who made that night famous—I took Kitty Carmine home in a cab!)—"Broke my arm" (or else I would never have read Marlowe, I fear!)—and "Met Sally Maynard" (this was an event, it seemed at that time, worthy of being chronicled in red ink!) So they go. They are the chapter headings in the book of my life.

In the lower left-hand corner of each page I noted the advent of letters, the initials of the writers inscribed in little squares, and in the opposite right hand corner, a complimentary hieroglyph kept account of every letter sent. So, by running over the pages, I can note the fury of my correspondence. (What an industrious scribbler "S. M." was, to be sure! I had not thought we went it quite so hard—and "K. C.," how often she appears in the lower left, and how seldom in the lower right! I *was* a brute, no doubt, and small wonder she married Flemingway).

Perpendicularly, along the inner margin, I wrote the names of those to whom I had been introduced that day, and on the back page I kept a chronological list of the same. (I met Kitty, it seems, on a Friday—perhaps that accounts for our not hitting it off!) Most of these are names, and nothing more, now, and it gives my heart a leap to come across Sally in that list of nonentities. (To think that there was ever a time when I didn't know her!)

Besides all this, the books are extra-illustrated in the most significant manner. There is hardly a page that does not contain some trifling memento; here a thea-

tre coupon pasted in, or a clipping from the programme, an engraved card or a penciled note—there a scrap of a photograph worn out in my pocket-book. Somebody's sketched profile, or at rare intervals, a whisp of Someone's hair! (This reddish curl—was it Kitty's or from Dora's brow? Oh, I remember, it was Myrtle gave it me! No! I am wrong; I stole it from Nettie!) I pasted them in with eager trembling fingers, but I regard them now without a tremor. There are other pages being filled which interest me more.

Occasionally I open a book, "1895," perhaps, and consult a date to be sure that Millicent's birthday is on November 12th, or to determine just who was at Kitty's coming-out dinner. Here is a diagram of the table with the places of all the guests named. (So I sat beside Nora, did I? And who was Nora, then? I have forgotten her name. Now she is Mrs. Alfred Fortunatus!)

Sometimes I think it would be better to write up my diary in advance to fill in the year's pages with what I would like to do, and attempt to live up to the prophecy. And yet, I have had too many unforseen pleasures in my life for that—I would rather trust Fate than Imagination. So, chiefly because I have kept the books for seven years, I shall probably keep them seven years more. It gratifies my conceit to chronicle my small happenings, and, somehow, written down in fair script, they seem important. And besides—I am a bit anxious to see just how many times a certain name, which has lately begun to make itself prominent, will appear at the top of the pages. I promise to tell you, next year!



SISTER FILOMENA



BY J. F. ROSE-SOLEY.

I WAS "general man" at St. Bridget's and the sisters made rather a pet of me.

It may seem strange that they should have indulged in a man at all, but St. Bridget's is the hospital by the wharves overlooking San Francisco bay, and a nursing sisterhood is not like others. Contact with the rough outside world necessitates some laxity of rules and there are times when male help is desirable in kitchen and ward. Anyway the Sisters seemed to think me desirable. You see I was a kind of scamp, a brand to be plucked from the burning, and there is nothing Sisters love so much as trying to save a soul. I had to be watched lest I should cut mass—which I usually did—or take a glass too much, which happened now and again; or generally prove unworthy of the interest Mother Caurch took in me. I was a foreigner, too, far from my native land, and good old Sister Clarissa used to say it was her business to see that I did not forget my mother's teachings.

I liked it well enough, too; the Sisters were gentle, kindly-spoken ladies, easy to work for. To be sure Sister Clarissa had a terrible temper, with eyes all round her head. She superintended the kitchen, and the scrapes I got into for not washing my boards and my potatoes clean, were a caution. Bless you, I have known her go down on her old knees and scrub the floor herself just to shame me. Yet she had a good warm heart, and always made up for a scolding with some indulgence. But at one time I was not in the kitchen at all. I was night wardman, expected to keep my eye on typhoid and other patients who might go off their heads. That was the work I hated. It made me creep all over to look down the rows of white beads in the dim light, listening to the mutterings of sick men, and think-

ing about all who had died in those same beds. I was young, too, and a terror to sleep; and it was hard work not to drop off when I ought to be running round putting cold compresses on hot heads. And as sure as ever I did drop off I was caught.

There were other things, too; patients whose ways gave you gooseflesh. There was one fellow who kept me in a perpetual fever. He was the cigarette fiend. Now, I was on the way to being a cigarette fiend myself, and though smoking was forbidden I always managed to indulge on the sly; but I had to be careful, I tell you, because of the smell, and there was a little tin box into which I shoved my cigarette when I heard a step. As sure as I did, I would feel a hand close over mine and a white figure would glide away with my property. "I'll tell, if you don't let me have it—I'll expose you," he would whisper along the ward; and I didn't dare to say a word, though my hair would stand up stiff with terror at the thought of that fool smoking his cigarette underneath the sheets.

Then there was the morphine fiend who used to steal on me unawares, bribe me to get his poison for him, and threaten me with exposure if I refused. You see, they all knew of something I did and ought not to do, and between them I didn't seem to have the life of a cat. I hated that night work; but it was then that I first noticed Sister Filomena.

She was not beautiful, poor young thing, but she was so pale and thin and wistful, with large hollow eyes that seemed to look into your very soul, that I took a fancy to her at once. "She's not long for this world," I said to myself the first time I saw her glide along the ward, and I wondered at her being allowed to do such heavy

work as nursing; but there was some fever in her blood that made her eyes burn and sometimes put a patch of red on her cheek, and I don't suppose she would have rested even though they had wished her to. However, there isn't much notion of resting in a convent; you are there to do your duty and bear your pain.

Well, I helped that poor wraith of a girl all I could, and I suppose she took a kindly fancy to me in return; many's the scrapes she saved me from by rousing me out of sleep in the nick of time. It used to give me a scare, too, to start awake and see her standing over me with her white veil—she was still a novice—looking for all the world like a ghost from the other side. One night, however, things went too far; I clapped the ice-bag on a rheumatic patient and was sent back to the kitchen as a hopeless nuisance; but I used to wonder how Sister Filomena got along without me. I had guessed her secret, poor girl, one time that I found her kneeling by a dying patient, prayin' and sobbing fit to break her heart; the doctors might call her illness what they liked, I knew she was dying for love, and there's no remedy for that once you have taken the veil. By and bye she took to coming down to the kitchen at night for the broths and poultices and arrowroot she wanted for her bad cases, and we often had a five minutes' talk while I heated things; for I had to stay up and attend to the night exuras. That was how I learned her story, just the poor little common story of a girl going into a convent to please her parents and leaving her heart outside in a man's keeping. "It is very wrong of me," she used to say, "but I can't quite forget him; I do so long to know how he is getting on."

So the end of it was that I hunted him up one day, told him all about her and took her news of him. Perhaps it was not right, but anyway it brought a little peace back to her worn young face. I never could get her to let me take a message to him, though. "No," she said one night, "it would be wicked of me to do that; I must send him no message while I am alive."

I turned round from the arrow-root I was stirring to stare at her.

"Well," I cried, "you don't expect to send one after you are dead, do you?"

She looked at me gravely: "If I am worthy,

perhaps; when God is very good to the dead he lets them return."

She was so like one who had "returned" that I turned hot and cold as she spoke; it seemed to me as if she were already a spirit watching over the man she loved.

Two days after that Sister Clarissa was extra cranky, and I left in a huff, and never thought of poor Sister Filomena for months. Then I got into bad health myself, not ill enough to lay up, but too ill for real hard work. So I bethought myself once more of Sister Clarissa. She was sour enough when I showed myself at St. Bridget's and asked to be taken on again. "I don't want any more lazy featherbrains," she answered in her sharp way. But when she heard my cough and my story she changed her tune. "I'll be glad of an extra hand with the paddings," she said, and gave me the work at once. I believe the old lady was really pleased to have someone she could bully about mass and confession. Well, that night, about twelve o'clock, when I was pottering round trying to get into my old ways, Sister Filomena glided in, dressed all in white, with a tuberose in her hand, and a perfume of tuberoses floating round her. She looked more like a spirit than ever, and I was so startled at her coming in without any noise that I forgot to ask if it was arrow-root or beef-tea she wanted.

"Have you seen him lately?" she asked. Her voice was like a faint breath and I noticed that her lips never moved.

I hesitated and stammered, for I did not like to tell what I had heard.

"I know," she said, "he is married; it is quite right; I would not have him spoil his life for me; but I want you to tell him that I watch over him. Give him this flower and bid him be happy, but not forget."

She slipped the tuberose in my hand and an icy shiver went through me, so that for a moment I turned quite faint; when I recovered, she was gone.

Next morning Sister Clarissa was as brisk as a bee, and while she clattered round I kept wondering and wondering about Sister Filomena, and not liking to ask. You see, I thought the poor thing had gone out of her mind, and had no business to be downstairs the night before. At last I summoned up courage to say:

"I suppose Sister Filomena's pretty bad by this time?"

"Sister Filomena? Bless my heart, didn't I tell you? Why, she's dead."

The tray I was carrying fell from my hand. Sister Clarissa was too busy bewailing her mince pies to notice my scare.

"How long since she died?" I asked at last.

"We only buried her the day before yesterday; poor girl, she looked so sweet in her coffin, with tuberose lying all about her. I almost fancy I can smell them now."

In a corner cupboard I had hidden Sister Filomena's tuberose.

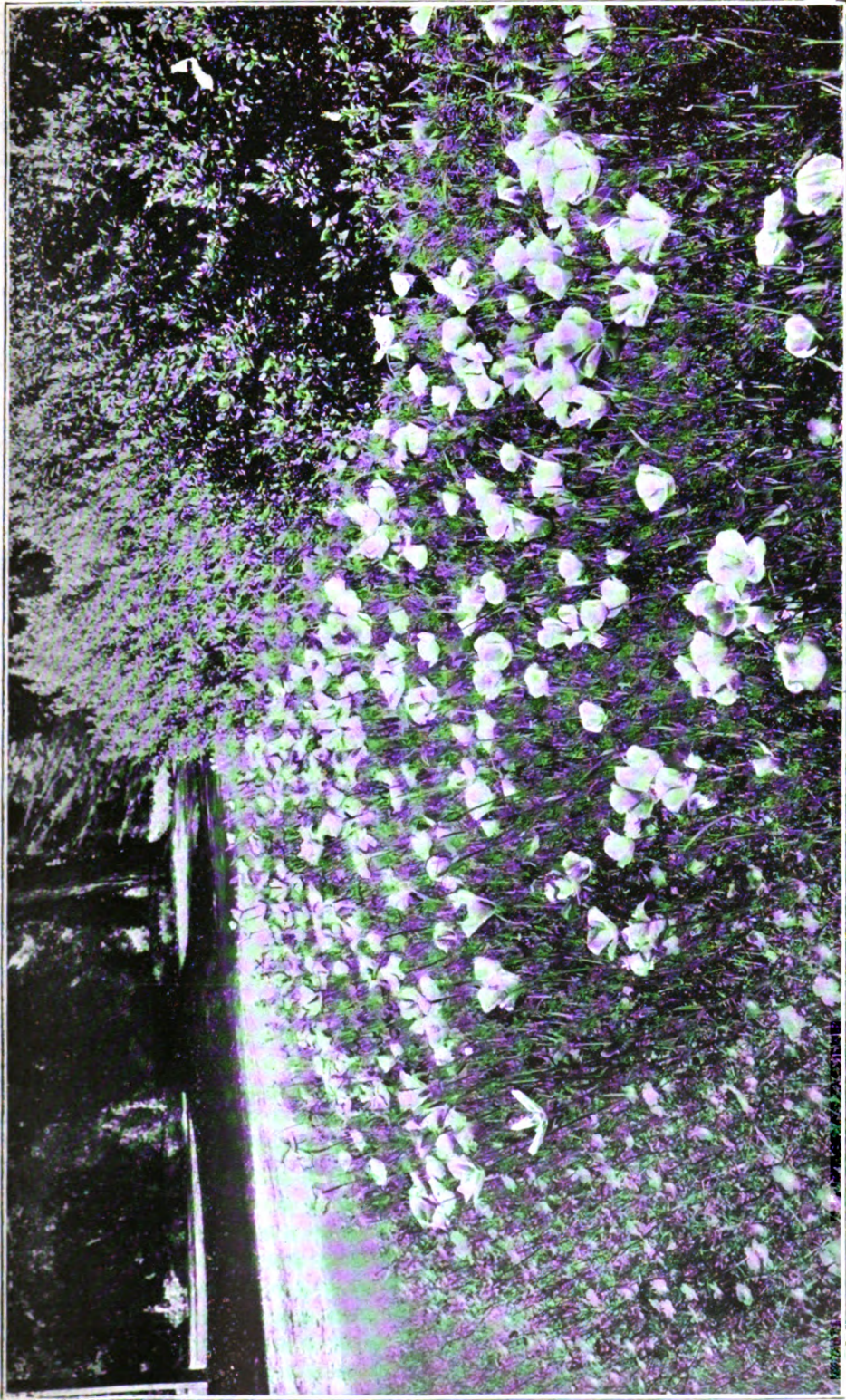
MARIPOSA LILIES.

BY L. CRAIGHAM.

AMONG the grasses, motionless,
 A trinity of wings.
 Are you akin to butterflies,
 Those airy, restless things?
 Perhaps you grew weary
 Of wandering and unrest;
 Perhaps you knew that tranquil hearts
 And folded wings are best;
 And, fluttering softly downward,
 You took root in the ground
 And so, from wind tossed roving held,
 A deep contentment found.

High in the mountain solitudes
 A purple dress you wear;
 Upon dry, browning, hillsides
 Your robes are creamy, rare;
 But on the withered, wind-scorched plain
 Where dancing whirlwinds play,
 Where flying sands and silence tense
 Where flying sands and silence tense
 And glaring suns hold sway,
 You lift bright crowns of shining gold
 Out of a parching soil;
 So saints, in life's sad fainting waste
 Are born of drought and toil.

Within a quiet resting place
 That crowns a lonely height,
 Among the graves, like sentinels
 You gather, straight and white;
 Uprising toward the blue still deep,
 You cast the earth away
 And, bursting from your chrysalis
 Take wings to meet the day.



A Poppy Field on Grounds of Hotel Del Monte, Monterey, Cal.

THE ADVENTURES OF SHUNYAKGLAH.



By
**FRANCES
KNAPP.**

JUST in the rear of the Executive Mansion and the little Presbyterian Church of Sitka, where the curve of the beach winds to the westward, there nestles cosily an Indian village, the so-called *Ranch* where dwelt a century or so back the famous medicine man known as Shunyaklah. The old log house which was his home was torn down years ago to make way for one grander; but though the house is gone and the relics of Shunyaklah are scattered, many of them in the possession of the curio collector, a very aged Thlinket dame still lives near the further end of the *Ranch* (or did a short time since) who remembers well the old homestead, and the gossip about Shunyaklah which was common about her father's fireplace.

From her the scribe gleaned this story of Shunyaklah's boyhood and the curious adventure which brought him fame and power.

This is a tradition, but for the reason that it concerns so recent a day, a tradition more than ordinarily attractive. Shunyaklah lived not much further back than our own great-grandfathers and his experiences, if true, were remarkable enough to interest story-lovers of any age. Whether true or not they have a legendary interest.

The truth hinges on the assumption that animals, birds, and fishes have like needs and passions with men and women. This was formerly, and is now to some extent, the belief of the Thlinkets. It is not thought



that animals will harm mortals if the latter show them consideration; rather, that they will give them friendly assistance, but they are known to keenly resent a slight though the slight be unintentional. Dozens of stories have for their theme the swift vengeance which has followed a disrespectful word spoken of an animal.

As just now said, Shunyaklah was a famous medicine man, and medicine men were regarded a century ago by the Alaskan Indians with superstitious awe. It was said of them that they consorted familiarly with the spirits, good and bad, and from this un-



holy intimacy possessed not only a mysterious power over mortals but could dominate demons.

Every one who has read anything of witchcraft knows that sickness is commonly supposed by savages to be brought about by the machinations of an enemy. They also believe that the way to banish sickness is to exorcise the evil spirit which has possession of the body, and that this can be done by making the body so odious to the spirit that the spirit will find in uninhabitable and leave.

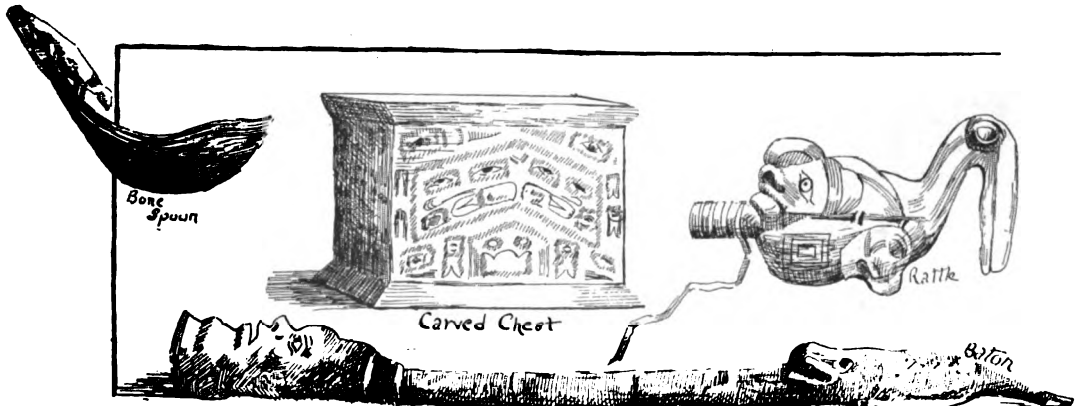
It was as exorcist that the Alaskan shaman won his laurels. Whenever he set forth on professional journeys he carried with him a chest containing a number of masks, batons and rattles carved to represent the heads of animals and these were claimed to put his spirit *en rapport* with animal deities. The masks certainly were ugly enough and in all probability the noise made with the rattles confusing enough to frighten away any spirit, however foul or bold, without the intervention of animal deities.

The medicine men of Shunyaklah's day were of two sorts. The one attained his degree by fasting and by the performance of certain strange, mysterious rites in the depths of the forest. The other was elected by the spirits, some lucky providence bringing him against his own volition into communication with animal life. A doctor thus created was supposed to have peculiar claims upon his quondam friends in the animal kingdom and to have spiritual insight denied to one who earned his degree.

Shunyaklah's power and fame came to him without the slightest effort on his part. He was a lazy boy, having neither pride nor ambition, unpopular with his playmates, because of his selfishness and with his elders because of his insolence.

The turning point in the boy's life came when he was about ten years old. His own mother could not have told his age more exactly, for she had no Bible in which to keep family records, nor would have known how to keep them if she had.

At the beginning of the salmon run, which took place in June, it had been for years the family custom to go to the fishing grounds at Nequashinsky Bay.





As one can imagine, this was particularly a happy time for the children. Shunyaklah was a very superior little sportsman, and might have been a great help to his father, but he liked better to loiter about the beach and spread traps for the sea-gulls.

One bright morning toward the end of the season the bay was dotted with traps, while half a dozen young Thlinkets, with faces bowed from the scorching sun, knelt in a circle on the beach. The sea-gulls were flying gaily about over their heads. Now one descended, kissing the crest of the waves and coquetting fearlessly within the radius of the traps, but rose again as suddenly and with swift triumphant grace, floated away.

The sun meanwhile mounted higher, and as the dinner hour approached Shunyaklah thought regretfully of the fresh salmon roe which he had wasted as bait. For some minutes he impatiently kicked the pebbles with his bare toes, then, rising slowly, said:

"Boys, I'm going to the house for something to eat. Look out for my trap, will you? Not that much good will come of it," he added, peevishly.

The scowl of disappointment in Shunyaklah's face deepened as he turned away and the further he went the more vexed he grew, until when he reached his home he was in a very ugly temper. He found only his mother



"Give me something to eat, mother. I am hungry," he said to her crossly, without as much as an "if you please."

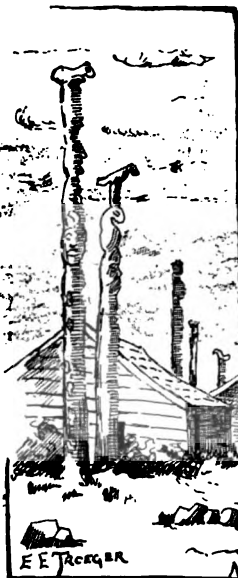
"Yes, my son," the old woman responded kindly, and she handed him a bit of ut-kee-shee (dried salmon), supposing it to be fresh.

"What is this? I should like to know," Shunyaklah demanded angrily. "Mouldy stuff! Do you give me dirty fish to eat?" sniffing it with great disgust. "Bah! I will not touch it!" And the boy flung the ut-kee-shee in his mother's face and stamped out of the house in a rage.

Night came on and yet he nursed his wrath. His long-suffering mother again offered him ut-kee-shee, but he thrust her roughly aside and went sullenly to bed.

When morning broke, still in a temper, he dressed himself and shambled down to the beach; where for some hours he paced the sands, hunger battling with pride.

Suddenly his face lighted, for behold a sea-gull struggling in his trap! In an in-



Negishinsky Bay.

stant he was at the rope and pulling with might and main, but, alack, the rope gave way, and to Shunyaklah's dismay, both trap and gull drifted seaward. Uttering a shrill cry of vexation, for with all his faults the boy was no coward, he threw himself into the water and waded boldly out in the rection of his prize which floated further and further, almost within his grasp, and yet ever just a little beyond it. He reached the trap at last, and his fingers closed triumphantly upon the broken string, but in this very act he lost his balance, his hands clutched the air wildly, and down he went, the waves closing over him with a mocking gurgle.

Day after day the mother of Shunyaklah stood upon the beach and shading her eyes with her hands gazed sorrowfully across the dark depths of the ocean. Her son was drowned; that she could not doubt; and his body eaten by the fishes. Sadly she and

her husband returned to their winter home in the Sitka village and there called together their friends and gave a great potlach burial feast, tearing up and distributing many blankets and deerskins in memory of the dead.

Where was Shunyaklah? Was he really dead?

When the dark waters closed upon him he lost consciousness. Presently, however, he felt a curious tingling of his body, his pulses quickened, and he sat up and rubbed his eyes. He rubbed them harder! He was in a strange country, quite unlike any he had ever seen before. Little by little, as his eyes became accustomed to the unusual light and surroundings, his thoughts traveled back to home and mother. He recalled how he had flung the ut-keeshee in his mother's face. Ah, he knew where he was. He had insulted the Haat Quanee (Salmon tribe) by refusing to eat stale salmon, and now he was in their village and at their mercy. What would become of him?

Thus reminded of his long fast and of the hunger gnawing at his vitals with a mighty effort he summoned back



Setting traps for sea-gulls

E. TROEGER '60



Shunyaklah answered thoughtfully. And from that day

his fleeting courage and stepped boldly to the door of the nearest house, rapped loudly.

"I am a stranger and very hungry," he said, in explanation.

"You have chosen a bad place for your begging. We have only moldy salmon here," was the taunting reply.

So Shunyaklah tried the next house and the next, but to meet over and over again with the same mocking laughter and scornful refusal.

"Ha! ha! nothing but moldy salmon here. Ha! ha!"

The poor boy felt that he was indeed in the land of his enemies. He could have cried with fear and hunger. Did they mean to starve him? He would try once more and only once, choosing, for luck's sake, the last house in the village.

He knocked softly and timidly, expecting the same cruel answer. But there were human ones even among the Haat Quanee. A little old woman appeared and spoke kindly and invited him in to rest and refresh himself.

Shunyaklah remained with these new friends an entire year. His first suspicions were forgotten, and he thought of them as men and women who had befriended him. In the meantime a strange thing happened. Though Shunyaklah never dreamed it, he had himself become a fish. He accepted his new, under-water life as the most natural thing in the world, ate as did his companions and accompanied them to the rivers and creeks, nor once thought of home or his Indian playmates.

One day the little old woman, who from the day of his coming had shown him kindness, said to him privately:

"Poor Shunyaklah! Do you know where you are? You are among fishes and are yourself a fish. You must be very careful."

"I knew I was with some strange people,"

all his joyousness left him. The spell was broken and he longed for father and mother.

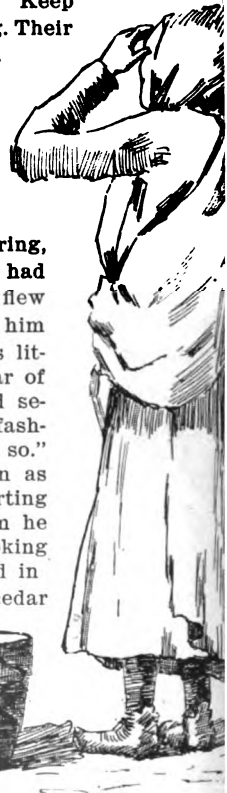
But he had not learned obedience and the salmon would not let him

In the springtime the gay little herring, who lived close by, started off for their spawning grounds. On they came, dancing up the bay.

"Look out!" cautioned Shunyaklah's kind friend. "Keep away from the herring. Their silvery scales will fly into your eyes."

But Shunyaklah was foolish and obstinate, and full of curiosity. At his first opportunity he looked upon the passing herring, and as the old woman had warned, a tiny scale flew into his eye, causing him great pain. When his little friend came to hear of it she shook her head severely, and, woman fashion, said: "I told you so."

On another occasion as Shunyaklah was skirting the banks of a stream he found clean, fresh-looking salmon eggs deposited in numbers on the cedar



boughs which overhung the water. When his companions perceived him eating these with relish, they laughed and said mockingly,



"What a dirty fellow you are. You would not eat nice, clean salmon, and now you are eating old eggs."

Shunyakclah turned from them in a rage, but when the little old woman heard the matter she saw differently, and reuked him.

"Served you right exactly," she said. "You do not like t that the salmon should call you 'dirty fellow,' and yet his is the very thing you said of the fish your kind mother gave you. Will you never learn your lessons?"

After this Shunyakclah was more humble and obedient. He thought continually of his dear mother, whom he now loved as he had never done before. He fretted until he grew thin and pale; seeing which the hearts of the salmon were softened, and they said to him, reassuringly: "It will not be long, Shunyakclah before you will be restored to your people. Be brave and cheerful."

The year of waiting had nearly passed when it came the salmon's turn to seek spawning ground. They set out in high glee, Shunyakclah eager and hopeful.

"Keep your head under water

Shunyakclah," cautioned the salmon. As they journeyed they met the herring returning homeward dancing and jumping along the way.

"You seem very happy about getting back," called the salmon derisively. "A great fuss you are making. What do you think you amount to, anyway?"

"We spawn for the people and they are benefited. There is good oil in us and good meat on our bodies. What is there about you worth eating?"

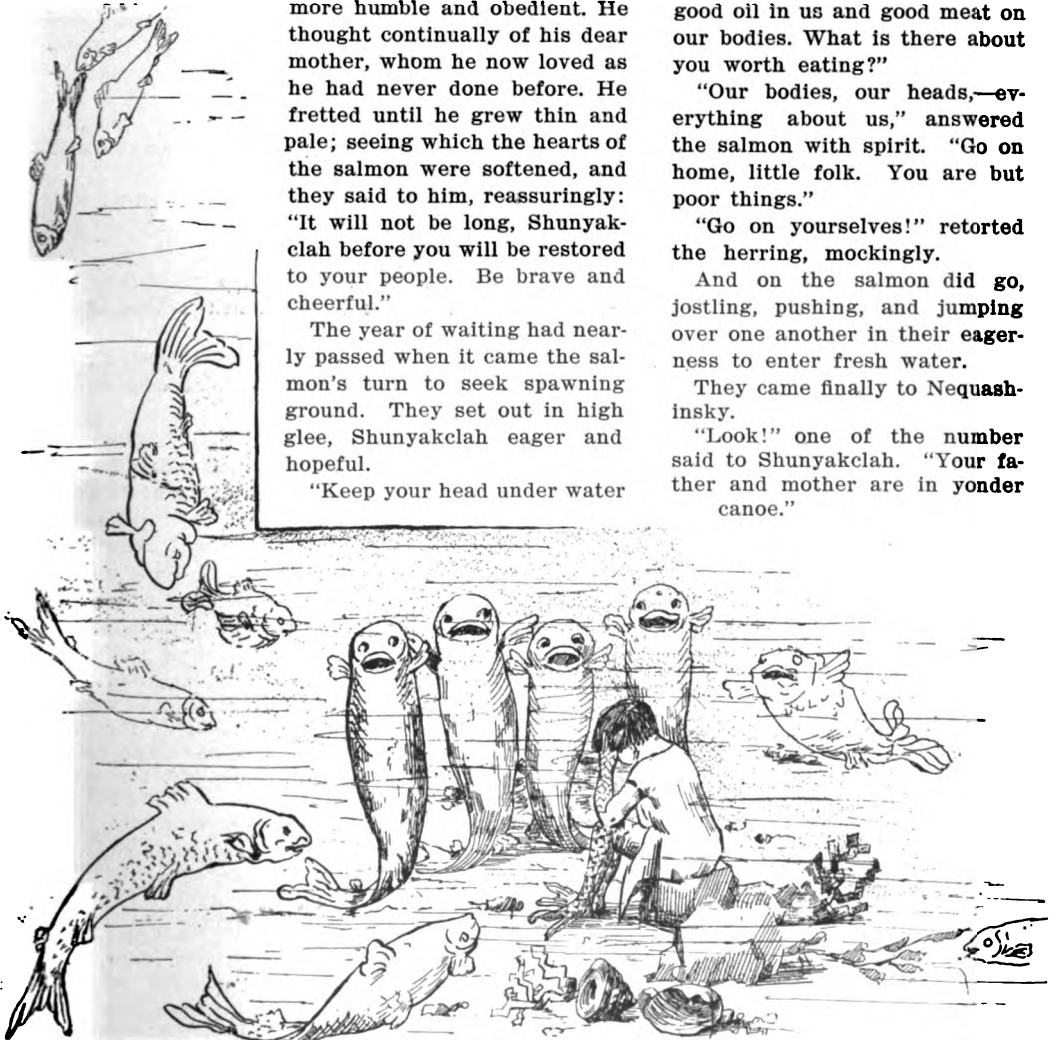
"Our bodies, our heads,—everything about us," answered the salmon with spirit. "Go on home, little folk. You are but poor things."

"Go on yourselves!" retorted the herring, mockingly.

And on the salmon did go, jostling, pushing, and jumping over one another in their eagerness to enter fresh water.

They came finally to Nequashinsky.

"Look!" one of the number said to Shunyakclah. "Your father and mother are in yonder canoe."





Shunyakclah gave a glad jump, which brought him close to the side of the boat. "O jump again, pretty fish!" the woman cried, and turning to her husband added, "What a beautiful salmon!"

"Yes. There are to be plenty of fish this year," the husband answered absently.

He was thinking of the events of the previous summer, and of the death of their only son. He had little heart this year either for sport or for work.

Their camp lay to the right of the settlement, just across from the spot where Shunyakclah had been drowned. Day after day the poor boy watched them walking lonely and sorrowful up and down the sandy beach. He longed to jump the river and throw himself at their feet. But his wise little friend, the old woman, said no.

"Not yet. Abide your time and opportunity. Let the others first go up the stream; then you may do as you will. Shake your tail and be brave."

So Shunyakclah waited for a night when his mother was sitting alone at the water's edge, preparing fish for the evening meal. Then he swam softly near.

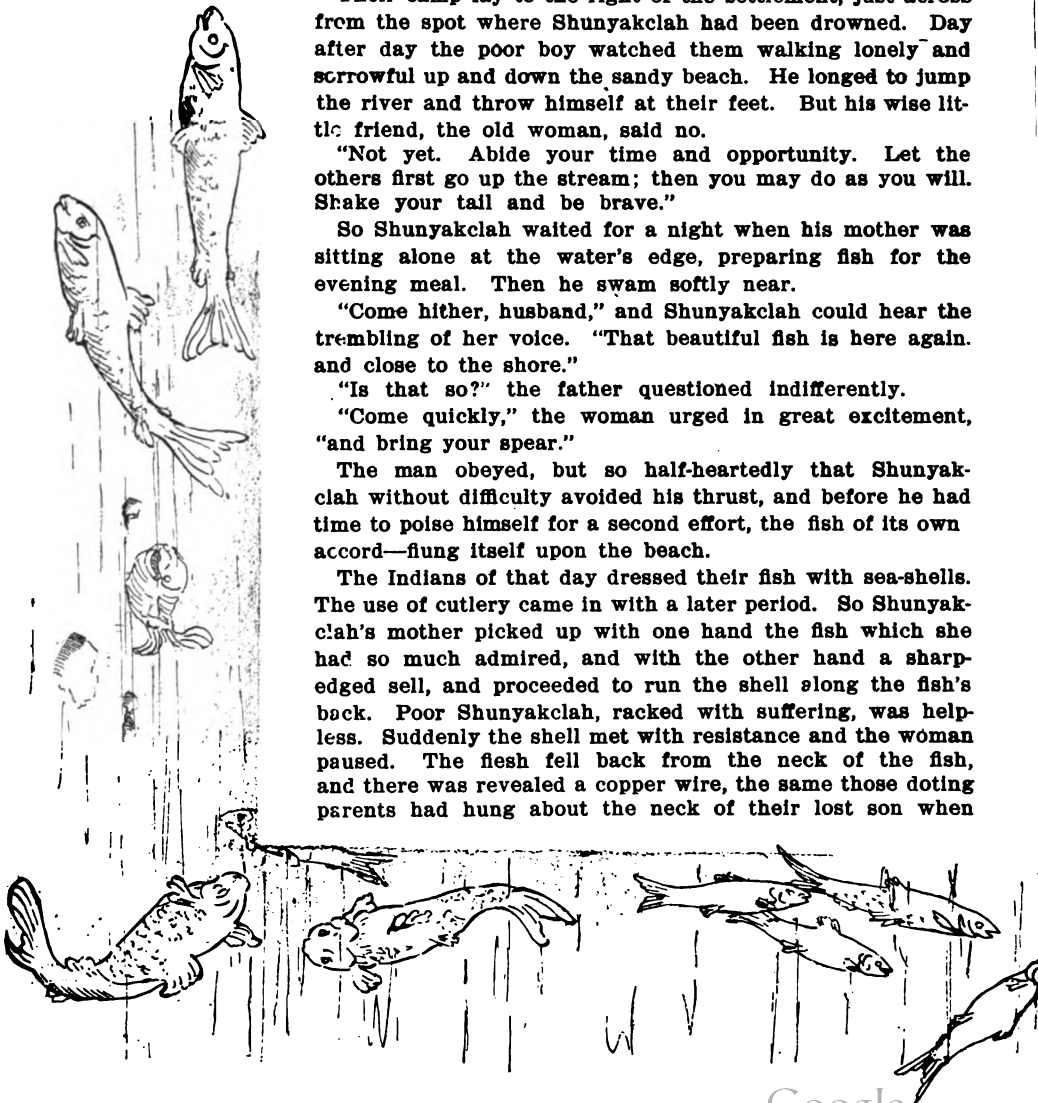
"Come hither, husband," and Shunyakclah could hear the trembling of her voice. "That beautiful fish is here again. and close to the shore."

"Is that so?" the father questioned indifferently.

"Come quickly," the woman urged in great excitement, "and bring your spear."

The man obeyed, but so half-heartedly that Shunyakclah without difficulty avoided his thrust, and before he had time to poise himself for a second effort, the fish of its own accord—flung itself upon the beach.

The Indians of that day dressed their fish with sea-shells. The use of cutlery came in with a later period. So Shunyakclah's mother picked up with one hand the fish which she had so much admired, and with the other hand a sharp-edged shell, and proceeded to run the shell along the fish's back. Poor Shunyakclah, racked with suffering, was helpless. Suddenly the shell met with resistance and the woman paused. The flesh fell back from the neck of the fish, and there was revealed a copper wire, the same those dotting parents had hung about the neck of their lost son when





Interior of Shunyaklah home

he was but an infant.

"Husband," the woman caught her breath and spoke scarcely above a whisper, "a most wonderful thing has happened. Our son has been given back to us."

The man looked over his wife's shoulder. "It is indeed our son," he answered, for he too recognized the chain.

With swift, deft fingers he braided a mat out of cedar bark, laid the suffering fish tenderly thereon and carried it to the roof of his house.

Then they called to their friends across the stream and told them the glad tidings. First the women came together and put the house to rights, and when they had withdrawn, from thirty to forty men entered and squatted about the fire-place. For three days and nights they remained there, without food or drink, singing their weird chants and invoking the aid of the spirits. Meantime their wives gathered the Alaskan thistle known as devil's-club, scraped off its rough outer bark, and brought it to them to

chew. We may suppose that this was the substitute for tobacco.

On the morning of the fourth day, just before the croaking of the raven, a slight sound issued from the roof. The singing multitude listened. There followed a rattling and shoving of boards and above them stood Shunyaklah, talking and singing of the spirits.

The father climbed to the roof and brought him down in his arms.

"Shunyaklah!" the people called with one voice.

"Yes," Shunyaklah answered.

They listened spell-bound while he told them all that had befallen him. Little by little incredulity giving place to awe and wondering admiration, each one drawing a long breath as the recital ended.

It was this experience which made Shunyaklah a great doctor. During the rest of his life he held frequent, friendly intercourse with the spirits. The salmon, herring and even the sea-gull retained their interest in him and gave him advice and assistance.

THE DAUGHTER OF THE "MAYFLOWER."

BY CHARLOTTE LEECH.

HER name if "Mindwell," or "Submit,"
 Was far less farcical than fit,
 For, mark you, she lived up to it,
 And that sublimely.
 To serve her spouse, her only art,
 He to her tombstone would impart
 Praises that might have warmed her heart,
 Had they been timely.

She lay down late and early rose,
 Her manners had not the repose
 Blue blood confers, one must suppose,
 Yet own her merit.
 At sweet saints, rapturous in a niche,
 She'd rail and turn her nose up, which
 Fixed there, mayhap, the vocal pitch
 Her sons inherit.

Through pioneer vicissitude
 She scrimped and scraped, and baked and brewed
 With unremitting fortitude
 That shames the sages,
 Scripture she read and almanac
 With nought beside—unless alack!
 And (as it were behind her back)
 Hudibras' pages.

But all things come to those who wait,
 Such an arch-satirist is fate,
 Aiming its arrows, soon or late
 No marksman bolder.
 The Pilgrim Puritan, ah me,
 Surviving in her progeny
 As flower of our plutocracy
 To-day behold her!



WE were next-door neighbors, the Missionary and I, a proximity that had existed for over six months. But this, of itself, was no excuse for even a nodding acquaintance in a strait-laced colony like Hongkong. By the laws of social usage we were, to each other, technically *non est*; we had not been introduced.

It was otherwise with our Chinese servant, though his were Christian converts and mine were pagans. Secular recreations were not tolerated on the Missionary's premises, so they fraternized in my servants' quarters to gamble and smoke opium, seeing no sin in tainting an unsanctified atmosphere.

Fate, however, which has some sense of humor and utter disregard for conventionalities, decreed that the Missionary and I should be introduced. This was brought about with unusual ceremony during the festival of the first moon, in which our Christians and pagans were participating.

They had foregathered in my cookhouse to play the noisy game of count finger—a most un-Christian pastime, inasmuch as the loser wins the drinks. Fortune and saving

grace, it appeared, had been vouchsafed to the heathens of my household; the Missionary's converts got as drunk as—Christians.

Specific effects have been attributed to the various kinds of spirituous refreshments, and national drinks may have had some influence in molding national characteristics. Irish whisky nurtures wit and pugnacity. Champagne inspires the gayety of France. Beer breeds obstinate races—the patient, tenacious Englishman, the plodding, metaphysical German.

Sam sue has a line of its own; it imbues the Celestial with exalted notions of his worth. He rarely reaches the staggering stage of intoxication; when primed to the sticking point he moves and gestures with the stately pose of a marionette, he is prone to argument and bursts of oratory, he lies without scruple on his own account and quotes the eternal truth and wisdom of the sages—on their account, for he certainly has no intention of making their maxims part of his conduct. But he loves the dead virtues of his ancestors, in the abstract,

and feels that it is a high and holy thing to be a Chinaman.

Wo Hing, the Missionary's cook, was approximately in the above condition when the row began; he was a loquacious cook, and pedantic, when wet in his inside with *sam suc*, and he knew many maxims. These he recited with flippancy and, as a guest, with undue monopoly of attention; this, according to the Chronicles of Lo Tiz, "is a mark of pride."

Hoh Cheung, my household manager, who was a scholar and a devout heathen, quoted the passage.

Wo Hing, nothing abashed, but full of ambition to swap quotations, replied with the hortation of Confucius: "Let the voice of wisdom have precedence at gatherings."

Then Hoh Cheung arose in his wrath and stated—not briefly—in many unmentionable words that "Confucian quotations from the double face of a mission school bastard was an offense unto the gods."

Theology, that wedge of discord, had found a line of cleavage in their Rock of Ages; when that ancient fabric is rent and falling let the well-meaning stand from under. There will be a crash.

From the peace of a pleasant dream I awoke to sounds of conflict, the clatter of pots and pans, the breaking of kitchen delf, and the rattle of bamboo poles wielded in quarterstaff encounters, mingled with fierce yells and choice epithets from the combatants. I hastened to the fray by the back door, but found it locked. My next course was to climb the wall of the compound, in the middle of which stood the outhouses of the Missionary and myself; this I did, sorely bruising my knees through my thin pajamas.

It was dark, but I could dimly see a tall, white-clad specter pursuing a short, white-clad specter at full speed across the compound. When the short figure was within six feet of the cookhouse he threw himself flat on the ground, tripping the tall one, who fell heavily against the cookhouse door, bursting it open.

Like a flash the short figure was on his feet, and disappeared around the corner. His adversary arose and looked around in bewildered silence. Seeing a short, white-clad figure near by, he seized me by the shoulders and pushed me inside amongst the fighting Chinamen, shouting "*Tim tang! tim tang!*" (light the lamp). Our appear-

ance had startled the crowd into sudden silence, and some one, with the instinct of obedience, lit a rush pith in a peanut oil chatty, which threw a ghostly flicker over a scene of mingled rage and panic. Bruised and bleeding faces, disordered hair, twitching, shifty eyes flashing with hate and menace, some with dread, at the thought of disgrace and police court in the morning.

"Who is this?" asked the tall man who held me from behind, speaking in Chinese. Wo Hing stepped forward and peered into my face.

"*Ayah!*" he gurgled. "*Kah li qui*" (next-door devil).

My captor released his hold and stepped back into the darkness in evident surprise.

"And who is that?" I asked, pointing to the tall specter.

Hoh Cheung waved his hand with introductory grace, saying: "*Ja su Quai*" (Jesus devil).

It was the Missionary.

The rushlight flared up with sudden vigor showing us dressed in pajamas, slipshod and disheveled. Mechanically we bowed; words were wanting to fit the occasion.

For several seconds we regarded each other with solemn interest. Gradually an expression of suppressed amusement gathered in my captor's eyes, then slowly spread to his lower features; then his smooth, glum face lit up with a smile of infinite humor. On a face so stamped with the hereditary gloom of his Puritan forefathers that smile seemed a momentary lapse to the levity of some prehistoric ancestor.

I loved that Missionary on the spot.

Five minutes later we were seated on my verandah, holding a court of inquiry into the cause of disturbance. The missionary's face had assumed its usual look of solemnity, which deepened into an expression of sad, long-suffering weariness, as we listened to the maxims of Ananias which our witnesses quoted with gusto.

Our search for truth continued for half an hour, with results, I fear, that added considerably to the sum of the world's iniquity. Finding ourselves sinking deeper and deeper in a slough of mendacious contradictions, we closed the inquiry with the usual admonitions.

I was gratified to find that the missionary had a fraternal vice; he smoked.

Stretched in long chairs, we wreathed the verandah with the incense of peace and good-fellowship, feeling calm and forgiving.

Of such are thy blandishments, my Lady Nicotine!

To all foreign residents in the Orient the shortcomings of their native servants is a perennial subject for conversation; the most heat-worn, liver-depressed individual will brighten to the occasion and blackguard the menial brotherhood with cheerful zeal.

On this particular night the missionary and I had certainly legitimate excuse to drift into this well-worn channel. The subject was avoided, however, for delicate reasons on both sides.

Though the missionary was not the kind of man to believe his converts exempt from original sin, I presumed that his feelings would be tender on points that impugned the results of his mission.

Besides I had reason to believe that my own amateur efforts in the line of pagan reformation had slipped a notch when I saw my visitor tripped through the cookhouse door by a certain short, white-clad figure that disappeared around the corner.

It was too dark to identify the figure with certainty, but I had a discreet suspicion that the missionary had been chasing Chee Afat, my house boy. The young rascal had overthrown his pursuer so neatly in the darkness that when the latter arose he evidently thought that I was the person he had been after.

No doubt the devil arranged the whole complication. I wanted to deal with Chee Afat in my own way, and I had a decidedly wicked impression that explanations would mar the humor of the situation.

After the first cigar our efforts at conversation became mere expedients in the interest of common decorum. It was evident that each expected the other to explain the events that led up to our introduction. Half an hour and another good cigar were wasted in polite fatuities. Then my reverend friend arose to go. When half-way down the verandah steps he turned partly around, dropped the butt of his cigar into a flower pot and said:

"The next time you wish to talk with Mui Tan, my ama (native nurse), don't go to the back window. Come to the front door. Good night."

I was too astonished to do more than raise

myself on my elbow and gaze blankly at the tall man retreating down the pathway. A flush of indignation was the first instinct to follow the shock. My mind worked chaotically, and muttered maledictions arose in the void. Ah, I see it now! The fun of the thing laid me prostrate, and the wrathful bang of my neighbor's door added to the discord of a long, loud laugh that unhalloed the peace of midnight.

I went to bed, but nocturnal reflections brought trouble. Inordinate mirth usually reacts in gloom. I could see now that my senseless reluctance to explain matters had placed the missionary and myself on a farcical level with the puppets in a French comedy; that was bad.

Chee Afat, my paragon house boy, had fallen from grace; that was worse. He had been brought to me, a boy of ten, from a far inland village by Hoh Cheung, his uncle and guardian. For six years I had trained that boy by an ethical regime that Herbert Spencer would have doted on. My theory was entirely new. I hoped to prove that the instinctive aversion to truth and honesty in the Asiatic race was a post-natal acquirement. I am older now, and have no theories.

For several years my task was difficult. I found him apt in all things but in learning to speak the truth. He learned pidgin English with ease, and in six months his vituperative vocabulary was appalling. His uncle when taxed on the subject assured me that the boy's diction was exemplary when he spoke in his own language. This inclined me to doubt if the English language was a fit medium for the training of youth, and I decided to speak to him in Chinese only. The moral improvement was marked. By the time he was sixteen his honesty, veracity and other Sunday virtues were full-fledged and operative, and I gloried in my handiwork.

Next morning Chee Afat was called before me and charged with night prowling on the missionary's premises, making love to a Christian hand-maiden and bringing indignity and hurtful contusion to the said missionary against my cookhouse door.

Evidence of his sudden contact with the sharp gravel when he tripped up my neighbor could be seen on his bruised hands and face. Otherwise he looked calm and innocent.

I expected a confession in character with

the high standard of his training, but in this I was sadly disappointed; he denied the accusations serially and in block.

He was summarily sent to his work till I could think the matter over. Patience had always been part of my policy.

This was the first step in the degeneration in Chee Afat. First steps at the forked roads of destiny are always interesting, and most of you, if you look back, will find a woman there.

His unexpected drop from stainless virtue to the maculate conventionality of his race was a rude wrench to my vanity. This was probably why I settled myself with cold-blooded interest to watch his decline and fall.

He continued to perform his duties with the usual efficiency, and I assumed in my manner toward him a lofty air of suffering charity, which, be it known, is the becoming mien of those who stoop beneath "the white man's burden."

A few weeks later I awoke one morning to find Chee Afat squatting on my bedroom floor, my bath towels in one hand, my shaving water in the other, weeping lustily.

I lay still filled with wonder, for he was a staunch, untearful youth and hitherto free from weak emotion. As the tears continued to mix with my shaving water and my bath towels were used to mop the flow, I arose to remonstrate.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"I'm going to be married," he sobbed in anguish.

Now, marriage is a serious matter, we all know, but we rarely realize the full significance of the calamity till afterward. It was different with Chee Afat; his premonitions were creditable, and his grief, though somewhat premature, aroused my sympathy.

When calmer he was able to explain "that in the village of San Ki Wan, Hoh Cheung, his uncle, had a debtor who had a daughter, fair and marriageable; after the manner of his people, Hoh Cheung had employed a go-between to ask his debtor's daughter in marriage for his nephew—and call it square." Hoh Cheung was a man of business.

He had ordered Chee Afat to hold himself in readiness to be married within a week, and the latter implored pathetically that I should use my influence with his uncle to delay or stop the marriage.

It was vanity that prompted me to intercede on his behalf. In those days I had the faith of the frothy reformer in forceful argument, not knowing that forceful habit sways the world. I had likewise a healthy belief (now dead) in the possibility of correcting the wayward ways of the hide-bound heathen.

I found Hoh Cheung in the compound, haggling with the pork butcher and the marriage undertaker over costs and furnishings for the feast.

I began at once, charging that cross-grained old pagan with blasting the bloom of youth with the curse of early marriage, fostering the production of immature humanity, abetting over-population and famine, increasing the struggle for existence, and denying the promise of free, unmarried manhood to an ungrown youth. I enlarged upon the wisdom of the Western world, where advanced minds had begun to look upon marriage as one of the follies of youth, where couples when they came to their senses usually got divorced.

Hoh Cheung was obdurate; he was also rude when he implied "that the system I advocated would soon stop the supply of advanced minds in the Western world."

"Early marriage," he insisted, "was enjoined by the sages, that children might be born in filial respect to make offerings at the graves of their fathers. He was childless, and looked to Chee Afat and his posterity to fulfill the rites of homage to his spirit in the Vast Unseen. He had heard rumors, too, that smote his heart with a great fear. It was whispered amongst the wives of his fellows that one, Mui Tan, a Christian maid in the service of the missionary, had conjured the spirit devils of her foreign faith to cast a spell upon Chee Afat that he might love her to the desire of marriage. What if the boy should turn from the teachings of his fathers and marry the girl by the heresies of the foreign temple? Of a surety she would turn his heart from the worship of ancestors. Who, then, would bring offerings to the grave of Hoh Cheung when his spirit had need of such? Answer me that."

Having no wish to get mixed with Hoh Cheung in the quicksands of controversy on matters theological, I closed the discussion, giving Chee Afat the advice of the feudal Scotchwoman to her husband when he was about to be hanged: "Put your head in the

loop, Sandy, and no anger the guid Laird."

During the next few days Chee Afat became dull and listless; he slept much during the day and was absent from his quarters part of the night. He had, as I afterward learned, taken to the excitement of gambling to offset the dreary prospect of marriage.

Two nights before the wedding the heat fiends of Purgatory, who choose Hongkong for their dwelling place during the summer months, had deprived me of sleep till past midnight. I wandered out into the bright moonlight, seeking respite from torments that afflict the unjust, in unfair measure and before their time. I strolled quietly down a by-path that led to a deep nullah shaded with huge, gnarled banyan trees, piously decorated on trunk and limb with joss-sticks, transcripts of wise sayings from the sages, and patches of red and gold splashed papers that are known to propitiate the spirits that abide in the trees.

As I approached I could hear the murmur of voices in the deep shadow before me; the voices swelled to a weird, monotonous chant, then rose in fitful wails to the high falsetto notes that attune the Celestial soul when he lifteth up his voice in song.

I stepped quietly behind a bush and looked through the branches. A moonbeam filtered through the tree tops, casting a diffused light on two figures bending hand in hand before a rude altar that stood in the cavity of an ancient banyan.

They chanted and kowtowed in simule, serious devotion for full five minutes before a battered assortment of offering cups, withered flowers and tinsel paper that covered the altar.

They passed me almost within touch. It was Chee Afat and Mui Tan. The girl was sobbing quietly and the boy appeared to be whispering words of manly consolation.

I went to bed propounding problems on moral duty.

The missionary and I were now fast friends; that little misunderstanding on the night of the rumpus in my cookhouse had been explained, and our intercourse was cordial and free as becomed good neighbors.

He was sorely grieved at the time to learn that his young Christian ama had tolerated the attentions of my pagan house boy, and measures of reproof were becomingly ap-

plied. Could I tell him of the scene I had just witnessed? It might be right, I reasoned, but it would not be kind to inform the good man that his convert was seen worshipping false gods with her heathen lover, who was about to be married to a maid of his own class.

Regarding the duplicity of Chee Afat I decided to say nothing. Hoh Cheung was a worthy man in his way, and he, too, would be sadly afflicted by the proof of his nephew's surrender to the wiles of the hated Christian.

Two days more, and revelry reigned in the compound; there was beating of tomtoms, screeching of catgut fiddles, clangs of cymbals and the skirl of chanters, till the hot night quaked in the throes of pandemonium.

Chee Afat had been married to the girl of his uncle's choice.

Hoh Cheung was a happy man, and had handed over the bulk of his savings to his nephew immediately after the wedding.

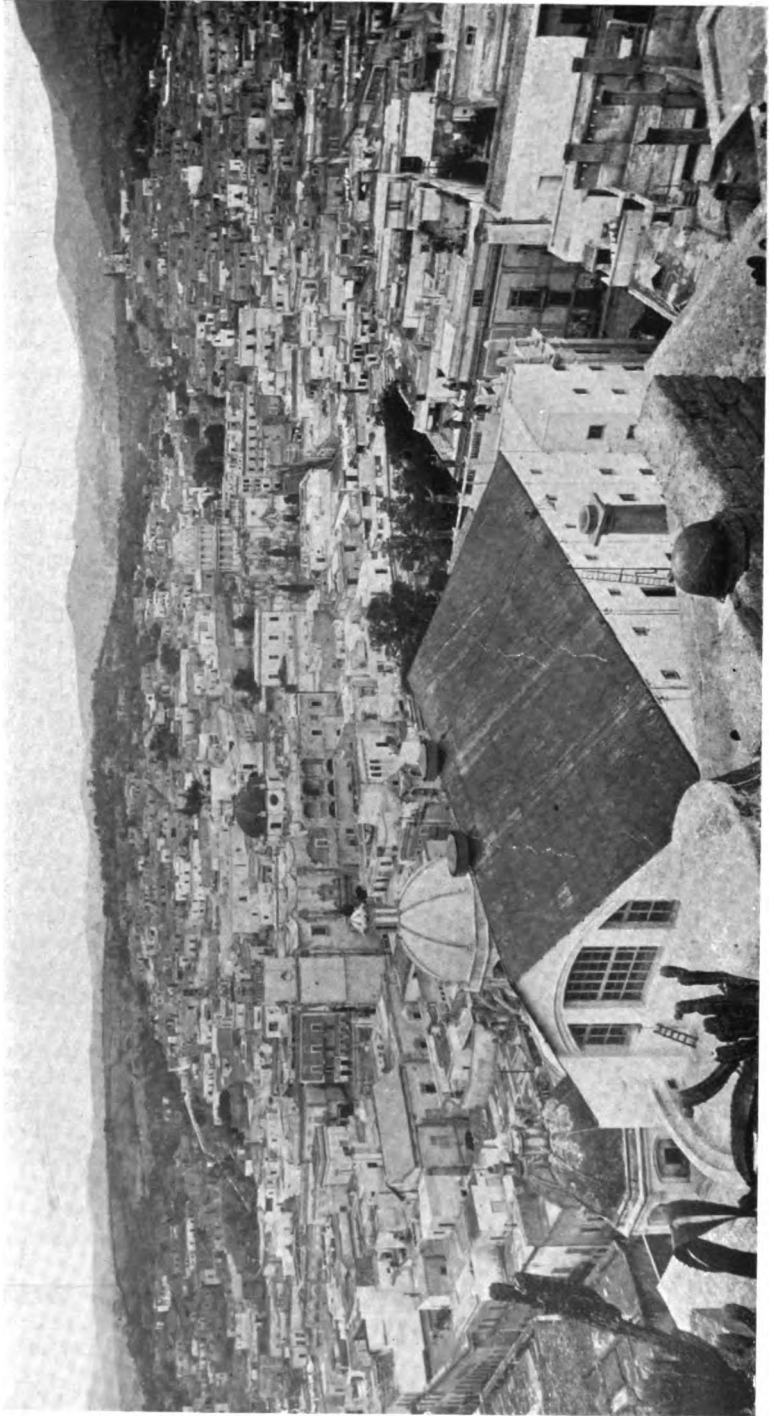
He told me, in his pompous way, that "he had done his duty to himself, and, according to Confucius, had linked together the accessories of life, that his spirit might be glorified in death. Were not those the mandates of wisdom?"

Next morning there was blue consternation in the Champ. The bride told the story.

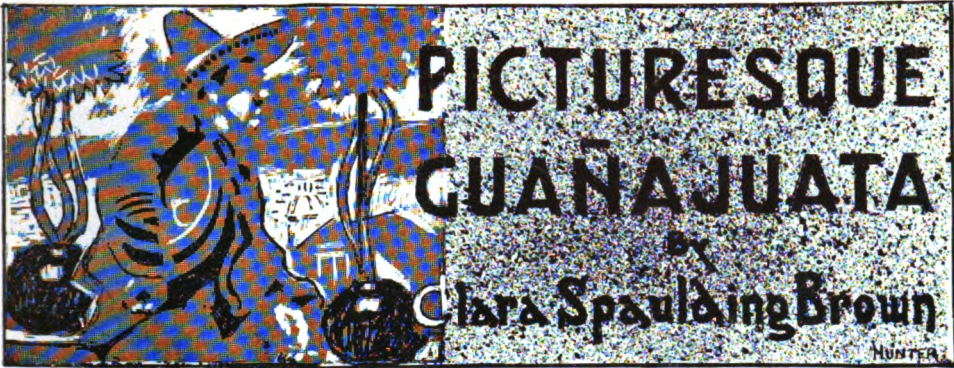
"After retiring to the bridal chamber her husband asked to be excused for a short time. He took off his wedding garments, dressed in ordinary clothes and went out by a back window, not wishing to encounter the guests, who were in merry mood and boisterous. She waited and waited, but he did not return. She could not call or dare to be seen by those outside on a night so momentous; that would have put her to shame. Weary with waiting, she cried herself to sleep and awoke in the morning to find the bridegroom still absent." That was all.

Across the way the missionary's household was equally agitated. Mui Tan had disappeared; her money box and clothes chest were empty.

The last trace of the fugitives was found at the steamer office, where a couple answering the description of Chee Afat and Mui Tan had taken the evening boat for Canton and were lost 'mid the millions of the Empire of Night.



Bird's-eye View of Guanajuato.



THE majority of tourists speed from El Paso to the city of Mexico, a distance of 1,225 miles, and remain in ignorance of the fact that they are passing by a town of unsurpassed charm and great peculiarity. Guanajuato has been pronounced the most picturesque city in the world by those travelers who have been so fortunate as to see it.

Situated high up among the emountains, it is fifteen miles off the line of the Mexican Central railway, and 250 miles north of the ecapital of the republic. It is the capital of the State of Guanajuato. This State, though small, is the most thickly populated one in Mexico, and ranks second in wealth, for it contains the richest silver mining district in the country. The city has a population of 60,000, and is still thoroughly Mexican, scarcely a word of English being heard within its limits.

To reach it you stop over at the station of Sliav, and easily fancy yourself transported to Bible lands as you note the quaint flat-roofed houses and narrow lanes, unchanged for more than 300 years. You take the train to Marfil, up a heavy grade eleven miles, and compass the crest of the eclimb in a little car drawn by six mules. Marfil bears similarity to a hamlet of medieval times, with its solid stone buildings perched like fortresses on the hillsides. The road, a causeway whose construction occupied many years, follows the course of a narrow river, up a ravine which has no outlet except at the lower end. It passes through, over and under great haciendas or silver reduction works, and is probably the most interesting street-car line on the face of the globe. A wall of masonry outlines the bank of the river for the entire distance.

No one would expect to find a large, pros-

perous and handsome city hidden away at the head of the ravine, the buildings crowded close on the various levels of the streets that wind around and ascend the mountain side. In places the houses are built almost perpendicularly above each other, so that one wonders by what means of locomotion their occupants reach them. The scarcity of level spots may be understood from the fact that it cost \$100,000 to grade the site for a prominent church.

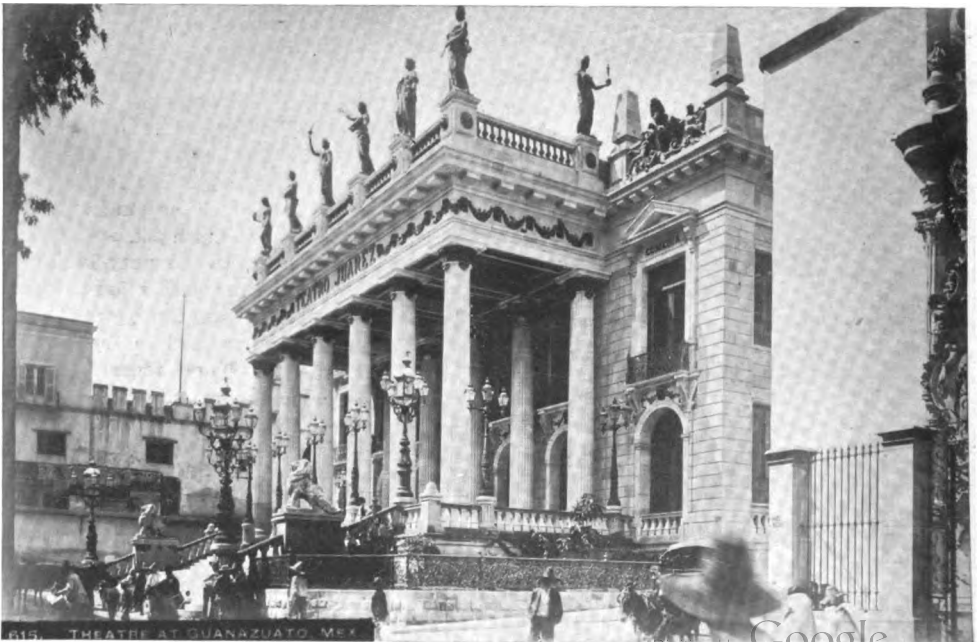
Guanajuato was founded by the Spanish invaders, rich silver ore having been discovered in the vicinity as early as 1548. From that time until the present day, over one thousand millions of dollars have been produced by the mines of the district. Many claims are now being worked by American and English capitalists. They have reached a depth of from 1200 to 1590 feet, and show no signs of exhaustion, forming as they do a part of the wonderful *Veta Madre*, the "mother vein" which underlies Zacatecas, Catorce, El Oro, and other large mining districts of Mexico. Portions of the vein at Guanajuato bear a profitable per cent. of gold, in addition to the silver. The peons who work in the mines climb four times a day to the surface, each bearing a load of 250 pounds of ore on his back, and thereby earning from fifty, to seventy-five cents Mexican currency. It seems a hard life and poorly requited toll, yet there are no happier people in the world than the common laborers of Mexico. Their faces are bright with simple good humor, their hearts know not ambition, their daily fare of tortillas and frijoles, washed down with copious draughts of pulque, is more satisfactory to them than any other diet would be, and they cherish no envy for those whom fortune has stationed above them. They must not be deprived of certain superstitions and religious

privileges, however. Riding one day a mile into the bowels of the earth, on a car drawn along a tunnel by a mule, we came to a recess in which tapers were burning, and found an altar adorned with garlands of flowers and cheap ornaments. The Superintendent explained that the lights were kept burning day and night, and that the miners always knelt in prayer at the shrine before beginning their work. "If we should take the altar away," he said, "athe men would not come into the mine."

Guanajuato, though so isolated, has an elegant theatre, surpassing any other play-house in Mexico, and equaled by but few in the United States. The building is chaste and artistic in design and constructed of a beautiful green stone quarried near the city, which takes on the polish of marble. The magnificent auditorium is expensively decorated; the scenery is from the brush of Herrera, Mexico's most talented scenic artist, and the splendid foyer, sumptuous parlors and retiring rooms would be creditable to any city in the world. The Jardin de la Union, on which the theater fronts, is a tiny three-cornered plaza, (there is room for naught else), around which stand the Governor's palace, the leading hotel, State

buildings, an old church, and other substantial edifices in the Moorish style of architecture, with wide, heavy portals, grated lower windows, and wrought iron balconies. Sitting in a second story ventana on a Sunday evening, one looks down on another world than that viewed from any section of our own country, and realizes that it is not necessary to cross the ocean to another continent in order to behold distinctly foreign scenes. Few countries of Europe present so much of novelty and of the conservatism which clings to the traditions and customs of the past as Mexico does. No stage could portray a more vivid picture in coloring, quaint costumes, striking individualities, and charm of setting, than is afforded by this central breathing place of the populace in a mountain town of "our sister Republic."

A military band, well-trained by the Government, occupies a pretty kiosk, and plays airs dear to the Mexican heart and entrancing to the ear, as only those can play who are born with music in them. Electric lights sparkle amid the semi-tropical foliage, for thus does modern science hobnob with the primitiveness that has withstood the advance of ages. A broad flagged walk surrounds the plaza, and this is crowded



The Theater.



Mining in Mexico.

with promenaders in two meeting lines, the men in one, the women in the other. Many are the speaking looks interchanged as they met and pass and meet again, chatting all the while in the soft language, laughing and jesting. Rich and poor are intermingled, the latter in no wise daunted by defects of toilet, wearing their conical straw hats and coarse, but gay zarapes as jauntily as if the sombrero were a fifty-dollar felt heavy with gold cord, and the zarape a hand-woven thing of beauty akin to the indestructible Navajo blanket. Poverty does not distress the uneducated Mexican, nor lessen his quiet, gentle dignity. He can content himself until better times come—*manana*; and if they do not come, it is the will of the blessed saints! Always he has the adorable climate and the delightful music, as much for him as for the grand senor; and ever the sacred churches, noble piles filled with treasure, at whose altars he may kneel any hour of the day, in all his dirt and rags, as welcome as the richest parishioner of the house of worship in the land to the North whose doors are closed nine-tenths of the week and never open willingly to the pauper.

A twilight service in one of the old Mexican churches is deeply impressive. The clanging, moss-covered bells calling to wor-

ship, the falling dusk in the stately building for which Charles V. and Phillip II. of Spain contributed paintings and vessels of solid silver; the kneeling men, women, and children, with devout and often rapt faces; the grand peal of the organ and the chorus of male voices—are all inspiring. One by one the candles at the altar are extinguished, the worshipers cross themselves and slip out into the semi-darkness, bending to kiss the blood-stained feet of the martyred Christ as they pass the image.

It is worth while to climb up the narrow streets, full of curves and angles, catching glimpses of crumbling court-yards, stairways, and arches, with now and then a bevy of white-robed, dark-haired *senoritas* leaning over their balconies, until "La Presa" is reached, the aristocratic residence portion of the city, where one looks down on rooftops in terraces, and sees the horizon shut in on every side by rugged mountains.

Here is another plaza, converted into a luxuriant garden among the rocks by infinite pains. Several band concerts are given within it every week. Around it, wherever a foothold could be secured, sometimes built half over the pretty stream, are the attractive homes of the well-to-do, covered with vines and musical with birds. "La Presa" is the name of a dam which closes



A Street in Guanajuato.

the lowest of a series of reservoirs. Once a year a festival is held at this dam, when throngs gather to witness the opening of the gates and flooding of the river channel. It is made the occasion of ceremonies and feasting which continue for two or three days.

In earlier times there was a tragic element connected with the event. Prisoners under sentence of death were detailed to

manage the clumsy contrivances of that period, letting out the water at great risk to life, with the understanding that those who escaped harm should be pardoned. Below the city, where the sands of the river are full of the waste from large reduction works, laborers earn a few cents a day by sluicing the dry bed and obtaining the modicum of silver remaining after mill treatment.

"Do you wish to go to the cemetery?" one is asked on the street by *mozos* or guides who hope to earn a fee, but it is easy to find the way unassisted to the *panteon*, the only replica of the catacombs of Rome on this continent. The one broad street of the city leads up a steep hill to a cemetery, inclosed by a wall about ten feet thick. The dead are placed within these walls in tiers, each receptacle being hired for a term of years commensurate with the means of the renter; it may be for five, ten, twenty, or fifty years; in some cases of opulence, forever. After the coffin has been placed within the niche, the opening is sealed, numbered, and inscribed with the name and date of death of its occupant. At the expiration of the time for which the tomb was engaged, it is opened and made ready for another term of usefulness. What becomes of the re-



Catacombs.



"La Presa."
The Dam at Guanajuato.

mains? Ah, that is the most remarkable thing in this altogether unique city.

Proffer *dos reales* to the man in charge of the cemetery and he will show you something which cannot be found anywhere else in America. He lifts a trap-door in the ground, and motions you to precede him down a spiral stairway. Soon you find yourself in a long passage about ten feet wide, and see at your feet a mighty heap of bones, reaching far back and upward to the ceiling. Skulls, arms, thighs, hands, and feet are promiscuously thrown together, and you turn shuddering from the sight to find yourself confronted by a double row of grinning, mummified relics of beings that were once as human as yourself. They stand against the walls of the subterranean apartment, the men on one side, the women opposite, as if ranged for a horrible dance of death. It is almost inconceivable that the distorted visages were ever fair to look upon—one and all are hideous now. While you gaze in shrinking curiosity the guide explains that there is something in the pure, dry air of that altitude (7000 feet) which sometimes partially preserves the bodies. When this is found to have occurred, the skeleton, with its parchment covering, is added to the grewsome assembly below; if not intact, the bones are merged with those

of the mammoth charnel heap. Although this custom is peculiar to Guanajuato, the system of renting graves is in vogue everywhere in Mexico, and interment in family lots is a thing unknown.

An impregnable appearing building in the heart of the city, rising high above its neighbors, is called the Alhondiga, or Castilla de Granaditas. It was constructed more than a century ago and has played an important part in the history of the city. It was intended for a Chamber of Commerce, but is now used for a jail. Hidalgo, the "Washington of Mexico," captured it from the royalists in 1810, when the first blow for liberty was struck by the republicans of New Spain; later, after he had met with defeat and death at Chihuahua, his head was brutally exposed upon a spike at one corner of the roof, while the heads of three of his Generals—Alende, Aldama, and Jimenez—were exhibited on the other corners. The bones of these patriots now repose in the grand cathedral of the city of Mexico, and are objects of reverence, particularly on each anniversary of the execution, when the relics are covered with flowers, amid appropriate exercises.

The Mexican dearly loves a hero, and is enthusiastically patriotic. "*Viva Mexico! Viva la Republic!*" is his cry

The mint at Guanajuato coins more money than any other in the country. The process is the same as in the mints of the United States; but Indians, some of whom have grown white haired in the service, handle



The Alhondiga.

the coins with an expertness which never fails to detect and throw out a defective piece or one that is not exactly true to the standard weight.

At the market, as in every Mexican town, one finds a conglomeration of indescribable scenes: it is the place par excellence, for the study of the lower classes. The roomy building is crowded with booths where every thing produced or manufactured in the vicinity is offered for sale. Fruit or vegetables are arranged in little piles and pyramids, the size varying according to the number of *centavos* charged. Sandals of sole leather are made while you wait. Awkwardly shaped shoes, the blue or brown *rebosos* which form the head covering of women, *zarapes* in bright colors and varied designs, wide-brimmed sombreros, baskets, pottery, images, and toys which would fill an American child with wonder, *dulces* (sweets), bread in fancy shapes crowd every available space, overflowing the streets alongside the market

or *mercador*. The plump little saleswoman who smilingly answers your "*Cuanto?*" (how much), very likely is puffing a cigarette with the nonchalance that is born of long practice, for Mexican women of both high and low degree smoke, though the aristocrat does not do so publicly.

Altogether, Guanajuato is fascinating. The church bells, brought from over the seas, untiringly calling to prayer and praise; the plaintive strains of "*La Golondrina*", the Mexican's "Home, Sweet Home," pulsating through the air; the light-hearted, brown-skinned men and women who seem almost to live in the streets, envious of none, courteous to all; the wild environment of nature, forbidding any future change from the seclusion which hides its manifold charms; the striking contrast to the conditions of life in the land from which Mexico is divided by only an invisible line combine to cast a spell over the place which holds the visitor until he can no longer tarry, and lingers in his memory always.

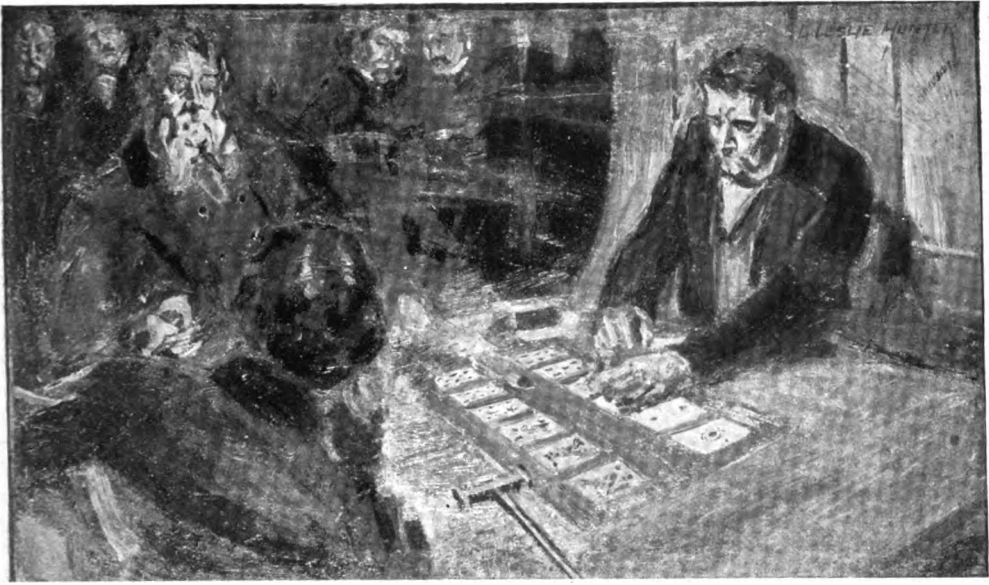
ALOFT.

ELIZABETH GERBERDING.

(f), MOUNTAIN top, could I meet death
 Upon thy friendly breast,
 With upturned face and bated breath
 Await my promised rest!

This drifting Earth and I must part
 Upon an unknown sea:
 And all are mute as my own heart
 To show the course to me.

It seems that I could see my way—
 To soar, to meet, to stop—
 From thy masthead the call obey,
 O, friendly mountain top!



A Lawyer-Poet's High Play at the National Capital

BY GEORGE SELWYN.

FARO was king at the national capital during James Buchanan's term. The most pretentious gambler of them all was Joe Hall, whose midnight suppers Lucullus would have made haste to envy could he have tasted the canvas-back duck stuffed with chestnuts, and the side dishes of Virginia hominy done brown, in butter, garnished with bacon from Accomac fed on acorns.

There were no club-houses, so-called, in the ante-bellum days of Washington. And here up to the fall of Sumner, the South and North, no matter how acrid the day's debate in Congress, when the members met before Joe Hall's or Geo. Pendleton's green baize table, on Pennsylvania Avenue, all on pleasure bent, they "let silence like a poultice fall and heal the blows" of political strife.

Joe Hall, who died very poor, in Baltimore, during the war, was in the last generation the most munificent, and most continuously successful "high-roller" among the "gamboliers" of America. His horses, with gold-tipped harness, were the cynosure of all eyes, and the admiration of the golden youth of Baltimore.

In Philadelphia he ran a gambling house

over Dr. McClellan's office in Walnut, above Eleventh, North Side, (now the Sunday School Times office), from 1856 till the war broke out. Here Thaddeus Stevens, the great commoner of Pennsylvania, hobnobbed with James A. Bayard of Delaware, and the handsome Ellis Schnable, who with "Bill" Witte, was the best all-round stump orator of whom the Keystone Democracy ever boasted.

Here a young attorney who had never seen a card table before, introduced by Mr. Whiteley, an accomplished member of Congress from Delaware, won \$6,000 in a single night, and in ten months lost that and \$30,000 on top of it trying to make another winning from the false and fickle goddess of faro.

An old habitue of Joe Hall's saw that game, in which the tyro at gaming won fifty straight bets without losing one, and said such luck was so phenomenal that he had never witnessed anything like it in forty years' full practice before the green baize.

Joe Hall had another game (with the two stone dogs before the door) in Broadway, New York city, nearly opposite the Metropolitan Hotel, from 1853 to 1860. This spot was the favorite club-house of youthful Southern sporting gentlemen politicians,

who set the pace among the *jeunesse dorée* of New York City.

Such a thing as a limit was unknown, as Joe Hall was prepared for all comers up to \$50,000. The limit at Monaco is 10,000 francs (\$2,000), but any gentleman in good standing could write his check for \$20,000 on a double card or a case card, and it would go like current coin of the realm. I have seen General Ward B. Burnett, who was the recipient of General Jackson's gold snuff-box given by his will "to the bravest man," when the "blear-eyed gambler" would turn the silver box over and close the game for the night—generally about 3 a. m.—open a "snap" game, the General becoming banker, and, putting up \$500 as the bank roll, play till daylight.

Faro and cotton were in these days both kings. Albert Pike, whose "Hymns to the Gods," first published in Blackwood's Magazine in Edinburgh and translated into a dozen languages, was an habitue of Joe Hall's Washington game.

Albert Pike once received a million dollars, when he lived at Little Rock, Ark., and practiced law, as a single fee, in the Cherokee land case; but most of this the poet-lawyer poured out as a willing libation to the fickle goddess of fortune at Joe Hall's and George Pendleton's faro rooms in Washington. There was only the most friendly rivalry between Hall and Pendleton; the latter was the real arbiter elegantiarum among the faro kings of this country. He was a Virginian and a cousin of "Gentleman George," as George H. Pendleton, the Democratic candidate for Vice-President, was called.

The last game I ever saw at Pendleton's was a memorable one. A few nights before Sergeant S. Prentiss, that brilliant and lovable Whig orator and member of Congress, a New England man, resident of Mississippi, and a life-time enemy of Jeff Davis, had first won \$40,000; then in one night, with half a basket of champagne under his shirt, he kept on playing till the man behind the table, the dealer, had recouped the \$40,000 and had in his coat pocket deeds for four warehouses in Natchez, Miss., on the Mississippi River, late the property of the great Whig orator. That was Prentiss's last great game. He removed to New Orleans, had an immense and royally lucrative bar practice; at a great banquet when

full of wine, he broke a champagne glass with his teeth, from which he died.

Albert Pike, who died at eighty-five, was a man of great physical pulchritude, and always wore an immense gray beard. He looked like a Norse king. Thadeus Stevens was playing moderately at the same table; so was James A. Bayard; but these statesmen only played for amusement, and I have known "Thad" Stevens to go away with \$1,400 won at a single sitting with a stake of only \$20 gold.

But men like Prentiss and Pike of Arkansas and Senator Green of Missouri, as Wolcott of Colorado used to be, were always "plungers" at the faro table. It was at Pendleton's game that Pike found the original type of his "fine old Arkansas gentleman," who played away his cotton crop at the faro bank at Washington and New Orleans every winter unless "the fly or some other d—d contingency" ate up his cotton fields before the staple got to market.

Pike came in humming his own song about "The Fine Old Arkansas Gentleman," and was very much amused to see Senator Green place a bet of \$1,000, blue chips, on the "pot," as the space is called between the six, seven, and eight spots. Green permitted his pile of "blue fish" so-called, to remain on the table till the \$1,000 had increased to \$4,000 in two turns. "I reckon I've got enough for one night," said the saturnine Missouri Senator, cool as a cucumber, as he cashed in his chips and placed four crisp new \$1,000 bills in his inside pocket.

"I can beat that, I think," said the author or "The Hymn to the Gods," as Albert Pike laid down a \$1,000 bill between the six, seven and eight spots. This was only permitted to favorite players, usually; chips must be bought before the gambler made his "turn." The *canaille* had to buy chips, a fish blue or white; white, \$1; blue, \$5; yellow, \$25.

Pike, with nonchalance, laid his \$1,000 bill down in the "pot." Everybody stopped playing, as it was plainly a game of "make or break" between the gambler at the box and the gentleman gambler before the table.

Pike, six feet two inches, tall, in the very prime of an adventurous life, looked like a Greek god, his aplomb was magnificent, Achilles could not match him. Not a word escaped anybody's lips. The silence could

have been cut with one of Harden's carving knives. The six spot showed up first. "Pay in cash," said Pike. Pike was \$2,000 to the good. A thousand dollars was placed on the bet. Pike won. "It all goes," said Pike nonchalantly. "I go you," said the owner of this particular tiger, hopefully smiling. The seven spot showed its face. "Pike wins," shouted Senator Green. Two thousand dollars in bills were added to the pile on the table. There were \$4,000 there now.

Mr. Dealer grew white about the "gills." He looked at Pike. The latter nodded. Silence grew intense—more than intense. Slowly the dealer pulled a card. An eight spot showed its face. Pike had won \$8,000. "Pleasant call," said the dealer. Four cards left in the box, and the winning caller, who called successfully, got four for one.

"I call it six-eight for eight thousand," said Pike without changing a muscle. The cards appearing were six-eight. The six spot first, then the eight.

The dealer rose to his feet at a nod from Pendleton, declared the game closed, and the suave king pin of that faro game sat down and gave Albert Pike his check then and there for \$32,000.

And this is said to be the largest "call" ever made in the city of Washington. It is needless to add there resulted a halcyon day and vociferous night.

The war demoralized a good many profes-

sions, and the "son of a gambler" did not escape. Pendleton died rich, but left his entire fortune to his valet, who lives to enjoy it yet. Joe Hall was supported till he died by the largess of his old proteges. Harry Cleveland, a gambler with a national reputation, who left \$150,000 to his wife in Cape May County, played a faro duel in Pendleton's house in 1856 with Pettibone, the great Tennessee gambler, and paid the \$100,000 he lost in one night in paper money before he left Pendleton's palatial lair, the tiger's jungle home.

They are gone—the old familiar faces!

A treasury clerk during Garfield's administration "conveyed" \$40,000 out of the treasury and spent it in riotous living among the haunts of the Washington tiger.

President Arthur, always a gentleman, thought with Burke that "vice in losing all its evil loses half its grossness," banished the faro dealers across the Potomac, and only furtive games of Congressional poker lurk around the hotels and first-class boarding houses at the nation's capital. And the relics of the ancient regime of the faro kings in Washington are George Parker, amiable and obese, who is now a gambler no more, but a reputable real estate dealer, and "Coal" Martin, suave and robust, who is suspected of making an occasional shy at poker with Senator Pettigrew, of South Dakota, or wander off to take a Christian eve game with John Daly of New York.

The Arrowhead.

By EUGENE ELTON.

We have heard it called the lost art—the making of arrowheads. Could we look back through the gloom of unrecorded ages, when the Red Man was master of this Western world, when the strength of his arm was measured with the strength of his bow, when on the keenness of his eye and the swiftness of his arrows depended his existence, we would not wonder that he wrought with marvelous patience the sharp points of his arrows from the hardest of

stones and carefully bound his bow with the strongest of sinews; and then, as a tall-man, feathered the shaft with his favorite color or tasseled it with the gaudy scalp of the woodpecker.

At a very remote period, ages before Obsidius brought from Ethiopia specimens of what the Roman geologists honorably named obsidian, the primeval inhabitants of California were putting this same substance to various uses, principally as spear and arrow



1.



2.



3.



4.



5.



6.



7.



8.



9.

Made With Deadly Intent.



10.



11.



12.



13.



14.



15.



16.



17.



18.

Some finer native specimens.

heads. The tribes dwelling in the valleys within whose domain were none of the great lava flows secured either by barter or conquest.

Yet they often resorted to the use of slate, float quartz and even commoner stones. This, no doubt, was done during troublous times. None of the specimens I have seen that were made of any other material represented the care in workmanship that was preferably given to obsidian. (No. 15, which is of slate, is an example.)

Many of the greater tribes had regular guilds; the bowyers were men of great esteem, and so were the weavers, the stone, shell and bone workers; but the bowyers most of all. Often at great peril of their lives they journeyed far and returned laden with skins filled with the coveted obsidian. By reason of having but very little if any cleavage, and being deposited in a compact state, it is difficult to secure much of it without resorting to strenuous measures; but after sufficiently heating and throwing cold water upon it the aborigines speedily overcame its tenacity. By this means chunks and flakes of it were rent asunder, many of the pieces being used as knives, the edges of which were sharp enough to shave a man's beard. Of course the edges would not hold. Among the Aztecs often as many as a dozen of these blades were used when it was desired to shave an aristocratic head without bringing condemnation upon the artist.

It is said that by this same means of heat and cold water which was dropped from a straw, arrowheads were made. It is certain that obsidian points were not wrought in this way, because the action of water upon the heated glass tends to crystallize it, thus making it brittle and destroying its adaptability. If other stones were worked in this way, the process would do credit to the lapidaries of Amsterdam.

The best specimens, however, were made by chipping. A piece of obsidian, after being firmly placed in a wooden groove to prevent its breaking by being struck between two hard substances, was dressed down to suit the artisan's idea. Many of the arrowheads made in this way represent admirable skill. I found that with a pen I could not represent on paper the delicacy and uniformity of the teeth which adorn the edges

of Nos. 14 and 16 of the illustrations.

The prevailing opinion that the aboriginal Californians were devoid of genius is in a measure disproved by the variety of arrowheads he made and the purpose for which he made them.

Also the belief that his bestial laziness prevented the exercise of reason is modified when we contemplate the deadly vengeance with which he made Nos. 17, 18 and 10. No. 12 is the kind of arrowhead general among the Indians of the Northwest; as for size and shape No. 14 is most frequently met with in California. Nos. 4 and 5 are a peculiar kind, the points being nearly round and smooth, while the thick bulbs which take the place of barbs leave us to surmise that it was intended for the weight of the shaft to free the arrow. Nos. 7, 8 and 9 are in the rough.

The illustrations are all of arrowheads taken from a village site in Central California, and represent the originals as nearly as my ability permits. In looking at a pile of obsidian arrowheads they all appear to be of the same glossy blackness, but when held to the light are found to be of different colors; some are still jet black, others yellow, blue, green, brown or surprisingly transparent. The effect of the artificial addet to the natural beauty of an arrowhead cannot be realized until a perfect-colored specimen is thus examined.

Nowhere in the New World, even from the ruins of the ancient kingdoms of Mexico and Central America, are to be found arrowheads more perfectly made, nor a greater variety of them, than could be taken from the prehistoric mounds and village cities of California. This fact alone is of great value to archaeological students, because it is asserted—not upon official authority, however—that the bows and arrows of the Californians were of an inferior quality. Whatever the opinion of those most capable of judging, it must be admitted that some of those bad arrows were fitted with excellent heads.

Many of the early writers noted principally those peculiarities which added charm to their accounts; thus, to-day we are driven to the only reliable source of information—careful research, the tracings of which are likely to lead to surprising and far greater results than anything thus far attained.

California.

BY ANNETTE KOHN.



THOU standest in the sun's last glow,
And ere that monarch goes to rest,
He stoops down low,
And in his great arms holds thee pressed,
And with his own warmth fills thy breast.
He loves thee so,
Thou golden-land,
Thou treasure-land.

With all his splendors thou art decked
In beauty, like a stainless bride;
Thine eyes are flecked
With his broad rays, and open wide;
Thy rich red lips are glorified
With smiles unchecked,
Thou treasure-land,
Thou golden-land.

The sapphire sea thy robe doth hem—
That wondrous robe of woven gold,—
With priceless gem
Sown thickly on its ev'ry fold,
And all the wealth the world doth hold
Shining in them,
Thou golden-land,
Thou treasure-land.

The tasselled corn waves in thy hair,
And em'erald sandals bind thy feet;
And thou dost wear
A ruby girdle at the pleat
Of thy full waist, of grapes most sweet,
And thy arms bare,
Thou treasure-land,
Thou golden-land.

Thou standest 'gainst a giant tree—
Above thee mountains skied by snow;
The mystery
Of canyons, round and deep below;
Thy heart afire, thy soul aglow
With rhapsody,
Thou golden-land,
Thou treasure-land.

For thou canst know an empress' pride,
In having wealth the earth to dow'r;
Thy hands stretched wide
In love, to fling thy golden shower.
Thou art thy country's queen and flow'r,
Thou treasure-land,
Thou golden-land.



White Deerskin Dance at Hoopa Valley, Cal.

Indians of the Hoopa Reservation.

BY THEODORE GONTZ.

OF more than ordinary interest to the anthropologist and the student of ethnology are the tribes of Northern California Indians gathered together in the Hoopa Valley Reservation, which was established in 1864. The strip reserved contains 1,200 acres of arable land, which lies on both sides of the Trinity River, eight miles above its junction with the Klamath. The tribes now enclosed in this area are the remnant of many of those uncounted peoples who at an earlier date wandered through the woods and valleys of Northern California; and these are from some quarter of a hundred primeval tribes, once dwelling side by side and speaking each a language so entirely different from the others as to stump philologists of to-day for any theory as to their common origin.

Principal among these are the Hoopa In-

dians, said by the eminent ethnologist, Powers, to have possessed in former times a rugged virility and talent far superior to that of the neighboring peoples. "They were the Romans of Northern California in valor and the French in language," he says. "They hold in a state of semi-vassalage (I speak always of aboriginal acts) most of the tribes around them, except their two powerful neighbors on the Klamath, exacting from them annual tribute in the shape of peltry and shell money."

While most of the members of the various tribes now wear for every day the nondescript rags of civilization, during the feast days and tribal dances, primitive costumes are still worn, gaudy fillets, shell-money necklaces, moccasins and deerskin tunics, all decorated with the barbaric gaudiness which is wont to delight the savage heart.



The Basket Maker, Hoopa Valley Reservation.

Grotesque designs in pitch-paint adorn their faces on these occasions. The strings of shell, worn about the neck, as shown by the accompanying cut, stand in lieu of money belts and purses, for the shell beads or wafers which hang on the string constitute the only coin which passes current among the tribesmen. Among the Hoopas shell money is measured in the following manner: Each tribesman has ten lines tattooed across the inside of his forearm, about half way between his wrist and elbow,

wealth, which they exhibit as adornment on all state occasions.

Not so long ago (and still occasionally, it is rumored), the shells were given as blood money to hired assassins, and death of relatives, too, was expiated for by a payment (generally of one string) to the heirs of the deceased. This was considered a legitimate business transaction, looked upon somewhat in the light of a life-insurance policy, the murderer acting at once in the capacity of Fate and the company standing responsible



Redhead Woodpecker Dance at Peewon Creek, Klamath River, Cal.

and in measuring shell money he takes the string in his right hand, draws one end over his left thumb nail, and reaches the opposite end toward the tattoo lines. If the uppermost tattoo line is reached the string is worth \$25. As a string by tribal law is only allowed five shells, one valued at \$25, or \$5 the shell, is of extreme rarity, the usual shell being worth about \$2. The men are exceedingly proud of their private

for the act of Fate. Marketable wives are purchased at prices varying from five to fifteen strings of shell-money.

Gambling among all Indian tribes has crystallized into an institution, but among the peoples of the reservation it is more; it partakes of the nature of a religious rite. Let me quote from the Smithsonian Report of 1886: "For gambling they have a bunch o. small wands, one of which has a black



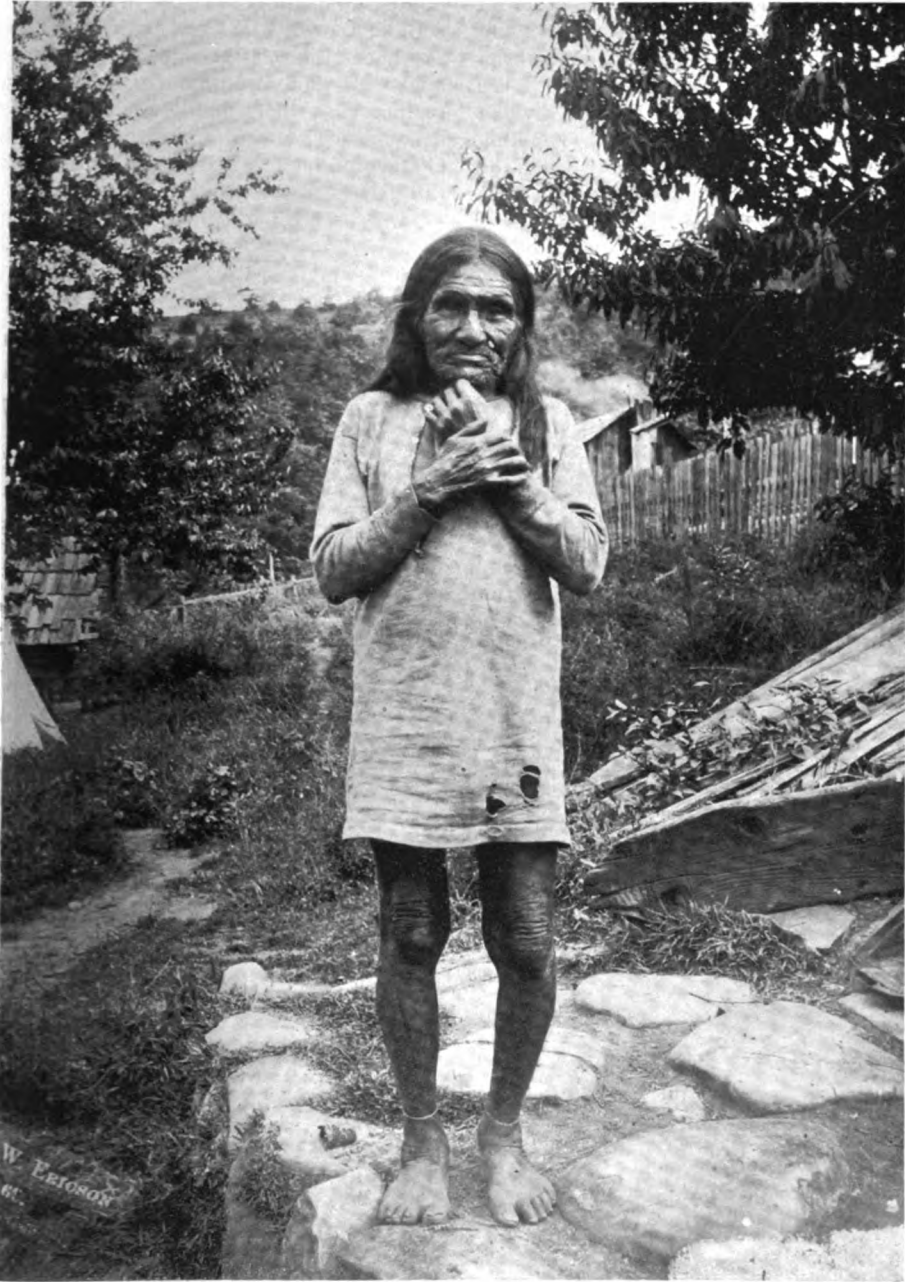
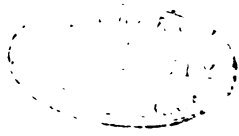
Group of Klamath Indians at Redwood Creek, Cal.



Hoopa Valley Indian Reservation, Humboldt County, Cal.



Man and Soul at Trinidad: Man 100 years, and Soul about 70 years.

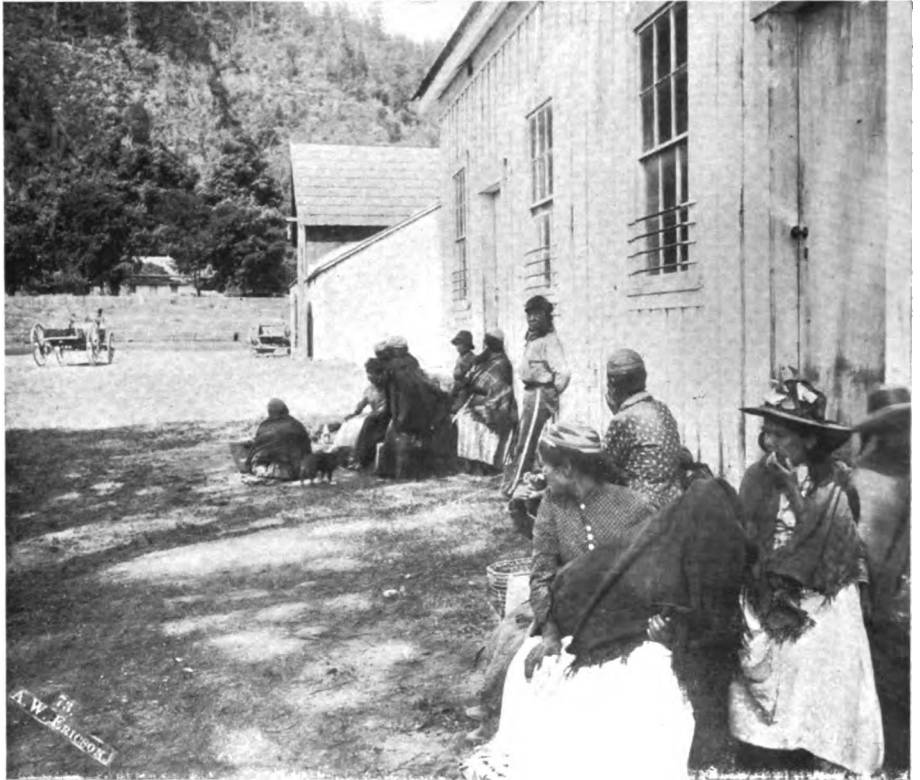


Indian Kah-Hah, Witchpuk, Cal., 100 years old or over.

band around the center. The game is played by any number that wish to engage in betting. Two dealers sit opposite each other on a blanket, each backed by two or more singers, and a drummer, and the game commences by one of the dealers taking the sticks in both hands, about equally divided and holding them behind his back, shuffling them from hand to hand, after which he brings them in front of his body with both

and sings as long as he holds the deal."

It is an interesting sight to witness one of these gambling bouts, so naively described above. The game is the occasion for the gathering of factional parties from far and near, and during the progress of play feeling runs high and violence is not uncommon. The duty of the hired musicians is a sacred one, no less a task than invoking the deities of the tribe to bring luck to the



Indian Sweat House.

Photos by A. W. Ericson.

hands extended and the sticks grasped so the players cannot see the centers. The opposite dealer clasps his hands together two or three times and points towards the hand which he thinks holds the stick with the black center. Should he guess correctly, he takes the deal, and holds it until his opponent wins it back in like manner. For each failure a forfeit is paid, and one is also demanded when the dealer loses the deal. Friends of each party make outside bets on the dealers, and each dealer's band plays

player who pays for the music. For once is gambling sanctioned by Church and State!

As to diet these Indians are (like most of the coast peoples) none too scrupulous. Like all aborigines the Hoopa tribes, of course, rely more or less upon hunting and fishing for their sustenance, being skilled salmon fishers; but aside from reliance on these and the occupations now offered by civilization, they have many other and humbler methods of obtaining food than from the use of the rifle or harpoon. On clear

mornings after rains squaws may be seen setting out with six-foot poles, known as "woman sticks," to find a moist patch of rich earth where angle-worms abound. The pole is thrust deep into the soil and turned and twisted until the worms, rendered uncomfortable, crawl to the surface, where they are gathered and carried home, there to be cooked into a thick oily broth. This, while perhaps not tempting to us of the higher civilization, is considered a great delicacy among the Northern tribes. We have it on the authority of Purcell and Powers that the same species of worm is frequently eaten by the Hoopa clans before they have undergone the process of cooking, but I have never seen any cases to warrant this assertion.

In an accompanying cut is a group of

Klamath Indians in the dress provided by the Reservation. The women in the center are wearing the beautiful basket-work headdresses of which they are expert weavers. The photograph taken of an Indian sweathouse, shows one of the curative methods employed, summer and winter. The patient is first put in the little dug-out cellar, which has been heated to a high temperature, and allowed to perspire freely, then, when well-nigh exhausted, is taken outside and dipped into the icy currents of the river. That this method does not always kill is shown by the pictures here given of Indians who have passed the century mark, and there is a wonderful number of these on the Hoopa Reservation—speaking well for the benefits of a savage life as a health-preserver.

Saved by a Mosquito.

A RECOLLECTION OF WEST AFRICA.

By FRED HARVEY MAJOR.

AT a time when scientific men are gathering evidence which confirms the theory some time ago propounded that mosquitoes are active agents in the matter of disseminating malarial affections among residents of the tropics and semi-tropics, I recall vividly to my mind an incident which happened during my stay in West Africa a good many years ago, when the persistent and repeated attacks of the little gray torments upon my by no means delicate cuticle, one night, were the means of saving me from a terribly sudden and violent death.

I was at the time agent in Bonny River for a large English firm, and my business was to purchase, by barter from the natives, palm oil, kernels and ebony.

My trading station or factory was an old East Indiaman ship, hulked down and anchored in the river at a convenient distance from the shore. All her top-hammer was cleared away with the exception of the three lower masts, which assisted in supporting a roof made of corrugated iron sheets and

stretching from stem to stern. The poop of the ship was arranged as a general living place for myself and my white clerk, a dining table in the center, with a number of cane chairs and sofas around the sides, the "break" of the poop being hidden by a small wooden structure which served as office, leaving room only for a couple of narrow companion ladders, one at each side of the house, leading down on to the main deck. On the starboard or right-hand side of the poop, right aft, I had a small cot, covered in by a mosquito bar, and in this I usually slept, secure from the little swift-winged pests that kept high carnival outside during the silent watches of the night. In a corresponding position on the port or opposite side of the poop was stretched a canvas hammock between two of the roof stanchions. What had originally been the "saloon" of after cabin of the ship was converted into the "shop," wherein I transacted my business with the head man of the trading parties of natives who brought me their produce.

This "shop" contained stocks of many descriptions of goods—cloth of various kinds, from fine silk to the commonest cotton "romals"; kegs of flints, guns, hats, cutlery, beads, small wares, shirts, and even scented soaps.

The door was alongside the starboard companion ladder, and at one side of it there was a window without any glass, but covered with a rough, coarse trellis work of hoop iron.

Of course the "shop," like the hatches, was always kept locked unless I was about to keep my eyes on things generally, for the Krooboys who formed my staff of servants and laborers, and who were imported for a term from the Kroo country, about 1,500 miles higher up the coast, are incorrigible thieves, and 't is not safe to trust them with anything less portable than a ship's anchor, and a big one at that.

My work was pretty well cut out for me at the time of which I write, for I had upward of eighty Krooboys on board, and my clerk had unfortunately been stricken down with fever, which had left him so weak that I had been compelled to send him home; hence I was entirely without assistance.

One evening I had been dining aboard another trading ship and did not return until nearly midnight. The lantern burning on top of the gagway ladder cast a glare upon the "shop" window, and as I was about to pass I noticed that the hoop-iron bars appeared to be out of place. I stopped to examine them, when I found that several were loose at one end and could be moved sufficiently to permit of a man passing through. I at once called for a light, opened the shop door and went inside for a round of inspection, and was rewarded by finding hidden among some piles of cloth the worst man I had on board the ship, and that's saying a great deal, for I had about the toughest crew of Kroobos on the river—not a dozen of them that would have stopped short of committing murder for the value of a Madras handkreichief.

His name was Nimley, and I had had a good deal of trouble with him on other occasions; but as retribution had generally followed quickly upon the heels of his crimes I did not think he would have ventured upon such a serious offense as the forcible entry of the shop. His detection entailed, as he well knew, severe punish-

ment; not with the light whip used for ordinary offenses, but with the heavy, twisted rhinoceros-hide whip, a fearful weapon when properly wielded, capable of cutting strips of flesh out of a man's back at every stroke.

At first thought it may be considered cruelty upon the part of a white man to apply flogging as a means of punishment, but be it understood that the white man stood absolutely alone amongst as treacherous and bloodthirsty a lot of savages as can be found in the wide world, who could only be ruled by the strong arm of force, and upon whom kindness with a view to inspiring feelings of gratitude was utterly thrown away. In time to come civilization as introduced by continued commercial intercourse will, no doubt, gradually modify this state of things, but I am not writing of the time to come.

I had Nimley brought out on deck, and, telling him to clasp his arms around one of the stanchions, gave him a moderate flogging with a light whip, and then, instead of putting him in irons, as I ought to have done, told him he might join his fellows in the fo'csl for the night and come to me to be properly flogged at four bells (6 o'clock) in the morning.

I then went on the poop, changed my clothes for a pajama suit, poured out a glass of sherry, lit a pipe and dismissed the small boys who act as body servants, for the night, and prepared to turn in. There was very little breeze, and in consequence the mosquitoes were rather troublesome; so, still smoking, I tucked myself up in the cot, but, finding the bar would not allow the smoke to escape, I came out again to finish my pipe. When that was done I once more turned in, this time with the intention of going to sleep. In vain, however, I sought rest, for one solitary little mosquito had found his way under the bar; and, however much his society might have been appreciated by an entomologist, I was not myself inclined to make an exhaustive nocturnal study of his habits just then. I made frantic efforts to bring his gay career to a close as he fitted about, now alighting familiarly upon my nose and now humming aggressively around my ear. But it was all no use. Do as I might, I was always too late to hit the spot that I aimed for, and after I had carried on the war for fully ten minutes I decided to get out and have another

smoke. I therefore lit a pipe and threw myself into the hammock for a swing, first placing a revolver which had been lying upon the table in the sash which was folded loosely around my waist. Why I did this I have never been able to determine, for though I always had weapons at hand I seldom wore one upon my own ship. It has been suggested that I must have had a presentiment that danger was impending, but I cannot agree with this view of the case, unless such a feeling could be induced utterly unknown to myself, for I can say positively that I had no more fear of danger at the time than I have now while sitting at my desk.

I had been lazily swinging with the easy motion of the ship until my pipe was smoked out, and I was just dozing off into a comfortable sleep when I suddenly came to myself with all my faculties alert.

A dark, shadowy form was stealthily moving from the "break" of the poop on the side furthest from me, in the direction of the cot, the interior of which was, of course, hidden by the mosquito bar. As the figure emerged into the dim light cast by the one candle burning upon the table it stood erect, and I saw that it was Nimley. His face was the very picture of demoniacal rage and hatred and his eyes sparkled with malignant fury. In his right hand he carried a heavy, long-handled felling ax. As he approached the side of the cot he grasped the ax with both hands, lifted it high above his head, carefully measured his distance and then with a yell of triumph brought it down. Crash! it went through the top of the curtain, through the cot and into the deck be-

neath. Had I been in my usual sleeping place I should never have known what struck me, for the blow was so well measured that my chest would literally have been smashed to pieces.

Nimley stopped to remove the wreckage, with the expectation of feasting his gaze upon my mangled remains just at the moment that I pulled the trigger. I aimed to break his right shoulder, but his downward movement caused the bullet to enter his head about half an inch above his right ear, and he fell without a groan.

I immediately leaped from the hammock, seized another revolver and shouted for all hands on deck. From the alacrity with which the order was responded to I have no doubt that every man on board the ship knew of the intended tragedy.

There happened to be a British gunboat in the river with the Consul on board, and I at once sent a note requesting the Consul and captain to come over. This they did, and I placed myself under formal arrest, and the next day a meeting of the Court of Equity, which was formed by all the white traders on the river, was called on board the gunboat, and I stood my trial and was honorably acquitted, the Consul remarking to me as we went below to crack a bottle after the event: "Why the deuce you didn't pot a few more of them when you had such a good excuse is a puzzle to me, old man."

I must always have a tender feeling for mosquitoes (and I think they know it, too), for certainly the little plague who appropriated my cot for his peregrinations that night saved my life.



A Woman Who Has Lived History.

BY MARGARET COY KENDALL

About the women of history writers have woven a veil of romance through which we view them with a fascination in striking contrast to the plain, honest homage we accord to the great men of history. From the fair Helen of Troy down to our own sturdy Major Molly Pitcher these heroines stand out in the pages of history with an alluring charm that few of their famous brothers can compass.

Perhaps in no country in the world has the rapid shifting of scenes and the stage setting for strong dramatic action been so perfect as in California in its early days. For romances that read like tales from a wonder-book those are the days to search in.

The rapid transition from poverty to untold wealth, from lawlessness to civilization, afforded opportunities for romances seldom equaled.

There is living now in Los Angeles a woman who for variety and picturesqueness of career might compare with any of the heroines of either history or fiction. From

life on an unexplored, savage-infested frontier to life in the gay courts of Europe; from roughing it in the mountain mining camps and prairie cattle ranges to being honored and fêted by kings and queens; from society as it was found on the Mexican rancheros of California to the exclusive circles of the White House, are but a few of the swiftly changing pictures in her life.

The story of Jessie Benton Fremont, widow of General John C. Fremont, if pen might catch it as it falls from her own lips, would make a romance that for absorbing interest and quick action would surpass any of the numerous swashbuckling tales of colonial life that have so lately sprung into popularity.

Had some fairy godmother whispered in the ear of the babe that opened its eyes eighty years ago of the amazing changes it would be her fortune to see—of the steam engine, the telegraph, the telephone and all the buzzing swarm of electrical wonders that followed and still follow in their wake—it



Home of Mrs. Fremont. Presented to Her by Ladies of Southern California.

would seem fairly promise in abundance. But to add to that adventure, honor, wealth and fame would seem heaping the gifts in too lavish a prodigality for one wee babe. Yet all that and more was the portion set to Jessie Benton when she saw light at the family seat of her grandfather, Colonel McDowell of Virginia.

Surrounded by the ceremonious courtesy that is the very atmosphere of the best of the old Southern homes, she could scarcely have grown to other than the gracious womanhood that distinguished her. It was this very graciousness more than her beauty and name that won her first favors among the ladies of the White House, and afterward, when added the fame of her heroic husband, opened to her the doors of the most exclusive circles in all Europe.

That all occurred years and years ago. Now she lives as quietly as any old lady of eighty you might meet. She no longer takes part in the social life around her. A fall a year ago crippled her, and she will never walk again.

Her beautiful home, presented to her by a number of patriotic ladies of Southern California, is one of the standard objects of interest to the hundreds of sight-seeing tourists that flock to Los Angeles yearly. They come. They gaze at its vine-covered walls. They photograph it. Then they go away and say they have seen the home of the famous General Fremont.

But it is only the fortunate few who are admitted behind those red walls who see in truth the home of these celebrated old people. It is within that the things of real interest are always found.

Looking down from the walls of the dimly lighted drawing-room is a life-sized portrait of a white-haired man. The rugged face and keen, alert eyes bespeak the undaunted spirit that brooked no opposition. This is the hero of '46. Facing it is the portrait of a girl with soft brown hair, drawn with a Madonna sweep over the oval cheeks, framing full red lips and deep, serious eyes. This was the young wife, now an octogenarian.

It gives one a feeling of unreality to sit in that great, shaded room before that vivid portrait of youth and listen while its aged original tells without vanity of the honors that have been hers; of her presentation to the queen; of the gowns she wore in those



Mrs. John C. Fremont.

gay times; of her tour over Europe with her husband; of the many people of honored and distinguished name they met.

Their trip all through Europe was something in the nature of a triumphal tour. Everywhere social attentions were lavished upon them. In England they were received by the Queen. The true democratic love of simplicity speaks out in Mrs. Fremont's summing up of this interesting experience: "The Queen's drawing-room was a splendid dumb show; not a word, not a breath scarcely; only form, strict and unquestioned."

One of the most cherished memories of all of the great host to Mrs. Fremont is of her meeting with the Duke of Wellington. It was but a few months before his death, and he was very feeble. His niece presented Mrs. Fremont, and she claims it a happy privilege to have touched the hand of the conqueror of Napoleon.

Another who showed high honor to this distinguished couple was the Queen of Denmark, the beautiful mother of the Princess of Wales. It is not every one who is invited to make morning calls on Royalty, but they were so honored by being invited to visit the Queen informally at the

Winter Palace. They afterward attended the "ball of welcome," at which all royalty and the highest Danish nobility were present, and then a breakfast given to General Fremont by the Minister of State, Count Fries.

But memories are not all that are left of those harvest days of fame. There are things more tangible, more comprehensible, perhaps, to the unimaginative. There are trophies from all corners of the earth—souvenirs as priceless as the pearls of Antoinette. There is a miniature that connoisseurs would travel across the world to see. It is of Napoleon, painted on ivory by Isabey in 1804. Then there is the album containing the famous collection that Napoleon III. tried so hard to gain. And it is only due to Mrs. Fremont's quick American wit that he failed and the album was brought to this country.

It is a collection of authentic Bonaparte souvenirs which was bequeathed to General and Mrs. Fremont by their old friend, the Count de la Garde, who made his collection in Paris from the days of the First Consulate. The Count's will provided that in case the Fremont family failed to claim the album within one year it should go to the Emperor Napoleon III, to whom was left all the rest

of the Bonaparte collection. The album contains various souvenirs of this historic family, together with autographic letters and many portraits at different epochs in the life of Napoleon, Josephine and others of that line.

The executor sent a letter saying that the Emperor wished to keep unbroken all souvenirs of his family and would like what the Count de la Garde had bequeathed to General Fremont and his wife.

The Fremonts at once sent vigorous objections, but with no avail. The year of delay that was to cause the legacy to lapse to the Emperor was drawing to a close. Then it was that Mrs. Fremont hit upon a plan that was at once simple and to the point.

She carried her correspondence to Wells, Fargo & Co. and explained the situation. They agreed to get the package on her order. This they did. So in a simple American business way a task was accomplished which neither diplomacy nor the power of an emperor could bring about.

And never did Napoleon III treasure more highly or hold as a more sacred trust the souvenirs of his family than does this old gentlewoman of a bygone age treasure the mementoes of the greatness of her soldier husband. The sword and belt presented to



Arbor House, Corner Main and Fourteenth Streets.

Said to Have Been the Headquarters of Gen. Fremont in 1847.

alm at Charlestown on his return from his historical achievements in California are guarded as jealously as ever was the celebrated jeweled sword of the Gaikwar of Baroda. It is a rich and elaborately executed piece of workmanship, gold and silver mounted. On the gold scabbard are two silver shields, with the words: "California" and "1846." Engraved below are the customary inscription and dedication.

These are but a few of the many souvenirs of one of the most striking and romantic

characters in California history. Many others are there, kept with loving reverence by the woman who shared his almost meteoric career from the obscurity of a lieutenant in a corps where promotion was slow and the pay small to the dazzling honors of a conqueror and explorer of world-wide fame. In these, the last days of a long and varied life, she waits with placid content, knowing that in His own good time she will be called to rejoin her hero.

Discontent.

BY INA WRIGHT HANSON.



There is no grandeur in the cliffs, to-day,
 There is no beauty in the shining sand;
 The breakers' dirges grow monotonous—
 My heart is out of tune with sea and land.

The king is on a journey and no more
 His presence brightens sea, and sky, and shore.



PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION.
VIEW FROM SOUTH, SHOWING WATER GARDENS IN FOREGROUND, GRAPHIC ARTS BUILDING AT THE LEFT, TEMPLE OF MUSIC AND MACHINERY BUILDING BEYOND

The Pan-American Exposition.

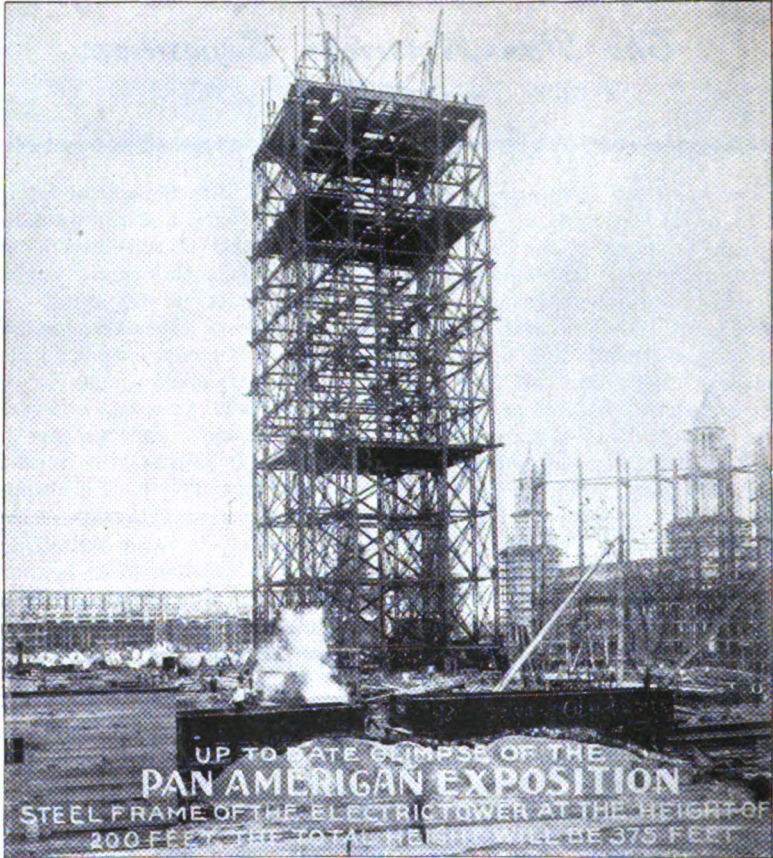
BY RICHARD GIBSON

THE Pan-American Exposition which is to be opened at Buffalo, New York, this year, promises if the indications are not altogether misleading, to be one of the most comprehensive and imposing exhibitions of the industrial progress, the scientific achievements and the artistic spirit of modern civilization that have ever taken place anywhere. It is to be noted, as a curious if not significant fact, in this connection, that the last great exposition of the old century took place in Paris, which has been for centuries the center of much of the old world's social, political and commercial activity; while upon the other hand, the first exposition of the new century is to be held in one of the new world's bustling cities that was scarcely more than a frontier village when the first Napoleon was making and unmaking dynasties and threatening to change the entire map of Europe. Does this mean that we are accustomed to style, in generic terms, that the old world has had its day as the leader of human activity and that, in the century which is just opening up, and to a still greater extent in the centuries that will succeed it, the sturdy new world that Columbus discovered will step to the front and become the dominating influence both in peace and in war? Those

who watch with thoughtful interest the progress of events, and the unfolding of those incidents that in time become history, will surely find in this query suggestions that are worthy of careful study.

The Buffalo Exposition has been planned upon a most comprehensive scale. While it will be, in its management and organization, an essentially American enterprise stamped with those characteristics that have become our national identification marks, still, in a broader sense it will be a display of universal character—a gathering of everything of interest that is to be found in the known world that is capable of exhibition. Many of the departments will aim at a degree of completeness that has never been achieved by any previous exposition. The exhibits in the department of Mines and Mining for instance, have been arranged for upon an imposing scale and the display in this line will be one in which the people of California and the Pacific Coast should, because of their relation to the industry, take an especially strong interest. The Mines and Mining Building will be one of a group of three which have been arranged in the general form of a horse shoe. In the group it occupies the position of a heel calk. It is connected with the Horticultural Building

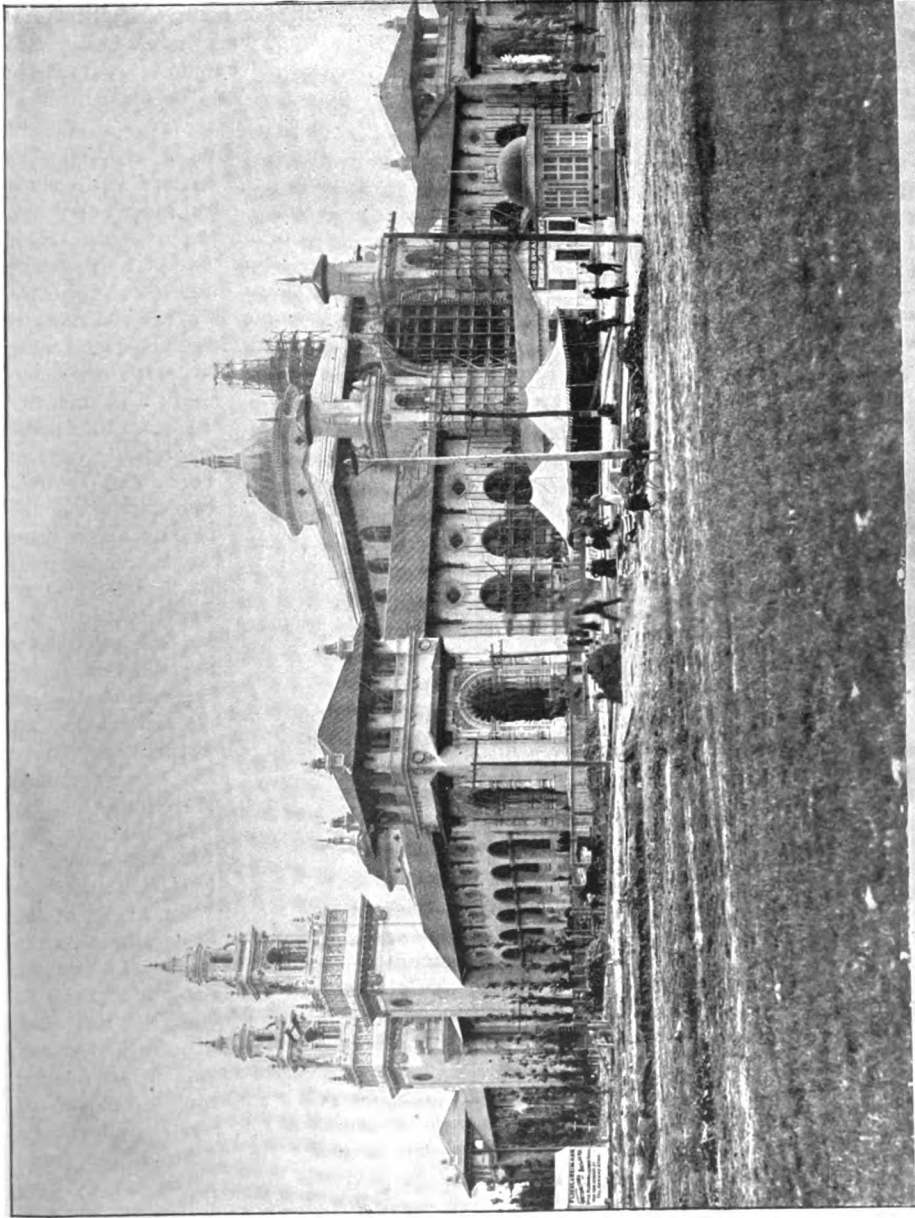




(which occupies, in the group, the position of toe calk) by means of one of two handsome conservatories that flank the Horticultural Building, north and south. The Mines and Mining Building is one hundred and fifty feet square and has four corner pavilions each reaching to the height of one hundred feet. Material for the mining exhibit will be distinctively American and will be drawn from all parts of the United States, from every country in Central and South America, from Canada, from Mexico, and from the islands of the sea. While in general the exhibits will be made under the auspices of the various governments, still many individuals and companies will be represented by special displays of their own properties and products.

The list of minerals that will be represented comprises almost every useful or ornamental ore known to metallurgy. There will be exhibits of ores and their treatment, illustrating to the uninformed how valuable

metals are derived from what appears to be very commonplace material. It is also intended to make the exhibition of machinery for the reduction and manipulation of refractory ores an unusually interesting one. There will be a large and very important collection of specimens of mineral deposits gathered from all the great beds of valuable substances to be found upon this hemisphere. Some of these will uncover surprises that will be sensational in their character. For instance, Southern California will contribute specimens of a vast bed of asphaltum, of superior quality, the quantity of which is computed to be sufficient for the paving of every important street in every city in the United States. Other deposits of great value—such as coal and its allied mineral connections, building stones, marble, precious stones of the nature of onyx, agate, jasper, corundum, asbestos, graphite, mica, kaolin, lime, cement, gypsum, sulphur, manganese, aluminum, and clays, will be in-



A GLIMPSE OF THE PAN-AMERICAN

VIEW OF MACHINERY AND TRANSPORTATION BUILDING FROM NORTHWEST
THE BUILDING IS 500 BY 350 FEET.

cluded in the display. There will also be a very complete exhibit of machinery for quarrying, cutting and carving stone, mineral rock, etc., as well as a valuable collection of tunneling and lifting machinery. In the appliances for underground work, such as boring, drilling, blasting, lighting, and telephoning, there will be nothing missing, and even the best informed visitor will scarcely be able to pass through this department without meeting many things he never met with before.

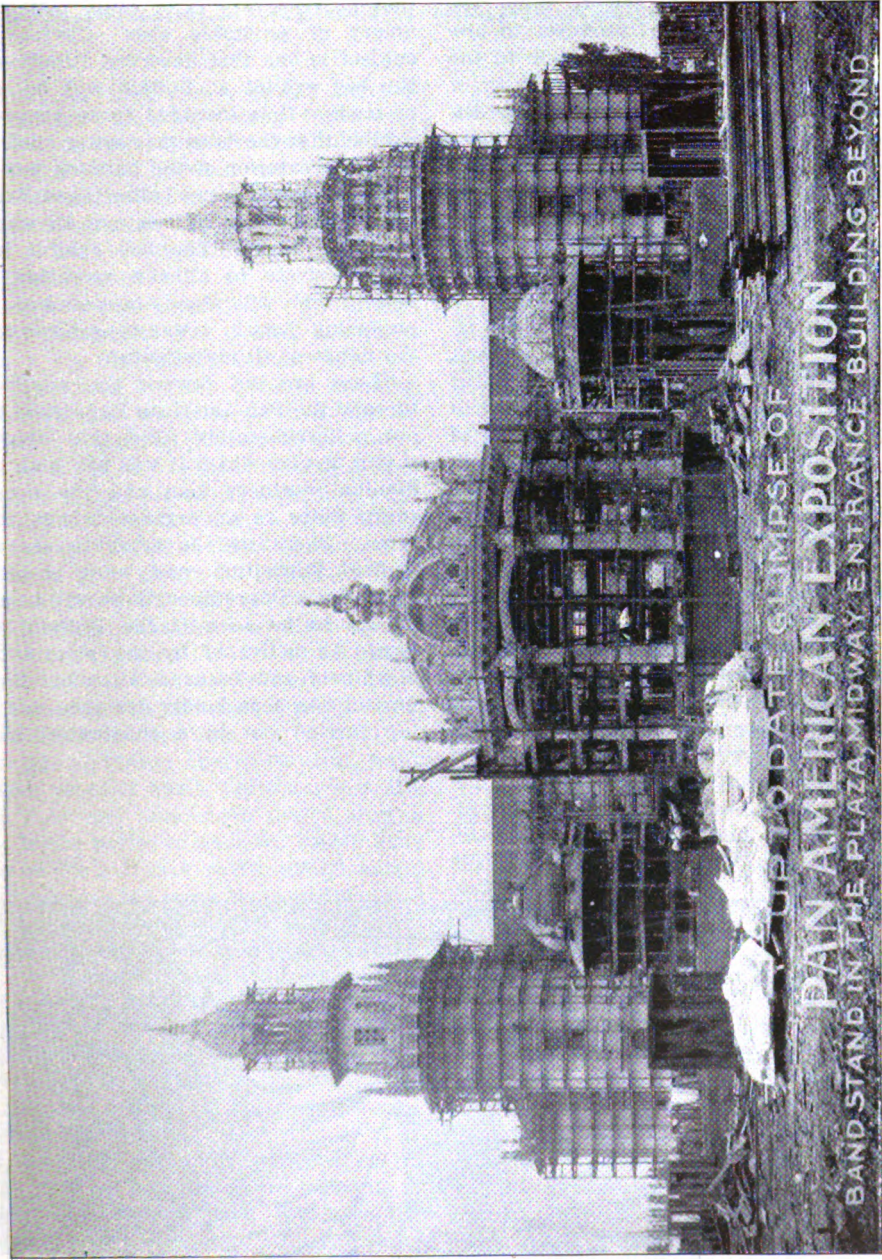
One feature of the Pan-American Exposition will be an electric tower, three hundred and seventy-five feet high. A picture of the steel frame of this tower, at a height of two hundred feet accompanies this article. Those who ascend this tower will truly be able to say that they are "out of sight."

Another department which cannot but interest the people of California and the Coast is that of Forestry. Something new in the building line is hard to imagine, for architectural ingenuity appears to have been long since exhausted. Nevertheless, the Forestry Building in the Pan-American Exposition appears to be unique, and if anything like it has ever been produced before no record of the fact has been kept. The general plan of the structure is that of a floor enclosed with a rail fence. Stake and rider form no feature of the structure, but the locked ends of fence corners which are formed by the worm will lend themselves to the formation of artistic lodges and comfortable seats. Hickory, being a representative American wood, will be displayed in such a manner as to illustrate why American vehicles are now preferred in every country in which they are known and also why early shipments of American vehicles to Europe could not be sold. People who were accustomed to ride over polished road surfaces in vehicles that were usually mounted on wheels that were as substantial as those used for freight wagons refused to risk their lives on an inch spoke and a hub that was scarcely visible to the naked eye until they learned of the properties of a well seasoned piece of hickory wood. Since then people who know the difference take off their hats to the American vehicle and the American hickory tree. Petrified woods from Arizona will also be made a feature at Buffalo, though such exhibits are curious and

of scientific interest rather than of practical and utilitarian value. In the nature of things there could be no exhibit of the forestry and lumber interests of the United States that would not include the Big Trees and great redwood groves of California. The Western people cannot, therefore, but be deeply interested in this department of the Buffalo Exposition.

The Agricultural Building, a picture of which accompanies this article, will contain a feature that cannot but interest everybody. It will be an exhibition of a new process for preserving eggs. It is that of hermetically sealing eggs in cans. It is based upon the same principle as obtains in the canning and preservation of meats, vegetables and other food products, though the details are different. Of the importance of this industry some idea may be gathered when it is borne in mind that during the spring and summer months the city of New York alone receives about five million eggs per day, while the consumption of the city is only about three million. Obviously it is a matter of great economic importance that this surplus be taken care of. This is done in this way: Sound shells containing wholesome yolks and whites are limed and packed away for winter. All good eggs whose shells are cracked or slightly broken are canned for confectioners, while eggs that are cloudy or in any way spoiled are likewise canned for tanners' use. The latter employ them for giving to kids and other fine leathers that subtle gloss which so catches the eye. So carefully is the economic feature of this business looked after that the shells of the canned eggs are saved and employed in the manufacture of poultry foods. In canning eggs when the product is intended for confectioners' use, as is generally the case, the yolks are separated from the whites. Where the product is intended for general purposes the yolks and whites are canned together, just as soups, meats, and vegetables, are canned. This is not a new business, but new methods of carrying it on have been developed and it is these new methods that will be on exhibition at the Buffalo Exposition.

That art, in any of its forms, will not be neglected at the Pan-American Exposition may be gathered from an examination of the picture of the Graphic Art building, Temple



of Music, and Machinery building, which is included in the Water Garden view that accompanies this article. The band stand and plaza, which are also the subject of an accompanying illustration, call to mind the fact that the management promises to present the very best orchestral music to the patrons of the Exposition.

Still another feature of the Buffalo display which should attract attention, more particularly in the southern end of California, is the honey-making exhibit. It has been decided to construct a special building for the proper display of the colonies of bees and the great variety of bee keepers' supplies that will be on exhibition. It is intended and expected that this will be the most extensive bee exhibit ever made anywhere. Comparatively few people understand what the value of this industry is to the United States. As a matter of fact it is estimated that two hundred thousand people are engaged in bee culture in this country, and the value of honey and wax produced is estimated to be in excess of twenty million dollars annually. There are one hundred and ten societies devoted to the study and promotion of bee culture, and eight public journals are sustained by the industry. Fifteen steam power factories are employed throughout the country in producing supplies of various kinds for the use of bee keepers.

The industry is only partially developed. It is estimated that the flora of the United States could sustain ten times as many bees as are now in existence in the country, and that nearly every farm could maintain an apiary of profitable size. Obviously the subject is one that deserves attention; and the bee exhibit at Buffalo will be worthy of study. It is intended to so arrange the exhibit that the bees may enter their hives from the exterior of the building and carry on their work of honey collecting undisturbed by visitors, yet in full view of all who wish to watch them. The bee exhibit indeed, will illustrate to all the operation of an apiary, and will show the common honey producing flora in a way to impress it upon the minds of all investigators.

These are but few of the general features of the Pan-American Exposition picked out indiscriminately. But they show that it is a display which it will pay both the individual business man and the people of every State as an organized body to look after. There will be much to see at the Buffalo Exposition, and what is often of still greater importance, there will be a great chance to be seen at the Buffalo Exposition. As indicated by the picture of the Machinery and Transportation building, the project has been boldly designed and is being carried out in a substantial manner.



The Killing of Josiah Rockman.

BY ELIZABETH SUTTON.

HEY sat in a corner of the old Delmonico Café one evening, three well-known newspaper men and told stories over their wine and cigars. It was the very quiet-looking man's turn to spin a yarn, and his was the following:

"You've heard of Boisville?"

His listeners nodded.

"I was born and raised there. The richest man in the place was Josiah Rockman. Owned a big silk ribbon factory that employed the town. Every Sunday morning, exactly five minutes after services had begun, Josiah walked up the aisle of St. Mary's to his seat. If any one occupied it he put him out, and then sat at the outermost edge and twisted his neck to stare over at the stained-glass window he had presented to the church in a spasm of generosity that astounded those who knew him best. If Josiah Rockman was the wealthiest man in Boisville he was also the closest in money matters. Astounding stories were in circulation as to his niggardliness, some of which I will tell you another time.

"One morning after church services, when Rockman reached home, his sister met him at the door and announced that a woman waited in the parlor to see him. Josiah hung his hat on the hall rack, patted affectionately several minutes the large Newfoundland dog that bounded up to greet him, then went in to meet his visitor, the animal jumping at his heels. A shabbily dressed little woman with weary eyes and a twitching mouth rose immediately from her seat near one of the windows. She twisted and twisted the handkerchief she held in her hands, and not at once could she find courage to speak to the cold-faced man before her.

"At last she began, in faltering tones: 'Mr. Rockman, I am one of your tenants at 18 Elm street—Mrs. Gibson. We have had sickness among the children all winter long, and I am back three months in my rent.' Her voice broke. 'Now—now my husband is down with pneumonia, and your agent insists that we must get out by the first of the month if we cannot pay up. I don't

know what we will do. I cannot get the money, and we have no friends to take us in. Mr. Rockman—I thought—perhaps—when you knew of our case you would be willing to leave us in a little while longer—until, at least my husband had recovered. I know we will be able to pay up all.'

"Josiah Rockman stiffened up visibly. He gave a dry, throaty cough. His eyes turned from the woman's and settled on the bronze figure of Marguerite plucking at a daisy, adorning the marble mantel.

"'I have nothing to do with such matters, my good woman, nothing whatever,' he said. He folded his arms. 'My agent sees to all that, so I can do nothing for you; nothing at all. I am sorry, I assure you, but I cannot interfere in the matter. Talk to the agent.'

"His arms dropped to his sides. He led the way to the front door. Mrs. Gibson followed, too stunned and crushed by her abrupt dismissal to say another word. The man opened the door for her and she passed out while he stood there, looking after her and repeating: 'I am sorry, my good woman, but I can do nothing for you—nothing.' Then he slammed the door shut, went upstairs to his own private room and, sitting down to his desk, wrote a letter to his agent, threatening to discharge him if he (Rockman) was annoyed any more with troublesome tenants.

"That evening Josiah had another visitor, this time a gaunt, wasted man with blazing eyes and a burning red spot upon each sunken cheek. It was John Gibson, who in some way had managed to escape from his sick bed and was now here to plead with Rockman to grant him and his family a stay of another month in their home. The horror of it the manufacturer did not seem to grasp. It was not terrible to him that this man, mortally ill, perhaps, with pneumonia, should have deliberately left his bed and risked almost certain death from exposure, to beg not to be put out in the street. Rockman was just angry through and through that these people should dare attempt to

bend his will to theirs. He insisted, as he had done to the wife in the morning, he had nothing to do with the tenants. The agent must see to all that sort of thing. He did not care to interfere; no, he would not interfere.

"When John Gibson understood at last that his landlord was flint he almost collapsed. He managed to pull himself together, though, and with his death-smitten eyes blazing into Rockman's he moaned: 'I am dying, I know. And when I am dead I will kneel before God and ask Him to let me come back again, that I may work you some of the misery you have worked me and mine.'

"Josiah Rockman believed not in threats from either living or dying men. So he called for his coachman and ordered him to get Gibson out of the house to his own home.

"The next morning at breakfast Josiah's sister told him 'the man Gibson who was here last evening is dead. He died during the night. Josiah'—Mary's voice was firm—'I think you might have—'

"Rockman bent his eyes upon her, and there was enough in them to dissipate at once Mary's firmness. She did not go on.

"One week later Rockman and his sister were in the cosy little library of their home. The woman was reading and Josiah sat in an armchair by the open fireplace and stared down at Rex, the great Newfoundland, who lay at his feet.

"Rockman had been extremely reticent for many days, and Mary, who knew his moods, was aware that something annoyed and worried him.

"All the evening he had remained in the one position, staring unceasingly at the dog, and the few questions his sister addressed to him were unanswered.

"When it struck ten Mary closed her book, arose and said good-night to her brother. He gave no sign that he heard, and then, when she reached the door, he suddenly called out to her: 'Mary! Mary!' She stood on the threshold a second, then came back into the room. Josiah motioned her to come near him. 'Do you notice anything peculiar about that dog's eyes?' he said, pointing to Rex, who raised his head at the sound of the voice he knew and loved, and wagged his tail with vigorous thumps against the floor.

"Mary stared from Rockman to the animal

in astonishment. 'Why, no,' she finally responded.

"'Well, I do!' Josiah burst out. Then his tones sank to a whisper. 'Mary, they are John Gibson's eyes now! Can't you see it?' And, grasping her arm, he pulled her over in front of the dog. 'Look at him!' Mary lost every vestige of color. Her lips disappeared in the deathlike hue of her face. 'There is nothing the matter with Rex's eyes, Josiah,' she gasped. 'You are nervous and unstrung. Do go to your room and to bed'; and she tried to pull him away from the Newfoundland. But Rockman still stared at the dog in a fascinated way, and Rex returned the look calmly. 'Did our Rex have blue eyes?' he insisted. 'Never; they were always black, but now they are blue—blue, just like Gibson's, I tell you. Mary, do you think'—his voice trailed almost to indistinctness—'do you think the man's spirit could have passed into Rex's body, to do me some horrible harm? Two or three times lately I felt sure that he was going to jump at me. He will do it yet if he gets the chance. My God! He looks at me always now with John Gibson's unforgiving, malignant eyes. It is terrible.' Great drops of sweat stood out upon Rockman's brow and his jaw dropped in a most sickening way.

"A second or so he remained thus, then he recovered himself, and his sister's look of horror and of fright was not lost to him. He pulled out his handkerchief, mopped his face slowly and smiled with visible effort. 'There, Mary,' he said, 'I have startled you to death. Don't mind me. I am a little upset about Gibson; that is all. I am sorry now that I was not a trifle more lenient with the man.'

"'If you go right to bed and try to sleep, perhaps you will feel all right in the morning,' Mary tremblingly suggested. Her eyes were wide with the anxiety tugging at her heartstrings.

"'I will do as you say,' her brother responded. 'I will go to bed now. But I'm all right.' He fixed her with a fierce look. 'I am not crazy, you know. You understand, eh?'

"'They all say that—all,' Mary moaned. 'Of course I know that you are not crazy,' she told him gently, laying her hand upon his arm. Then, 'We shall get rid of Rex, Josiah.'

"'Yes, I will shoot him to-morrow. We will close this door now and leave him shut

up in the library all night. Then, to-morrow I shall put an end to him. It will be best. Otherwise I should always have this terrible fear hanging over me.'

"Yes, shoot the animal, Josiah.' Mary carefully fastened the library door after her, leaving the Newfoundland sleeping before the fire. She saw Rockman to his apartment, then fled to her own, just across the hall, and hastily donned hat and wrap. She was going out to the family physician to beg him to come at once to see her unfortunate brother. After waiting awhile until she felt sure he had retired she went softly out into the hall, fearful of making the slightest noise; for, to reach the stairs, she had to pass his room. She gained the top of the stairway and had descended just one step when her brother's voice rang sharply out: 'Mary, where are you going.' She stopped short; her heart fluttered up in her throat and trembled there until she felt she would choke. Rockman was standing at the door of his bedroom, fully dressed, staring at her with burning, angry eyes. Neither spoke. Then at last the man said: 'So you believed me mad, after all? Well, I am not. At any rate, you will have to postpone the examination as to my sanity until to-morrow. You do not leave this house to-night to go after a doctor.' Mary turned and came back. She whimpered out a lie: 'I was not going for a physician, Josiah; I—I—I—'

"I want none of your excuses,' he cut her short, and disappeared into his room. Mary went to her own apartment and there gave way to a hysterical outburst of tears. This over, she took off her hat and wrap, then sat for several hours brooding over the terrible misfortune that had come to her; for a madman she felt sure Rockman was. Once, when quite certain he had retired, she crept stealthily to his room and looked fearfully in. A light burned there, and she could see that the man was sleeping peacefully and soundly as a babe. Finding it impossible to go to bed, Mary went downstairs to the parlor, lit all the gasjets, drew up a chair before the half-dead fire striving for life upon the hearth and sat down to remain there the rest of the night. Two sounded by the large black clock on the mantel; two chimed out by all the bells in town. Their last echo had scarcely died away when a shrill, blood-stilling shriek rang through the house. Mary clutched the arm of her chair. She re-

mained unable to stir, paralyzed with dread. Again that awful scream rang out, wild, piercing, and then died away in a horrible, gurgling wail. Now there was the noise of hurrying footsteps, the murmur of excited voices; the servants of the house were aroused. Mary attempted to shake off the terror encolling her. She tried to rise, but her trembling knees gave way and she fell back in her chair again and huddled there, half-dead with fear, listening acutely to every movement from above. The coachman was the first to reach Rockman's room, whence he felt sure the cries had issued. He entered, the other servants following at his heels. Then they all fell back into the hall again and some of the women began to scream as only women can in hysterical fright. Surely it was an awful sight that had met their gaze. Rockman lay on the bed, his throat torn to bloody rags, and over him, with his muzzle and breast and paws all dripping blood, stood Rex, the big Newfoundland. He lifted his great head and growled savagely at the intruders, murder in his almost human eyes. There was a wild scramble from the room, but the coachman returned. His face was as chalk, a blue vein swelled out to bursting on his sweat-covered forehead; but he got out the revolver he always carried. His hand trembled awkwardly, still he took the best aim he could and fired. The shot went home, clear through the brute's brain, who went down in a quivering heap upon his master's body. They dragged the dog off. The man beneath was a dreadful sight. His eyes were unclosed, bulging from their sockets, an awful horror in their depths; his mouth was open, contracted to a circle, and pushed through it was his tongue, bitten almost in half; and there was no neck left. One hand grasped a revolver that had not been used.

The quiet-looking man stopped. "Finis," he said, and flicked off the ashes at the end of his cigar.

The youngest of the trio bent forward. "My God! no animal could have committed such a crime without human intelligence backing him. Do you suppose—do you think—John Gibson's spirit really dominated the dog? Was that possible?"

The narrator smiled, showing beautifully even teeth. "I myself take no stock in nonsense of that sort," he said. "I will give you

my little theory: Rockman was flinty, but he had a conscience, just the same. This conscience annoyed him a little too much after Gibson's death. Something in his brain gave way before the worry. His hallucination took the form that Gibson's spirit had entered Rex's body and that the animal was sure to work him some dire harm. The night of the tragedy he slept with a loaded revolver within grasp. By some strange fatality Rex got out of the library—door opened by one of the servants, perhaps—and wandered up to his master's room. It might be that he attempted to jump into bed. Rockman awoke, wild with fear, and, sure that Rex was going to murder him, he attempted to use his weapon. His eyes gave him away to the dog. The animal knew that

his master was about to slay him. A dog is very intelligent, believe me. He is as observant as a human. Take one into a room some day and try making grimaces at him. He will first show every symptom of astonishment, then either run whimpering away or jump at you. Try it some time. You will see. Rex read his doom in Rockman's face, then sprang at the man. He reached for the throat, found it, and—well, the taste of blood encouraged him. That is all there is to the killing, believe me."

"It was a strange thing," one of the men said.

"Very," the quiet man answered; "but I know one or two happenings stranger still. Some day I shall tell you them."

Books: to read or not to read

"HINTS for Home Reading" is a plain shell for a good nut, or an unpretentious title for eleven uncommonly good essays

Eminent Essayists on the formation of **On Home Libraries.** a library, by M. F.

Sweetser, Charles
Dudley Warner, Fred

B. Perkins, Cyrus Hamlin, Henry Ward Beecher (interview), Hamlin W. Mabie, Edward Everett Hale, Joseph Cook, and Lyman Abbott, the last-named being the editor of the work.

No department of the home is of so much importance to domestic refinement as is the library, and none is so difficult of perfection. A dozen common-sense papers by eminent scholars cannot come amiss with a few hints for the aid of those who would collect serviceable, readable books at small cost. Most valuable among the suggestions are the warnings against bad choice which does so much to mar the shelves of our larger libraries. Speaking of bad fiction Mr. Sweetser says: "The titles of the stories are viciously sensational, and the situations are of the most impossible character,

with a high spice of hair-breadth adventure, prurient description and scandalous suggestion. Picturesqueness, uellicacy, purity, are all alien to these blood-curdling fictions, and the normal and healthy conditions of life are not considered."

Charles Dudley Warner, in an essay on "Why Young People Read Trash," explains—and none should know better—that the Americans share with the Chinese, German, English, and a few other races, the only real reading public in the world. And yet, he says, "Unless a book by some good luck becomes the fashion and is recommended in fashion, few see it. * * * When a story becomes the fashion everybody reads it; but who is everybody? Why, a new novel is to have a 'run' if ten thousand copies of it are published—ten thousand copies for sixty millions of people."

That is a good word of Frank B. Perkins, "Read the great books, if you can (it is not everyone who can do it the first time he tries!) Anyone who has well-read the masterpieces (to read well a masterpiece is nearly to deliberately study it) has the principal material for a well-furnished mind."

"Read periodicals," he goes on, "not idly and wastefully but so as to keep up with the truth of the present as well as to learn the truth of the past," and again, "Amusing reading, use with moderation. * * * Select, therefore, for amusement, something that amuses you; a comic almanac, if it amuses you; and from that upward to the thoughts of Joubert or Pascal or Antonius."

An exact stenographic report of a conversation with Henry Ward Beecher gives his methods of reading, with probably more sincerity than an essay would have done. "An English scientist learned a language in the time his wife kept him waiting for the completion of his evening toilettes," says Hamilton W. Mable, in an essay following, "and at the dinner given to Mr. Froude in this city (New York) some years ago, Mr. Beecher said that he had read through the author's brilliant, but somewhat lengthy history in the intervals of dinner."

Appended to the work is a Book Buyer's Guide, a list of nearly 3,000 volumes based on the American Library Association's selection for the model library exhibited at the Columbian Exposition at Chicago in 1893. A Book Record leaves space for memoranda on useful books desired.

The book as a whole is a work of eminent value to cultured people, and one that every lover of book-lore should read and profit by.

(Hints for Home Reading, edited with an introduction by Lyman Abbott. Charles L. Bowman, New York.)

IN the light of science the baby was discovered somewhat later than the telegraph, and it was only in the present decade that the young of the human race began to assume to the systematic student

Child and Scientist.

so great an importance as the larvae of the bee or ant. So it is not strange that Millicent W. Shinn in the opening chapter of her "Biography of a Baby," explains that her book is one among a meagre half-dozen similar works devoted to a careful study of the developing traits of the human child from the day of his first awakening. The baby in the work at hand is not the soft heaven-sent bundle of mother's sentiment of the ordinary, unclassified infant. In fact, her early gestures are of no less a dignity

than evolutionary manifestations of an "ontogenic series," while even her most heart-touching goo-goo is merely an illustration of the early use of gutturals. Yes, the baby, as seen by the author, is indeed a matter of great seriousness, with a trait of heredity or development manifested in her every sound and action—and such she should be in a book of research, whose aim is the noble one of throwing light on the ever-wonderful mystery of the growing soul of man.

The ontogenic series (quick evolution in growing child-life similar to that through which the race has passed) is the phenomenon most closely watched by the author; and as a woman, she believes, she is in her proper sphere in experimenting along his special line. "Probably women are more skillful than men," she says, "in quietly following the course of the child's mind, even leading him to reveal himself without at all meddling with him or marring his simplicity. * * * Any one who has not good judgment will find plenty of ways to spoil a child more potent than observing him."

Among the first experiments tried on the scientific infant are strength tests, and it is found that the grip and the forearm of a child but a few hours old is proportionately much greater than that of a grown man, while the lower part of the body is in a helpless state of semi-paralysis. The baby is at this stage merely an automaton moved entirely by reflex actions. "He is an automaton in the sense that he has practically neither thought nor wish nor will; but he is a living, conscious automaton, and that makes all the difference in the world." The sense of touch is the first to be developed, then a dim sense of sight and hearing, with taste and smell much slower to show themselves. It was several weeks before touch earned anything but a vague response from the child studied. "The first smile I could consciously record occurred a day before the baby was a month old, and it was provoked by a touch of a finger on the lip."

Taste and smell are experimented with at great length, while the child is less than a month old. "Physiologists," the author explains, "have had the daring to make careful test of smell and taste in the new-born, putting a wee drop of quinine, sugar, salt, or acid solution on the babies' tongues, and strong odors to their nostrils, and have been made certain by the resulting behavior that

the senses do exist from the first." All of which would go to prove that the life of the scientific baby is not one of unmixed joy.

Not till the middle of the fourth month does the child begin to appreciate exterior objects, and it is shortly after this that the first articulate sounds are made. "In the early weeks of the fifth month she (the baby) would begin to think suddenly of her little sounds, and dash at it, bringing it out with a comical doubling up of the body."

Thus, through the first twelve months of being, is the thought-evolution followed carefully step by step, "and so the story of the swift, beautiful year is ended, and our wee, soft, helpless baby had become this darling thing, beginning to toddle, beginning to talk, full of a wide-awake baby intelligence, and rejoicing in her mind and body."

Did I say that the book was lacking in sentiment? Let me correct myself. The book is about a baby and it is written by a woman.

(The Biography of a Baby, by Millicent W. Shinn. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York.

THAT is a poor war which does not make romance as well as history, and the only

Romance of Cuban War.

wonder is that our late unpleasantry with Spain has not done more for the publishers than it has. A little time for prospective, however, is what we want; meanwhile an occasional Cuban romance with a touch of melodrama and a spice of hairbreadth adventure already assails the market to please the adventurous. This time it is "Rita," by Laura E. Richards, and an entertaining little book it is to make a few hours' reading for those not over-old or grave.

Scene, the Spanish-American war in Cuba. Senorita Margarita de San Real Montfort, a pampered younger daughter of an aristocratic Havanan, becomes possessed of a romantic, girlish patriotism which prompts her to escape from her luxuriant surroundings and flee to the mountains to join the patriot forces, of which her brother, Don Carlos, is already a captain. Hardship improves the character of the rather spoiled child. A romance with a young American leader of patriots ends the story. There is a liberal sprinkling of Rough Riders, reconcentrados, amigos, guerrillas and Spanish

soldiery to add color to the book. The author's translation of the stilted Spanish rhetoric are full of humor and realism.

("Rita." Bu Laura E. Richards. Dana, Estes & Co., Boston.)

A PATHETIC, elfin, grown-up child romance is "Snow White; or, A House in the Wood," by Laura E. Richards. It is naively told in her daintiest style and in a fairyland setting which well accords with its title.

Another by
Laura E. Richards.

"Snow White" is just a little girl who runs away into the woods to find the seven dwarfs in the real fairy tale. She finds a sure-enough dwarf who lives all alone in the wood. The monster proves to be one Mark Eilery, who has been jilted by the mother of Snow White and has resolved to live and die a misogynist among the forest trees. The dwarf is confronted by the problem of whether he shall return the child to its parents, but he weakens into keeping her in his company till her sweet companionship has somewhat mitigated the bitterness of his life.

Snow White is a real child a great deal of the time, and only occasionally does her prattle become conscious and her whim strained. The story is charming and recalls the early romance of Hawthorne.

("Snow White; or, The House in the Wood." By Laura E. Richards. Dana, Estes & Co., Boston.)

A TITLE that reminds immediately (and not entirely with pleasure) of the old hickory songs of Will Carleton is "Scenes of My Childhood," under which go a half-hundred little pastorals by Charles Elmer Jenney.

The Muse of Riley
Invoked.

Mr. Jenney has invoked the nature-muse of Riley in the collection, and not without success, for his meters are often pleasantly musical although his rhymes and feet are at times beyond my comprehension. Commemorative of "The Old Oaken Bucket," the author entitles his first three lyrics, respectively, "The Orchard," "The Meadow" and "The Deep-Tangled Wildwood." "Priscilla" is a pretty tribute to the Pilgrim Mothers, and "The Bumble Bee" is sung in stanzas not unworthy the Muse.

A Matter of Opinion

THE modern player like the modern playwright is responsible for many responsible things. The manners, modes, costumes of the

Should the Player Set the Pace?

present generation and of other generations, the pronunciation of words, the handling of a fan, of a walking stick, of a sword,—these are supposed to receive their proper representation from the people of the stage. From its favorite actors and actresses the general public takes its tip on the lighter graces and elegances of life. As John Drew or Henry Miller wears his frock coat, so do the most of the insecurely fashionable men about the towns wear theirs. Miss Mannering, Miss Nethersole, Miss Adams can set a fashion in the carrying of one's handkerchief. It would seem that the player, in this particularity, is the mentor as well as the mirror.

And now comes the question, Are actors and actresses the right models for deportment and dress, not to forget the pronunciation of words? As a general thing, No. While it is true that to-day there are more gentlemen and gentlewomen (in the most liberal sense of the word, please) on the stage than have been at any other time in the world's history; that good girls have by consent of their parents left good homes to take up the histrionic craft; that splendid fellows fresh from college and of good blood and breeding have elected to become actors—yet the player in the general run is not the best human token of civilization. The players amuse us, thrill us, annoy us, disgust us, or merely please us; but in spite of all the good things that Henry Irving and other eminent actors have written on the subject, the player has yet to convince us that he has real dignity. Theoretically his craft is an art, but he conspires to make of it a trade. 'Tis true the modern player is almost helpless without the aid of the modern press agent. But this is only because so many illustrious mummies have fallen into the cheap habit of self-glorification. An absurd notice from a gushing critic, a picture in the public print

and their heads are turned. Then follow the painful details of the player's private life. You have read them, we have all read them, page by page, until the sickness of the sea is nothing by comparison. Writers have recently been exploited in the same ridiculous fashion, but this has been a hindrance rather than a help to the world of letters. Does it really matter how many eggs Richard Mansfield or Rudyard Kipling or Nat Goodwin eats for breakfast? Do we really care whether Ada Rehan wears flannel or silk? Does the fact that Maude Adams is a virtuous American girl justify a few soft-hearted and softer-headed critics in saying that she is a better actress than Bernhardt?

These people of the stage live in another world from our own. We make their sunshine, their rain, their clouds, according to our applause and hisses. And even in as simple a matter as dress, or manner, or the pronunciation of a word, they should come to us rather than we should go to them, should follow rather than lead. In flattering the mere person and personality of the player we bid fair to lose his art.

IT IS Dr. David Starr Jordan whom the West is fondest of quoting, for this Poor Richard of the present time has found pause

The Egotism of Schoolmasters. enough from his books and laboratories to look with a fairly broad vision upon humanity itself (a study often considered beneath notice by men professionally wise), and from his observations upon the philosophy of life, Stanford's president has originated a vast number of saws not unworthy the Philosopher of Philadelphia himself. Dr. Jordan is known among his confrères as "a remarkably broad" scholar. It is from this man, then, if from any of his profession, that we would expect to hear an expression of the largest views, not alone on zoology and the evolution of species, but upon the works and character of men, from one who, professedly, has found in man the proper study of mankind.

Now what are we to say of scholars and

their ability to weigh values in view of Dr. Jordan's utterances concerning the selection recently made of illustrious men worthy a seat in the Temple of Fame? Dr. Jordan's opinion was substantially as follows: "The name of Thomas Edison should not be crystallized among the great names of America, because Edison is not essentially a great scientist. Edison is rather a 'popular scientist' and the works of his life have added very little to the exact knowledge of the world."

In making this statement Dr. Jordan spoke rather as a pedagogue than as a man; but to the layman's mind it is a debatable question whether a scientist ever lived to accomplish any work comparable with the inventions of Edison. It is questionable whether even Darwin, whose demonstration of the evolution of species is unsurpassed in the history of thought, has done so much for the race as Edison has done in the invention of the electric light alone. But Edison's name, according to Dr. Jordan, is unworthy of remembrance, because, forsooth, he has not contributed to the "exact science" of the world! That same world is broad enough to acknowledge the debt which it owes to schoolmasters; then why are not schoolmasters broad enough to acknowledge the debt they owe to the world?

Not so long ago in a college class-room a lecturing professor said: "We scholars are not working for the money there is in it, but for the love of the work to which we are called. There is not, I dare say, a professor in this University but what, did he care to cast his talents upon the marts of the outside world, would be making today a salary three times as great as the one his present profession pays him."

The good, unworldly gentleman who vented this utterance was receiving a comfortable salary of some \$3,000 a year, by common report, and there was a good share of sophomoric skepticism at the time as to his boasted ability as a wage earner. What could this particular L. L. D. have done, had he been cast out into the wide world with all the academic gates of the land locked against him? Could he have turned his talents toward journalism, or literature or law, or medicine, or finance, or engineering, or farming, or navigation or even preaching at a salary of \$9,000 a year? The idea is absurd. This particular gentleman could

not literally, have earned his salt in the strenuous profession of journalism, which requires an alert world knowledge which the *savant* has not; nor at the craft of trade, nor the professional application of law, medicine or engineering; neither had he the executive ability necessary to farming nor the eloquence by which the pulpit orator convinces and prospers.

The professor is a child of the cloister, and to the cloister he is doomed and destined. In the modern ultra-specialization of learning one must spend his best years of self-thought locked away from the clamor of activity, poring over the books that are to become his life. His ideas of the world, then, are bound to be more or less out of perspective, his view narrowed down to the limits of his college walls. And it is but natural that he should, for the very reason of his limited view, become possessed of that egomania common to all classes and tribes shut away from the great, pulsating world outside. As a recorder, as a man of figures and symbols, the schoolmaster is indispensable to civilization, but by no manner of means is he all of civilization, or the most important factor of civilization as he would have us believe. Outside the cloister are the iron-masters of the world who forge Destiny; inside are the secretaries who record, but seldom act.

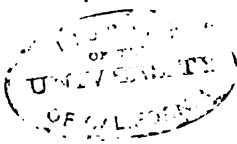
WITH the opening of the new century the world has been "taking stock" in all of its departments. Editors

have listed our mechanical achievements, from
Only One for the needle threader to
Ibsen and Wagner. the airship; our famous
 manufactures have been
 exploited, and even the

authors have not been forgotten. The editor of The Outlook gave out the simple question, What ten books have had the greatest influence on the nineteenth century?

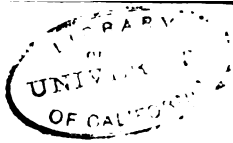
And President Hall of Clark University alone mentioned the works of Wagner and Ibsen. This difference of opinion does not tend to disturb the modern notion that even critical thought has become specialized and must reflect the mind of a specialist. If music and drama have any place in the achievements of the nineteenth century, why should but one of six critics mention Ibsen and Wagner?

2





Old Pepito.



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Francesca, a Tale of Fisherman's Wharf.

BY JANS VAN DUSEN.

HE sat on the end of a stringer and dangled her bare feet over the edge of the long, ill-smelling wharf, watching with childish interest her reflection in the blue waters rippling against the piles under her.

A stiff breeze blew in through the Golden Gate, sending the smaller craft scudding along over the white-caps that bordered each wave.

The wind played havoc with the dust piles and loose splinters along the water front, sending them in every direction.

It blew on Francesca's bare brown feet. It tossed her long, black hair about her face. The salty sting of it brought the tears into her big Italian eyes.

She was a pretty fifteen-year-old girl, this daughter of the wharf. Her father was Pepito, one of the fishermen who live on the edge of the famous North Beach. Down

among the canneries and machine shops, and boat building yards, they live and find life dull if the wind does not blow, or the dust fly, or the fish smell.

Pepito with many others moored his smack at Fisherman's wharf. He mended his net with the rest of them, squatting on the rough planks and sending the lively shuttle in and out, in and out, to the tune of the lapping waves among the bobbing boats.

Francesca was his eldest child. At home was a brood of black-eyed, dark-skinned youngsters forever clinging to their mother's skirt like so many barnacles on some good ship.

Pepito's wife worked in the cannery some days; some days she did scrubbing to help feed the hungry flock of healthy appetites. Pepito was not to be depended upon, for most of his earnings went for bad wine and worse entertainment.

So Francesca spent her lazy days on the

wharf in the sun watching the men with the boats come and go. Her busy days were filled with the cries and bickerings of her little brothers and sisters, and the odor of garlic and fish, for she was nurse and cook while mother went out to work.

Down at the wharf was a swarthy, devil-may-care young fisherman, who had a smack of his own. He was a desperate character; quarrelsome and crafty, a man to be feared. In his heart, if he had one, lay an intense hatred for Pepito, and a desire for Francesca.

Her fearless nature held an attraction for him, and he made up his mind to get her even if he must steal her.

There coursed in his veins some of the blood of the banditti of Corsica, just enough to make of him a vicious man.

Nothing but civilized American law, kept him from breaking loose. Indeed, he had barely escaped imprisonment on more than one occasion for viciously attacking his enemies, and he had many.

"Mind your sail there," he shouted gruffly to Pepito, who was not as quick as he used to be.

"Mind your business," was the reply he got for his trouble.

"Holy Mother!" gasped Francesca, as her father, light of head, nearly toppled over the side of his boat.

Her brief anxiety was soon dispatched, and her restless thoughts busy with some plan to help her to escape from the life she led at home. Her soddan father continually beating and growling. The squawking babies and the scolding mother. The idle hours spent down on the wharf afforded plenty of opportunity to develop the restless longings which Francesca was beginning to harbor. She wanted to be off and away, so far away!

Pepito's cursing reached her girlish ears. How it grated on the woman's soul, awakening in her being. She was tired of curses. Why didn't he sing sometimes?

"Luis sings so grand!" thought this budding woman.

"Bah!" she muttered as Pepito swore at Luis.

The boats were making for the open bay, and she wished she could go too.

"Oh, how grand, how beautiful to get away! Out on the big ocean; to see the world; and never another baby to mind!"

Oh! she held her breath in an ecstasy of anticipation.

"Ah, Luis, Luis!" she called to her father's enemy, "take me! take me!"

He ceased his pulling at the sail and turned to her. His boat had yet to pass her.

"Where to, Francesca? Not outside!" he asked, with a significant grin and a jerk of his grimy thumb out towards the Heads.

"Yes, yes, away from here," she pleaded eagerly. "O! do please Francesca!"

Her father saw them conversing and made for a nearer place.

"Get off, girl! go home!" he roared shaking his fist at them; and swore to Luis that if he did not let his girl alone there would be one fisherman less in the fleet.

"Not me," sneered Luis, and he pointed his finger at Pepito in derision.

"Good, good," then whispered Luis to Francesca, as he leaned over the boat's side and she holding up a hawser on the wharf stretched out her hand to him.

"Sometime," he said, "will you come?"

"When do you come in again?" she asked.

"Next Friday. Good Friday. No nets to mend on Sunday; for that's Easter day," he added.

"Piccola is confirmed this time, Luis," she told him.

"You are confirmed, too?" he asked her, as his boat began to slip away.

"Yes, last year. When will you take me?" and she ran to the end of the wharf to get his answer as he passed. There was her father's boat bobbing about.

"Didn't I say to go?" he thundered. "Why do you hang around here? There is no good to come to you, you vixen, go home!"

Luis's boat came alongside and he had just time to dodge a blow from Pepito's muscular and horny fist swearing revenge as only an angry Italian in his native tongue can swear.

"Ha! ha!" Luis mocked him, and kissed his fingers to the girl, whose black eyes snapped in anger at Pepito.

"Next Sunday, Francesca, come down," called Luis.

A vigorous nodding of the head was her answer. She waved her hand to him as he went sailing away toward the big Pacific to help gather the Good Friday supply.

"Holy mother! Fill the nets and bring them back," she breathed, as she skipped



Luis.

along the wharf on her way to the miserable tenement she knew as home, where the numerous family of the rough Pepito were crowded into three squalid, fishy-smelling room.

"You lazy girl! Been down to the wharf again, eh!"

It was her mother's scolding voice that greeted the girl. Just another link it made in the chain that was driving her from home.

The angry woman caught Francesca and beat her until she screamed with pain.

"I'll teach you, you good for nothing! I'll show you! And this Holy Week, too! Go! Go to the church and be at your prayers, you lazy bones! Down there with that young ruffian, Luis! go!"

The tired and over-worked woman poured forth her rage in cruel vituperation on her child.

She turned to see the frightened girl cowering in a recess.

"Go!" she shrieked, pointing with a vengeful, grimy finger. "Go! ask on your knees the good Saint Francis to pray for you. The devil'll get you yet. Yes, you and Luis, too. Bah! Go!"

Francesca went. With a child's notion of duty, and with a woman's love and hatred in her young heart, she climbed the stone steps leading into Saint Francis church; a venerable pile of brick and masonry not many squares from the County Jail and close to the borders of Barbary Coast.

A popular boot-black on the "coast" cocked his head to one side and knowingly admired the dark girl as she went slowly up the steps.

Her listless manner attracted the attention of the good padre who knelt reverently before the main altar.

He knew her to be the daughter of Pepito. As she knelt before the shrine of the Holy Mother the tears were coursing down her girlish cheeks and her heart was full of anguish. She wondered why her mother was so cross. Why did she frown so? The Holy Mother never frowned so.

But Francesca did not pray. She could not. She could only kneel and stare before her. Only dream, and wonder, and sob. When Francesca put on her shoes and the faded hat and dress to go to the church she did not go to pray, but to get away from her angry parent. Her mind was filled with plans to find a way out of the strife. She was

heartily tired of the noisy, unkempt babies and kept thinking how nice it would be to go away, out on the big water and never come back any more. And Luis had said he would take her. Joy! Joy swelled in her heart. It was almost as if the great organ up above her in the gallery had pealed out the glorious Easter hymn.

Still she knelt there dutifully enough, even if no prayers came into her heart. Her eyes rested on the holy vessels and bright candelabra. They even searched the walls for the pictures of the stations. One of the crucifixion impressed her most. It awed her; and unconsciously she breathed the "Ave" with bent head and beating heart.

When Sunday came Francesca ran down to the wharf, in her shoes, her faded dress and hat. Luis was there, with his sail ready to hoist, when she should jump in.

It was only a few moments and they headed for the other side of the bay.

But Pepito had spied the run-away, and shouted after them from the landing: "Come back here, you devils!" he called angrily.

In his rage he would have jumped into the water had not his companion held him.

"To the boat!" he cried. "Paul! Gaetano! Help! Catch them!" But Luis only steered his craft the steadier. He held little Francesca close to him as he grinned defiance at the threatening fishers on the wharf.

"My boat, Dio! Cut her loose! And to-day Easter Sunday! Kill him!" Pepito roared, brandishing a vicious dirk above his head. "Cut out his heart! Curse him! Here, Gaetano, cut it! cut it!" and he broke the knife in his wild effort to cut his boat loose.

The breeze blew briskly and the dull clouds hung low as Luis boat made good time around a curve of the seawall.

And more good luck to Luis, for Pepito's boat capsized and Paul and Gaetano must fish out the old man for he was full of new wine and light in the head. His celebration began the previous night.

They got away to sea out of sight. Francesca so young, and Luis, well, he was young, too, but a Fury, with his lowering brow, his dark look.

"You're mine, now, Francesca," he said, roughly, knowing full well the girl was at his mercy. She looked up at him frightened. "Yes," she whispered, "where are we going? Out to the Sunset Sea, Luis?"

and she pointed a trembling finger to the west.

"Sunset! Bah!" he growled. "We'll go around by the wharf and home again."

"Oh, not there, not there," she pleaded.

"No? Where then? With me? Do you mean it?"

Francesca nodded her head vehemently.

"Not if I know myself, and this a holy day," he said. Then added, "We'll get married next time, Francesca, when Pepito gets

his fierce ways and dark looks.

They returned before the drenched Pepito had sufficiently dried out to make his way back again. Great was his anger at beholding his child sitting listlessly staring up at the speck of blue sky to be seen from the dingy window.

He would have abused her roundly, but she slipped away and went again to the church of St. Francis, this time to pray, for she was thoroughly frightened by Luis's



"You're mine now, Francesca, he said."

straight. He don't want us to, but he must now. Must! Do you hear?" he hissed roughly.

"Yes, Luis." She was meek enough now.

"Don't cry, girl. You can't back out now. I'll kill you first."

"No, no, I will, Luis. I will."

"Not a word then."

"Not a word," she answered, frightened but comforted in the wild hope of getting away from home, from the fishy smelling hovel, even if it were to come to Luis with

black looks, his threats, and her father's sodden anger. The same reverend padre saw her again, and this time addressed her. She told him her story, omitting how cruel and wicked was Luis. She was afraid even to whisper that.

But Luis happened to call on the same priest, and told his version of the escapade. He was penitent. O, very! He begged the padre to marry them. But the priest had opinions of his own. He refused. He told Luis the girl was too young. "Wait,



**He mends his nets with the rest of them, ..
squatting on the planks.**

my son, wait," he said in his earnest way, "until she is a woman."

To the same priest went Pepito, injured pride in his voice, revenge in his manner, bad wine on his breath.

"Yes, signor, they must marry. It is better. We'll see to it," said the good priest, after hearing Pepito's speech. "But keep your counsel, my man," and after a sound lecture on fresh vintages, he bade the fiery Pepito good-day.

It was a plain case and he would do his best for the girl.

"Ah, ha, Luis! You don't think I will. I'll fix you." And with a wicked leer on his ugly countenance he sauntered down to the wharf making trouble for Luis as he went.

Francesca, the fragile girl, to be the human sacrifice of two blood-thirsty men!

Some years later. A massive, black-whiskered, swarthy Italian stands behind the zinc counter in his fish stall. He takes unbounded pleasure in slicing the great pink salmon with a vicious-looking knife just taken from his belt.

In a little stuffy back room roll two chubby boys; dark eyed Italians. Unkempt they are and busily playing with a pile of mussel and oyster shells. These are the boys of Luis and Francesca.

To this did she escape: a hovel back of the fish market. She lives as she has ever lived, a miserable existence, and yet Luis is not all bad. He loves his boys. Francesca is still pretty, but not over-clean.

Luis watches her as she places a lot of crabs and lobsters on the zinc counter.

He leers darkly at her as he gives his long rubber boots a pull on his great legs.

"Mind your tongue, Francesca. I'll not have that Gaetano here when I'm away!"

His wife only nods and tries not to hear

the rough threat. She is accustomed to his jealous way; still she knows he would not care overmuch did she cease to breathe the next moment. She found that out long, long ago.

Luis growled good-bye to his boys and cuffed one to make him understand.

"Holy week again! Saints! how it gets here. And no nets to mend next Sunday," he said as he went down the passage. He turned and came back again to see what Francesca was about. No stranger being there, he went away again, this time making the mooring place.

Francesca stood in the back room and gazed up at the cloud-flecked sky through the grimy window.

"How stormy it gets," she murmured. "God fill the nets and bring my Luis home again." Then she went to the front of the shop to watch from there the departure of the fleet, and not the least to her, Luis's boat.

Far out in the bay it bobbed, and up and down riding each wave gracefully as a gull. Its brown sail filled with the wind; it looked a huge moth sailing out, out into the open sea, with Luis's red shirt making a bright speck of color against the dull green of the tide.

Francesca watched until it was a mere speck, then blessed herself with her soiled and neglected hands.

The fresh breeze tossed her dark hair loose from the knot on the nape of her neck, and blew the faded shawl from her shoulders.

Unconsciously she held out her hand to him as she did on that day so long ago, and in her deep eyes shone the longing that was in her.

"Luis," whispered the lonely woman, "Luis! Take me!"



"1600."

By HELEN E. WRIGHT.

THE afternoon freight train was creeping like a long brown centepede up the canyon, and Tom Berryman, the engineer, leaned from the cab of 1600 to look eagerly up the track.

On the side next the river, just at the mouth of the snow shed, stood Mary Foster, the teacher of Dunstan District. She waved her lunch basket.

"Flag station?" laughed the fireman, and the engineer nodded. He reached into his pocket and drew out a piece of waste to wipe the well-worn leather seat; then he rubbed his grimy hands vigorously. By that time the engine was at a standstill, and the girl climbed up beside him.

"1600 knows when to stop," said Tom as he released the air brakes again. "She was on the lookout half a mile below the school-house."

The little teacher laughed, and her hand slipped almost unconsciously down beside the seat to a package that she knew would be there. She fingered it lightly without looking that way.

"What is it, Tom?" she asked. "It's too big for berries, it's oh, Tom, it's *peaches!* I smell them!" She drew them out with the delight of a child, her cheeks as pink as theirs, with pleasure. The engineer watched her as he began to eat them, and there was a great content in his eyes.

"Down to the dance last night?" he asked presently.

"Of course!" answered the girl, "and who do you guess was there? Ralph Powers!"

The man's face darkened, and he took a long look up the track before answering.

"So he's come back, has he?" he asked slowly.

"Yes, he's come back again," she answered, "and he's handsomer than ever! He's working for some big firm down below; they've given him two weeks' vacation."

The engineer was examining the brake-valve thoughtfully. "Took you home, I suppose?" he interrogated at last.

"Why—yes," answered the girl a little shyly.

"Humph!" said Tom.

They rode on in silence. The man's keen eyes narrowed themselves into little slits as he looked along the shining rails; the girl was watching the snow-hooded mountain top beyond. At last 1600 gave a long, panting breath and stopped. Mary started almost guiltily, put the peaches on the seat, and gathered up her books.

"Don't you want 'em?" asked the engineer, with a surprised nod towards the fruit.

"Oh," she laughed confusedly, "I'd forgotten!" She clambered down from the cab, and the man watched her till the engine rounded the curve.

"Hang Ralph Powers!" he said aloud.

"A pretty smooth sort of a chap, isn't he?" queried the fireman.

"Slippery as a water dog," answered Tom. "A bad penny if there ever was one to my notion."

The next day was Saturday. Sunday came and went, but Monday found Berryman on the lookout. The freight engine puffed and panted, preparing to stop, but there was no waiting figure at the snow shed. Tom sighed involuntarily as he looked towards a little brown package in the corner of the seat.

"Guess she's found somethin' sweeter than candy," said the fireman with a grin, but the engineer was silent.

The following day they passed the snowshed as before, but down at the river, on a big gray rock among the saxifrage, sat Mary Foster. A tall, young fellow was trimming her hat with lilies. The engineer set his teeth hard. A box of black raspberries was waiting in the corner of the cab, but he slipped them quietly out of the window into

the darkness of the next tunnel. After that there were no more packages.

The two weeks passed, and still Ralph Powers lingered in the mountains. His firm had extended the time, he said. Business was dull, and there was really no need of his immediate return.

Tom Berryman, meeting Mary alone, one evening, was stopped by the shy, glad light in her eyes. She held out both hands to him.

"I've wanted you," she said reproachfully. "You never stayed away so long before!"

They walked on a little in silence. The girl was twisting her handkerchief nervously.

"Tom," she began at last, "do you remember when I was a tiny girl, and you used to carry me because I got too tired to walk?"

The man nodded; something hurt his throat so much that he could not speak.

"I think I got tired on purpose sometimes," she went on musingly. "You always were so big and strong! And do you remember how you used to do my sums at school, and bring me bird's eggs, and spruce gum, and Monkshood flowers?"

"Yes," said the man huskily.

"And Tom," she went on with a little laugh, "when you got on the road, I *hated* that big engine, because you seemed to love it most! But you didn't; you were my big brother just the same!"

The engineer's face was very white; he opened his lips, but closed them again resolutely.

"I never had to tell you of the things that made me glad," she continued, "because you somehow seemed to know. Well—" she went on hesitatingly, "there's something that makes me very glad to-day,"—her voice was almost inaudible,—"and I guess you know?" She smiled up archly at him, but her eyes were misty with happy tears.

The man turned his head suddenly away; his face worked convulsively for a moment, then he said, steadily enough, "Yes, little sister, I know."

That night a man crept into the cab of an idle engine in the round-house. For a long time he crouched silently in the darkness, with his cheek against the worn leather seat; then he rose slowly and patted the huge iron thing as he would a dog.

"I think you and I will have to make our

runs alone, 1600," he said.

The days dragged themselves slowly by. To Tom the road seemed unendurable; every bend held fast a memory. From this turn he could catch the glimpse of the school-house. There, beside that black-armful of pentstemon. Down at the river, near the swinging bridge, was the trunked Douglas fir, she was seen once with very gnarled old stump that she used to climb and wave from, when he first got his run,—and Tunnel 13—and the snow-shed. His mind went wearily over it all, only to begin at the beginning and do it all again.

Even the great throbbing heart of 1600 seemed to feel that there was something wrong, and wheezed and panted up the long grade as if she scarce had strength or courage to draw up her load.

They came in one night and found a group of men in the roundhouse. Tully, who fired on the regular, was talking excitedly. Tom would have passed listlessly by, but Tully had seen him. "Hi, Berryman!" he called, "here's news!" then he stopped awkwardly.

Dave Morton, a tall, sandy-haired messenger, slipped his arm through Tom's, "Goin' up town?" he asked easily, "come along then."

"You remember," he began when they were alone, "the man that skipped with so much cash from down below? Well,—he's in these parts, it seems; takin' mountain air an' rest cure for his nerves. There's been a special up here lookin' round, and h's spotted him all right. It's—" he coughed uneasily, "They think it's Powers."

"Powers!" Tom repeated mechanically.

"Yes," said the other man, "An' theascal's hid. There's no one seen him for the last two days unless it's that girl Mary. But he's here all right, an' they'll dig him out like a gopher in a hole."

Perhaps he said other things beside, but Tom did not hear. Half an hour later he was hurrying down the track. A hundred feet from town he branched into a wood trail, and in a few minutes was at the gate of a little white cottage.

Mary herself opened the door at his knock. She seemed scarce a shadow of herself, though she welcomed him in her usual way.

"Mother," she said to a woman in the next room, "it's Tom, and we are going on the porch,—the moon is so bright!"

Once outside, the restraint was gone, and she was a trembling, helpless girl.

"Oh, Tom," she whispered piteously, "you know?" and unconsciously he answered her as he had done once before.

"Yes, little sister, I know."

Then they were silent. To him she was the child again that he had loved and protected so long, and she—well, she was a woman.

"You know where he is?" Tom questioned at last.

"Yes," she said falteringly; "up in the old smoke-house on the ridge."

"And you love him—still?" he asked. His voice sounded strange and deep.

"Oh, yes, God help me, yes!" she moaned.

Tom shook her roughly from him.

"Then we must work, Mary," he said. "There's not a moment to lose!"

Two hours later Mary Foster came in and kissed her mother good-night. "We've had a long talk, Tom and I, and I'm so tired!" she said. Her face was radiant with content.

Late that night two men entered the round-house, Berryman, the engineer, and a tall young fireman with a stained, grimy face. 1600 had been getting up steam, but the watchman was sleepy.

"Poor devils!" he muttered, "a night call down the road;" and he opened his dinner pail to keep awake.

The big engine pushed her way slowly, majestically out into the air, headed for Everett. The fireman seemed ill at ease; his smooth slight hands grasped the heavy shovel convulsively and let it go again, but the engineer was very calm.

The semaphore showed a white light, meaning a clear track ahead, and he released the air brakes to their fullest. The engine gave a long shudder of freedom and sprang forward.

Just then there was a cry. A man on horseback came clattering down the main street, followed by a mob of men and boys.

"Stop them! Stop them!" he yelled. "It's Powers you idiots! It's Powers!" but the engine was under way. Straight across the yards he rode, the horse panting, and stumbling against the rails. The man leaned forward and dug in his spurs, but "1600" was

bounding like a live thing on before; the throttle valve was open wide.

Three bullets came whistling past the cab. The fireman crouched in a moaning, trembling heap on the floor; Tom Berryman sat erect and still. A fourth shot sang like an angry wasp in their ears, and a fifth,—but the song of the fifth was suddenly dulled. The engineer never moved, and—they were running alone in the night.

Far below, the noisy, rushing river frothed in the moonlight like beaten cream; above, beyond the ragged outline of the firs, rose the snow-hoodea mountain, a solemn, silent-sentinal. Again and again three long piercing whistles told the sleeping canyon that the engine had the right of way.

Ralph Powers, moved by some sudden impulse, leaned forward and touched the engineer, then sprang backward with an oath; his hand was bathed in something warm. He looked intently at the man opposite him, and saw a tiny dark stream oozing through his flannel shirt.

"Berryman!" he cried, "Not you?"

"Keep still—curse you!" gasped the engineer, "1600—ain't doin' this—for—you—it's for her!"

They rushed into Everett just as the overland passenger train was starting. A sleepy porter helped on a tall young fellow with a stained grimy face and swung up behind him.

Fifteen minutes later the station agent climbed into the cab of the light engine. "Berryman!" he called, shaking him roughly by the shoulder, "Berryman wake up here! You're—my God, man!" he said, bending closer. But the engineer looked up and smiled.

"We—made it—Mary"—he said.

It was nearly daylight when he moved again. The doctor pressed a flask of brandy to his lips, but there was no recognition in the tired eyes that opened.

"You'd better—fire up," he whispered, "It's most time—to be pulling out!"

The sun was gilding the mountain tops when the north-bound express whistled for the station. The dying man heard it and struggled to rise.

"I'm coming," he called, but strong arms were holding him, "Let me go—boys," he said feebly, "It's—1600."



The Cascades, Mill Valley, Marin County, Cal.

WITH WHIPS AND SCORNS.

By EDWARD F. CAHILL.

HERE ye limb, take this box of paper an' if ye don't bring me back fifty cents for it to-night, I'll whale ye black an' blue." So spoke Shorty Kilbride to his offspring Cecil, whom his playmates were wont to call Sissy Kilbride, because of his slow speech and introspective eyes that seemed made for tears rather than lightning. His mother named him out of a novel, and when she died of the sordid, grinding work of a household where the husband did ward politics for a living she left the child no inheritance save those big blue eyes—those eyes which, in the mother had caught the brief fancy of Shorty Kilbride at the picnic of the Blooming Ryeaters—a band of cheerful toughs associated for politics and festivity. There had been a time when Shorty Kilbride could swing the vote of the club which way he pleased, and then money had been plenty, but like many a better man, he could not stand prosperity. The Ryeaters soured on Shorty partly because he had taken to wearing on one side of his head a high silk hat, which they called "putting on dog," but chiefly because he failed to come to the relief of Rubber-neck Quinlan when that statesman got into trouble. When Mr. Quinlan got out of jail he had a knife as long as an umbrella for Shorty—a political and social knife—and hence these tears. Somebody had to suffer, and it was natural in the Kilbride philosophy that the weaker should be the sufferer. The boy was in the way—a useless expense. It was time he did something for his father. Now there was that old fly-blown box of stationery that his wife had left behind untouched. Shorty Kilbride had little use for stationery. His clerical accomplishments reached their highest expression when he had mastered the art of killing a vote with a double cross furtively affixed while he was counting the ballots of a great and free people.

He thrust the frowsy box in the boy's hand, and bade him get out and sell it, with the promise of a beating if he came back without the money. The little fellow said

nothing. To this vague and childish sense the dominant idea of a father gathered from experience, was that of a big man with a red face, inflamed with liquor, and shouting curses the while he laid a biting, hissing strap on the child's writhing body. The boy gave one gulp, and tucked the box under his arm. At least it was safer out of doors.

To peddle stationery! How was he to go about it? To be sure there was Mrs. Hubbard—old mother Hubbard, the boys called her—who lived across the way. Possibly she might want to buy a box of assorted note paper adorned with a gaudy image of a crimson gryphon—rampant gules—clawing the air on every letter head. The boy hardened his heart and stole up the steps. He rang the bell. Presently he heard the old woman come shuffling and grumbling along the hallway and the door was opened. Wiping her hands on her apron, a towel around her head, swaddled in an old wrapper reminiscent of the kitchen, angry and sour of visage, she gazed at the boy without a word.

"Please 'm don't you want to buy some paper?" with pleading eyes he stood.

"Ye little brat! Maybe ye think I've got nuthin' to do but answer the bell for the likes o' you an' me scrubbing the kitchen, cleaning day and all. G'wan!" and she slammed the door with a bang that sounded like a wooden imprecation.

The boy sat down on the steps and cried a little quietly and thought of the beating in store. Then it came to him that it was little use trying to sell things to poor people. He would go to some of the fine houses on the hill where folk might be supposed to live who could afford to indulge in note paper embellished with pictures of a red, impossible cat. He plucked up heart and trudged on his way up the hill. Yonder was a big double house with a cast iron stag at gaze on the green lawn. Surely the dwellers in an abode so splendid and so fine would want his paper. Timidly he opened the gate a little way and sidled in fright-

ened as it slammed back into place with a bang. He stole up the steps and rang. There was no answer. Would he go away? He was a trespasser on the silent, solemn precincts of the high and mighty. The very bulk of the house was oppressive. Noiselessly he was turning to slip out when the door was opened sharply by a maid servant. He turned again with a guilty look and then more in justification of his intrusion than from any hope of selling his stock in trade, he held up his box. The girl broke out resentfully.

"What's the matter with you? Didn't you see the sign 'No peddlers?' Can't you read?" and without waiting an answer to her volleying questions the door came to with a slam.

Evidently it was not a profitable undertaking to bring people to their front doors. He would try the rear the next time. He crossed the street to a handsome place on the other side of the way and slipped around to the back door. A big dog was lying on the stoop. The brute came at him open mouthed. He was as tall as the child, and the vast, red cavern of jaws yawned full of glistening, horrid teeth. Cecil ran screaming. A stout woman came out on the stoop and stood with arms akimbo—the jug with two handles—and she laughed. It was a good joke.

"He won't hurt you, boy—wouldn't harm a kitten," she cackled and chuckled.

How should the boy know whether the brute would hurt him or not. If those gleaming, vicious teeth meant anything they meant the tearing of his flesh. The woman called off the dog and Cecil slunk out, too much frightened to say a word.

It was a long time before the boy could pluck up courage to try once more. It was past midday now. He was hungry. It was beginning to rain. Then he saw what seemed to his childish imagination a vision of the most beautiful and the grandest lady in all the world—so fine were her clothes and so gracious her aspect as she stood framed in a window set around with twisted vines. She was giving orders to her gardener through the open sash. It was Mrs. Frank Weldon, whose devotion to scientific charity has been so often the subject of eulogium in the columns of an enlightened press, that appreciates the virtues of the

wealthy. The boy crept up in some degree encouraged by the kindly look in the lady's eyes.

"Please 'm—" he began, holding up his frayed and tattered box.

"I am afraid I can't encourage—" interrupted Mrs. Weldon, and then broke off, hesitating at the ungracious word "beggary." These cases must be dealt with on principle, and yet the mute appeal of the boy's confiding eyes was hard to bear. Obviously the pretence of selling frowsy stationery was merely a form of beggary, and the encouragement of beggary, she had been warned by Professor Gilfillan must inevitably sap the manhood of a nation. The Professor's lecture had been delivered at an afternoon tea given by the Amalgamated Society of Charitable Effort, concerning which she had a tiff with her husband only that morning.

"I missed you yesterday afternoon, dear. I wanted to take you for a drive in the park," Frank Weldon had said to her at breakfast.

"Yes, dear, I was at the tea of the Amalgamated Society.

"The Amalgamated Society!—a sort of woman's club isn't it? Old Gandercleugh at the Cosmos calls them the Crowing Hens."

"I wish you would not speak of women in that tone."

"Well, it seems to me a very short time between teas."

"They are trying to do good."

"Good for whom? For the secretary and his help? I regard your Society as an ingenious device for converting a fad into terms of salaries."

"If it was a man's society or club where you spend the time drinking and gambling and gossiping it would be all right. You show in your true colors whenever you hear of women trying to do anything but look pretty."

"Not that, dear; not that. When a man is discovered in his true colors by his wife or his friends, you may be sure he is a most unpleasant sort of chromo."

The necessary sequence of this frank domestic brutality was to fasten Mrs. Weldon's intellectual hold on Professor Gilfillan's principles. She must not be one to assist in pauperizing a nation. She took up a

card and handed it to the boy with directions to present it to the Secretary of the Society. He would investigate and make a report. Hastily she turned away fearful lest her heart overcome her principles. Mr. Gilfillan's warning against the treachery of the emotions had been most impressive.

The boy took the card mechanically. He did not quite know what it meant, but it was clear that the thing would not buy whisky for his father, nor would it save his own little body from stripes. His heart was heavy, but the terrors of the whistling trunk strap haunted his young imagination. He would try once more. Tucking the wretched box under his ragged jacket, where the rain now pouring down might not damage its merchantable qualities, he trudged along. He had tried the rich and he had tried the poor, and found no comfort in either. This time he selected an everyday sort of house, one of the undistinguished, everlasting flat-faced order, in which people who are not anybody in particular may be supposed to dwell—the sort of house that looks as if it had been made by machinery at so much a dozen. A sharp featured woman answered the bell.

"Want to sell stationery, eh? Le'mme look at the box."

She took it and tossed and tumbled the miserable sheets, and turned the box inside out while the boy looked on fearfully, too much overawed to protest against this unkindly handling of his wares.

"How much you want for it?"

"Fifty cents 'm, please."

"Fifty cents!" she screamed. "Fifty cents fer that thing! I ought to have ye' arrested an' I will if you don't git out quick," and she chucked him the box, which he failed to catch. The fluttering sheets scattered. The boy made a despairing grab for some of them, but it was useless: On the muddy steps, in the gutter, everywhere tossed by the gusty wind, smudged by the sooty rain lay the wreck of his stock in trade.

Now he must go home whatever might befall. He was wet through and shivering. He slouched along the drabbed streets, his head sunk on his shoulders.

Therefore it is written that it has been from the beginning and so it shall be until the end that the weak shall grind their

faces on the stony breasts of the blind inexorable city whether they tread the primrose path from choice or by necessity, the *via dolorosa* that leads to despair, learning with bloody sweat the lesson of the bitter beatitude, "Blessed are the strong for none may choose whether his seed fall on stony places or among thorns or on fruitful ground to return an hundred fold, his lot and art and part in life, the creature of an idle wind that men call fate."

It was growing dark and Cecil Kilbride was nearly home now.

As he passed the house of Kyran Carmody, the eminent street contractor, the door opened and a flood of light shone out across the greasy pavement. The comfortable person of Mrs. Carmody filled most of the opening, but not so fully as to confine the seraphic penetrating odor of fried onions that gushed forth and wrapped around the hungry, shivering lad as he hung on the gate wistfully.

Mrs. Carmody looked up and down the streets. Mr. Carmody was something irregular in his habits albeit as his wife said a good provider. Dinner was ready, but where was the man to eat it? The boy almost forgot his miseries as he soaked his senses in the grateful smell of the onions.

"Here me b'ye, what you doin' there?"

"Senses in the grateful smell of the onions.

"Nothin' 'm."

"Run up to the corner grocery and see if Carmody's there. Tell him I'm waiting an' dinner's ready."

Cecil soon returned with the news that Carmody had not been at the corner since the forenoon. Mrs. Carmody looked the boy over, his dripping clothes and pinched cheeks.

"Sure its the Kilbride b'ye," she remarked reflectively, and then went on, "Child o' grace, what you doin' out in the rain and soppin' wet, too? Come in an' take an air o' fire. I'm waitin' for Carmody. Dhrunk again I guess. Tain't his fault d'ye mind. Its all in the business, and he's the good man. Set down an' warm yerself, child. Shure he's perished with the cowld. Had your supper yet?"

No, Cecil had not had his dinner nor his supper, and he was not at all particular how the meal might be called. His hungry little stomach ached for some of that steak

and onions. Mrs. Carmody was that comfortable sort of woman—may their tribe increase and their patient, sympathetic elbows never grow weary—whose heart is large and indulgent for the inner man, its weaknesses, its failings and its wants. With such as she the quality of pity is not strained, and finds its first, instinctive expression in meat and drink, confident in its universal efficacy whether to minister to a mind diseased or a broken leg, with a beef-steak. She caught the hungry eyes of the child fixed on the sputtering pan.

"Shure I b'lieve the child is starved," and she rattled out a plate and heaped it with the savory, steaming food. "It's no use lettin' the good mate spile an' Carmody not here for want of somebody to ate it," and she watched the famished boy as she went on reflectively:

"Maud Kilbride's b'ye. Them's her eyes sure enough, an' hain't ye got none to look afther ye? B'yes are a peck o' trouble, an' shure enough I wisht I had wan meself."

There was a knock at the door. Mrs. Carmody opened it, and the generous proportions of Policeman Rafferty stood framed in the light.

"Mrs. Carmody, your service, ma'am! You hain't seen the Kilbride boy around, have ye?"

"The Kilbride b'ye, is it? Shure he's here."

"Hus's s' h," ejaculated the policeman in a loud whisper.

"The Lord betune us an' harm! What is it Mr. Rafferty?"

"His father!" he whispered again. "He's dead, or as good as dead."

"Shure, I seen him alive an' dhrunk not two hours ago."

"Hush! That's it. Smashed by a trolley car."

"Oh Lord save us an' the child!"

"I guess I've got to take him down to the hospital. The man's dying."

"May the heavens be his bed if he was no good. I'll go down wid ye."

"Sissy," she said to the boy, "your father"—The child started to his feet, fear in his face.

"I must go home," he said with a shiver in his voice.

"No, come wid me an' Mr. Rafferty. Your father is hurted."

The boy did not understand, but it was his habit to obey. Mrs. Carmody bundled him up in an old coat that Carmody had discarded. All three together hurried down to the hospital. There on the operating table lay Denis Kilbride.

"He's gone," said the surgeon.

It was some time before Cecil understood, and then he took the rough, hairy hand and buried his face in the mud-stained sleeve, weeping with a sense of desolation.

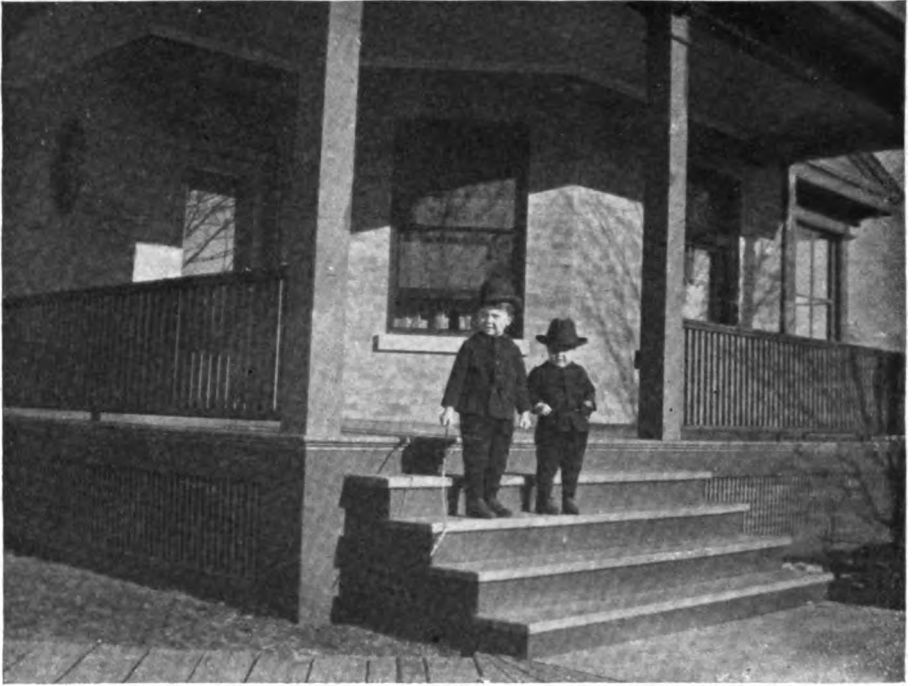
"He was all the father I had," he sobbed.

Mrs. Carmody tenderly and as if caressingly twisted her hand in the boy's rough shock of tumbled hair, and she said:

"Come home wid me, me b'ye, and I'll take care o' ye."

"God is good to the Irish," said Policeman Rafferty.





The Boys of "Sweet Marie."

Cy Warman and His Boys.

BY ELIZABETH VORE.

"Every daisy in the dell
Knows my secret, knows it well—
And yet I dare not tell
Sweet Marie."

It was very funny, and a smile was ir-
repressible, for the duett was rendered in a
sweet childish treble—the lusty young
voices belonging to the small sons of "Sweet
Marie" herself and Mr. Cy Warman, the
author of the song which touched the hearts
of several millions of people.

They were coming down the steps hand
in hand, each precocious young head sur-
mounted by an immense hat, evidently bor-
rowed boldly from the hall hat-rack, and the
unmistakable property of their disting-
uished father, who has obliged me with a
snap-shot of them as they looked on that
occasion.

When one has met "Sweet Marie," the
fair young wife of the author, one cannot
imagine anyone as standing greatly in awe
of her, certainly not these merry-faced
youngsters, who impart the wonderful
"secret" of their love to her a dozen times
a day. And it only takes half an eye to see
that the author of the song has gotten
bravely over his own bashfulness in this
particular direction. Perhaps the daisies
told it, or a little bird whispered it—anyway
it is a patent fact to everybody fortunate
enough to visit this charming home.

The author is exceedingly proud of his
happy trinity of boys, the youngest quite too
small to be reproduced in black and white.

"They take up a good deal of my time,"
he acknowledged, "but they are their
mother's life work. She cares nothing for

society but devotes herself entirely to her home and children."

"It is a beautiful life work," I remarked, and anyone else would have coincided with me in this opinion. For they are remarkably handsome little lads, combining the glorious eyes of "Sweet Marie" with their father's robust, stalwart physique.

Mr. Warman's fame began with the publication of this song. For some years he had been a struggling Western writer making his home in Denver. Charles Dana of the New York Sun, ever on the lookout for genius, thought he had discovered it in the young poet of the West. "Sweet Marie" was first published in the Sun, and when set to music made for him both name and independence.

The author describes his feelings while cashing the big checks that fortune so unexpectedly thrust upon him.

"The cashier was humming a bar of 'Sweet Marie,' " said he, "while he pushed over the gold pieces, piling them up—heaps and heaps of them—\$75,000 in gold—I laughed. It was time to laugh," he added.

He is thoroughly a Western man, and although, to quote his own words, has become the "most inveterate globe-trotter alive," his heart is still loyal to the West. "I am glad you are in the West" he said, "its people are my people—their hopes are as high as the hills."

Some little time ago Mr. Warman left his home in the West to reside in New London, a picturesque Canadian town, from which he runs over to the States frequently. "There are several reasons," said he, "why I like to have my home in this peaceful Canadian town. First and above all it is my wife's girlhood home. She is happier here than anywhere else, and there is nothing so conducive to a man's happiness as a contented wife. The climate affords four seasons, and I like change. Again, it is but a short journey to New York, Ottawa and Chicago—it is really only a jump to the border. So I am still under the shadow of "the Eagle's wings."



Cy Warman.

It is a sunny spot in which this cosmopolitan story-writer has pitched his tent. The house planned for themselves, is all nooks and angles with broad windows in every room to catch the sun. There is a large conservatory, but if one expects to find rare exotics blossoming there one is doomed to disappointment, for it was built expressly for certain hardy plants which have blossomed out in diminutive trousers and is the winter playground of Masters Dana and Bryan; the former named for his father's old friend of the Sun—the latter for their friend for many years, the "silver king."

Mr. Warman gives us little poetry in these days, he has been so phenomenally successful as a story writer that almost his entire attention has been turned in that direction. Of his many books his railroad stories have been most successful. During the last five years he has traveled in nearly every continent on the globe, but is now at his Canadian home getting a new book ready for his publishers. His residence in London, Ontario, has given him a decided English appearance, both in manner and dress.





The Princess Ronhilda and the Princess Lалуaba.

By WARDON ALLAN CURTIS.

PRINCE OLAF was coming to the court of King Roderick to woo the Princess Ronhilda. The tribute which the Gothic kings of the Asturian realms had paid to the Norse sea rovers was to be paid no more, and all harryings of the shores were to cease. When the Norse had first appeared on the Spanish coasts, the great-grandfather of Roderick had boasted that one Goth could put to flight two Norse. And now one Goth was to conquer all of the Norse and put an end of their forays. For four generations the subjects of the Asturian kingdom had warred with the Vikings that descended from out the Northland, with but ill success. The Norse had not been overcome, but the boast of the old king was not thereby proven a vain one, for few of the Asturians were Goths. Beyond the royal family, the nobility, and some few thousand men at arms—blonde crowned all—the nation was of swarthy aboriginals, the autochthonous inhabitants of northern Spain.

The Princess Ronhilda was the most beautiful princess in the world. So said the Asturian prisoners of the Norse and sang love songs in praise of her beauty, songs in which breathed the warmth and fervor of

the South, and the Vikings carried back legends of her beauty. At length in the wake of this fame, to Drontheim came captive Spanish minstrels who sang before Prince Olaf, and their hyperboles and sweet metaphors inflamed his imagination with love for the unseen queen of beauty. So he took ship and from the Asturian coast sent inland to King Roderick to arrange a treaty of amity. War henceforth was to cease. The marriage of Ronhilda and Olaf was to seal an everlasting peace. King Roderick rejoiced. With no Norse to fight, he could hope to add to his dominions the neighboring realms of Navarre and Galicia. The heart of the princess swelled with pride. To rule the dreaded warriors of the North, to go back a queen to the lands from which her race had poured forth generations before to conquer the South, stirred all the love of mystery and race pride within her. Queen over a nation of men, not a little pretorian guard of blonde soldiers holding in order a horde of swarthy serfs.

The Princess Ronhilda was the most beautiful princess in the world. Tall and of heroic mould, divinely fashioned, yellow of hair, blue-eyed and with skin of alabaster, the Spaniards sighed their hearts out when-

ever they beheld her. But the Goths, be it said, gazed more warmly at the black hair, raven-tressed women of the aboriginal races and one after another of the great territorial lords whom Roderick had looked upon as possible sons-in-law, had taken to themselves Spanish wives. Never denied a Goth that Ronhilda was the most beautiful woman in the world, but her blonde loveliness, her magnificent presence stired them not. More often did they gaze at her maid servant, the Princess Luluaba.

Some Berber raiders, creeping across the Sahara to the rain-blessed regions beyond, had seized the Princess Luluaba as she rode in the outskirts of the capital of the Follah-Jattons. It was their intent to hold her for a ransom. But the fierce old King, her father, disdaining all parley with them, had slain their envoy and sent an army after the rest, who fled back across the Sahara to the Atlas. There the Princess Luluaba being sold as a slave, passed from the hands of one slave dealer to another, across the straits of Gibraltar, through Spain, and into the possession of the Princess Ronhilda. The Princess Luluaba was no negress. She was of that strange dark nation which in the dim regions of the Senegal and the Niger preserves the religion, the architecture, and even the race of old dead Egypt. Not finer formed was Ronhilda herself than Luluaba, nor taller and more queenly. Black was Luluaba, and yet not black. In the black of her skin shone a wondrous red, such as one sees when the crimson beams of the dying sun fall on a hanging of black velvet. Thick masses of black hair were bound in a knot behind her regal head, black hair that shone with a blue and green iridescence.

The Princess Ronhilda pitied her slave and was fond of hearing of the great empire by the Niger and the Senegal, so much vaster than the little kingdom of the Asturias. She granted every indulgence, everything except freedom, and that she would not grant, for Luluaba was a foil to her beauty, as the setting to a jewel. How everyone exclaimed when they beheld the Princess Ronhilda seated on her throne with Luluaba standing at her back. More brightly by far shone the Northern beauty of Ronhilda for the contrast with the African beauty of Luluaba, and so though Ronhilda sometimes wept at the longing of her slave

for her native land, she never would set her free.

Prince Olaf entered the audience hall of King Roderick. Blonde, and big of limb was he. Albeit that his hair was of so pale a yellow that it was almost white and his eyes the blue of a misty sky, he was yet of a goodly and commanding presence. At the end of the hall sat the Princess Ronhilda. She wore a robe of silk, blue as a sapphire. White leather incased her feet. Regal bands of silver encircled her splendid arms. Over her stately shoulders hung a robe of snowy ermine. Where was there such a queen? Nowhere, unless back of her chair, where stood the Princess Luluaba. Above a dress of scarlet silk rose Luluaba's dark shoulders. Broad bands of gold gleamed against the crimson-black of her great arms, while across her shoulder hung a leopard's skin, orange with ebon spots.

Prince Olaf gazed. Now his pale eyes fell on the Princess Ronhilda, now on the Princess Luluaba. The afternoon sun glimmered softly on the blue and silver and white and the blonde hair of the Princess Ronhilda, but it seemed like the noonday where it glittered and shone on the gold and crimson and the iridescent green and blue of the Princess Luluaba. The prince gazed. The interpreter stood by his side, ready to convey to the Princess Ronhilda any word of compliment, but never a word had he spoken when he retired from the hall. The King fumed, but the Princess Ronhilda was calm and undisturbed.

"He was too much dazzled and overcome by my beauty to be able to speak," said she.

That night the din of arms thundered in the Palace courtyard. The false Northmen were upon them. The treaty of marriage was merely a treacherous ruse to take them unawares, thundered the King as he marshalled his men. But wonder sat on his countenance when the dawn broke. Nothing had been taken, no one had been hurt, everything was as it had been the day before. Everything but the Princess Luluaba. She had been carried off by the Northmen.

The gales of winter came and went, and spring, the season of the coming of the birds from the South and the Vikings from the North, came, and with it the birds, but not the Northmen.

"They are keeping to their agreement not



"Prince Olaf was coming to the court of King Roderick to woo the Princess Ronhilda."

to attack us, even though Olaf hasn't Ronhilda," said Roderick.

Then came the young King of Portugal wooing. He was tall and dark, chestnut-haired, hazel-eyed, and Ronhilda felt her heart leap out to him the moment she beheld his dark beauty. How much handsomer he was than the Norse prince, she said to herself.

But the dream of going back to rule in

the ancestral home of the Goths sat upon her, a very obsession, and she sent the handsome Portuguese away and awaited the return of the Northmen.

Another winter, another spring, and once more Roderick's castle resounded to the din of arms. It was the Northmen and Ronhilda found herself bound over the sea for Norway, the only spoil taken from her father's kingdom. The Vikings accorded

her every royal honor and she treated them graciously, her future subjects. It was plain that Olaf could not live without her and had sent for her.

The bells did not ring and there was no royal welcome as she entered Drontheim harbor and the guards did not turn out as she made her way toward the habitation of logs that was the royal palace. The custom of the country, she said to herself. Within the great smoky hall, Olaf sat on his throne and he did not rise to greet her when she entered. As she stood astonished, awaiting this courtesy, she saw there was another throne by his side and that upon it sat a woman, a woman with a crown of gold, habited in scarlet and with a robe of leopard skin.

So now thereafter stood the Princess Ronhilda in blue and silver and ermine, royal ermine, behind the throne of Queen Luluaba. There were blonde maidens enow in Norway but none that so foiled the beauty of the queen. So had spoken Olaf and therefore had sent his men once more to Roderick's coasts. Sometimes the queen mingled her tears with those of her slave when tales of Spain were told and every indulgence was granted her, everything except freedom.

In the South they knew of it and the young king of Portugal meditated an invasion of Norway and the rescue of the Princess Ronhilda, but his subjects, they shivered when they thought of the cold, terrible winds, the cold, terrible winter, and the Northmen.

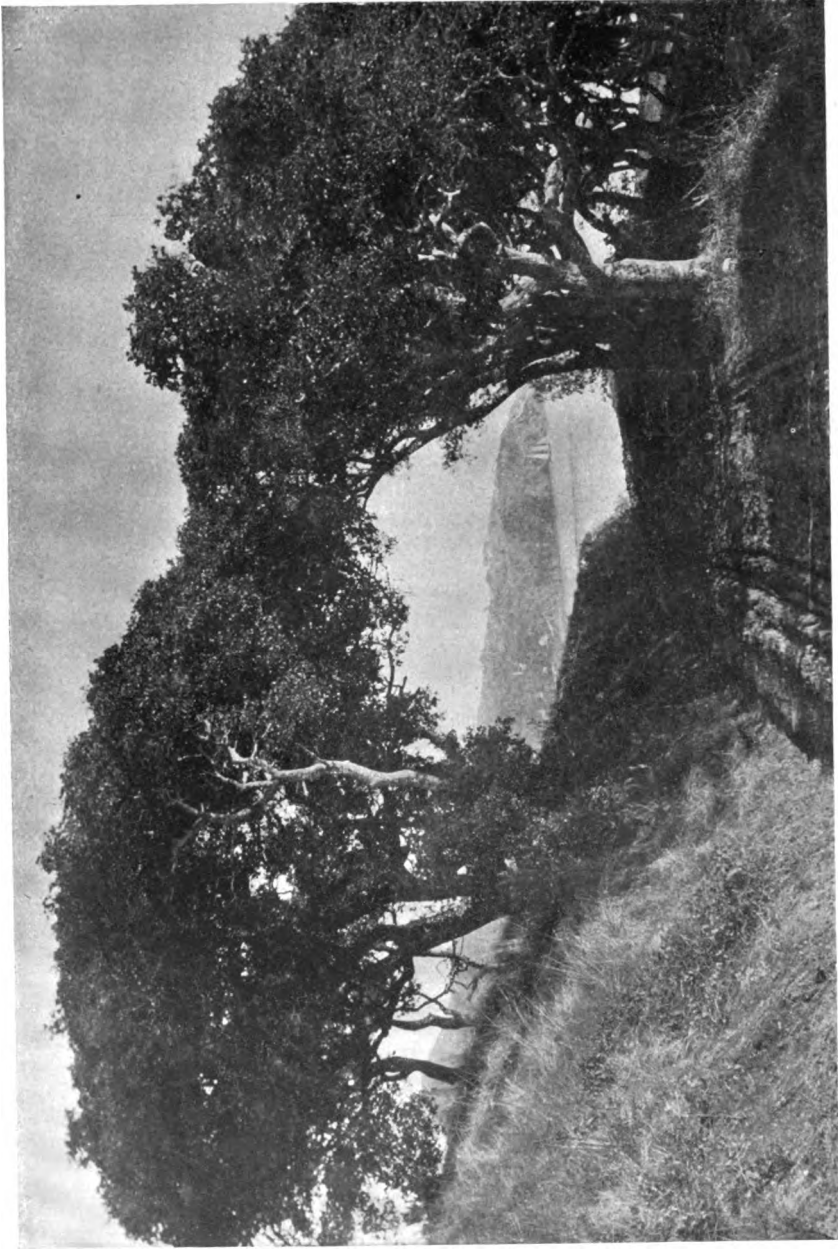
GREAT SALT LAKE.

BY MARIAN WARNER WILDMAN.

So still it lies, it seems a pictured dream,
 Left over from an unremembered past;
 On it no flying clouds their shadows cast,
 Nor ripple stirs nor hov'ring sea gulls scream.

More blue it is than is the azure sky
 That bends above its smooth, upheaving breast,
 And far across its waters, to the west
 Dim, purple hills along the distance lie.

Still as the world was ere it felt God's breath,
 Mid salt grey deserts far as eye can see,
 It sleeps in utter lifeless mystery,
 As strange and bright and beautiful as Death.



**A Glimpse of Belvedere,
Marin County, Cal.**

A Story of San Juan Capistrano.

BY HARRY R. P. FRIBES.

THE ruin of the once-grand mission of San Juan Capistrano was to be restored to the Padres. At a parish church, Capistrano had been a failure; the broad lands, the extensive herds, the thousands of Indian proselytes and the wealth of the mission had been scattered—had been divided and had passed into other hands. There was nothing left of the grandeur and power but a heap of magnificent ruins and a handful of enthusiastic believers. These men rejoiced that even the tumbled down walls of grand old Capistrano were to be returned to their rightful owners.

It was in the year 1843 that Governor Micheltorena ordered the Mission restored to the Padres. A call was made to the Indians to once again gather together within the sacred grounds and join in giving thanks to the Holy One for His goodness. Many proved their love and devotion to the men who had guided them in the past by joyfully responding to the call, and thus hundreds of dark men were again in the quadrangle of San Juan Capistrano to hold a camp-meeting while they re-dedicated the glorious old Mission.

To these men it was as a whisper from the past, and with fast beating hearts many of them, as well as the gay señoritas, had prepared for the journey to Capistrano. To Carina, the beautiful half Indian, half Spanish girl, it seemed the event of her life. She had been raised by a kind-hearted couple who thought or cared for little else aside from the Church and a few tortillas. Her guardian, the good duenna, sat nodding in the doorway of the most picturesque of all little adobe huts, content with the thought of once again going to the Mission, and this time taking Carina, while she, pretty maiden, slyly stole through the waving and low-spreading pepper branches, looking for some one.

When far enough away from the hut to be sure that her footsteps would not arouse the woman, the girl ran. She hoped to reach the turning in the lane before her absence was discovered or before Benito, her

gay, handsome lover, should make his appearance.

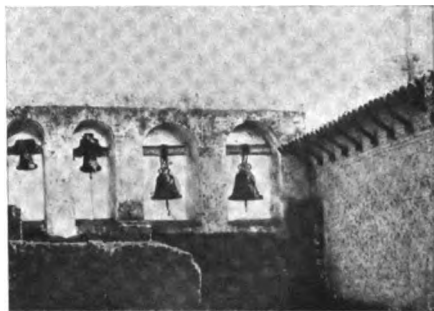
The turn in the road and the swaying branches hid her from view as she was caught in the open arms of Benito, who had watched her coming. A low cry almost betrayed her, but the sound was smothered in kisses, while the lovers turned down the lane and made good their escape. "Oh, Benito, I have such news."

"What, *mia Carlissima*; tell me quickly, will you go now?"

"No, no, no, must I repeat so often? But listen, there is to be a grand camp meeting at San Juan Capistrano, and duenna and Pedro are going. Then shall I go. You who scorn the Church will not be expected to go, and then—do you see?"

"Ah—yes, sweet one, I will be there, and then we will find some one who will marry us."

"Ah—no, ah no, Benito; though I love you well and even steal these meetings, no true marriage can be between unbelievers and



The Bells of San Juan Capistrano.

true ones of the Holy Church. I have been sworn and am sworn to the Holy Mother Church, and you must come to the Church to get me,"

"I will, I will come to San Juan," he said. Had Carina seen the look in his handsome eyes she would have lost faith in him.

The journey to Capistrano was hot and dusty, for the picturesque old Mission lies in the basin of low, barren hills. These

hills were once a mass of golden grain or vineyards and orchards, while the entire landscape was flecked with thousands of cattle; everywhere was reflected thrift and industry. Now, alas, there were nothing but naked tracts of ruggedness. The terrible earthquake of 1812 transformed the proudest of the Spanish missions of California into a pile of desolation.

San Juan was never re-constructed; but



The Inner Garden.

secularization completed the awful devastation. The half civilized Indians were not in a condition to be handed over to parish priests. They needed greater care and more teaching than these simple vicars were willing or able to give. The padres, who had journeyed from Spain to teach the love and life of Christ in order that aboriginal man might be brought to redemption, grieved their disappointed hearts out to find that after years of arduous labor, when every acre reflected toil and success, their cherished herds of cattle, acres of land and thousands of neophites should be separated and divided into small bands with no leader, and thus allowed to return to their original state. Ten years had effected the complete disorganization and retrogression of the once prosperous Mission.

The spiritual state was but reflected in the debris and eloquent ruins that occupied the site of the once noble edificio. The original structure, with its graceful arches and lofty towers, was begun February 2, 1797, and on the seventh of September, 1806, Padre Presidente Tapis, in the presence of curious Indians and a few faithful co-workers, dedicated with solemn mass the splendid temple of stone and mortar.

It is a grand tribute to the Indian race that a building of such grace and majesty should have been constructed almost entirely by their hands, with but one or two Spanish overseers and instructors. They learned all from the Padres. Grand teachers and receptive pupils.

Across the naked hills where the scanty vegetation could not hide the gullied, water-worn ridges, there now and then arose clouds of dust that gave a softening touch to the glaring tones that were reflected upon these barren hills by the noon-day's sun. Each dust cloud announced another party of the faithful approaching, and to the artistic eye of the Padres, each cloud mercifully cast a veil that cheated mother earth of her severity, and through half-closed eyes the good men saw a fitting background for the tumbled adobe walls, and the beauty of the picture was a solace to their aching hearts.

The cloisters were once complete and the entrance was through a massive gateway—now the quadrangle was but a heap of ruins wherein a brindled calf was staked. As it



The Quadrangle.

fretted at the end of its rope, a Padre in pretense of preparing for the coming multitude led the significant stranger away to other pastures.

Already hundreds had arrived, and as the shades of night appeared, preparations for camping were in active progress and the desolate quadrangle became a scene of activity. Tepees were pitched and many a bright camp fire lightened up and beautified the ruined walls. Grave Indians and gayer Mexicanos met in harmony on mutual ground. The quaint little village swarmed with life and the dark-eyed señoritas and

bare-footed children added beauty and interest to the long, low adobe buildings.

Benito had made early his coming and was now searching for his friends, Juan and Tomas, for he had need of them. Late in the waning twilight he spied coming over the soft grey hills old Pedro, the duenna and the charming Carina. Never had the girl appeared so radiant, so beautiful. Her dark, olive skin was flushed with sun-kisses and deepened by the rich red scarf that was wound around her head and shoulders, revealing her throat and disclosing the rise and fall as she fearlessly sang aloud the sacred hymns taught her by the casual visiting padres. The campers were silenced by the sound of the music. She knew not that her voice reached out on the evening air until all listened.

The intensely blue sky, the departing sun sunk low in the west, the soft breeze and the deep hush that had followed the tumult, filled the quiet hamlet with its usual air of rest and repose. Nearer and nearer the rich voice came until the words fell plainly upon the waiting people, when, as with one accord, they rose and joined in the evening hymn. So lost in her own happiness and in the delight of the night, Carina heeded not the singing throng, but advanced with her guardians thinking that she had arrived just in time for the evening vespers.

Down in the village Benito had watched the girl's approach with guarded care, and her coming impressed him more than he would have admitted.

The evening was spent in religious ceremonies, chanting and song. All was quiet; the blue sky and purple hills of the day were turned into black, and all the rich hues were blotted out in the darkness. Carina sat watching and waiting for some sign that her lover was near. In her heart she had no misgivings, but had the reposeful feeling of certainty that Benito would arrange all matters properly and that their marriage



More Ruins.

was at hand. An oriole sang near her tent. It sang and sang, but always the same note, sometimes softly, sometimes almost a scream. Finally she smilingly noticed it, arose and passed out.

Duenna had felt so relieved and secure, now that the ungodly Benito was not near. Carina made but a turn outside the old ruins when the handsome Benito threw his serape about her, slipped his arm underneath, and her joy was complete.

"What is it, Benito, what have you done?"

"Ah, sweetheart, I could not find Juan or Tomas, and I have done naught save come to kiss you and again say that I love you. I will find some one to marry us, my darling, or say but the word and we will go away without it."

Her heart fairly stood still. After all, was old duenna right? Carina felt no more joy that evening with Benito and was content to soon seek her pallet. She was quite weary she said, herself but half knowing the cause of her depression.

The day had been fatiguing, but she could not sleep. All night she lay watching the stars and forming spectres from the shad-



Ruins of the Old Chapel.

ows that were cast on the fallen arches. Could it be that Benito would do her wrong? Then she must be true to herself. Only once more would she meet him in secret, and then she would tell him, she resolved before she slept.

As the sun rose it was her voice that led the morning song. All day the Indians rejoiced that glorious San Juan Capistrano was to be rebuilt, rehabilitated, reconstructed. Mass, baptisms, and marriages were performed. The bells were rung and the old chapel resounded with sweet music. The picturesque cloisters were a scene to be remembered, as the Indians knelt with upturned faces to receive the blessings of their old faithful Padres and teachers.

Evening mass attracted all the villagers, for it had become known that handsome Benito's sweetheart was the singer who led the assembled choir.

Benito found his friends and arranged with them that two swift ponies should be waiting just outside the ruined walls of the old mission. Grown bolder with Carina's

praises, Benito dared to join the party of happy señoritas in the inner garden of the mission, and when twilight mass began he stood in the shadow of the arch, close to Carina, and as he sang, his voice blended with hers until even the Padres were struck with the heavenly music that the lovers made.

As the last notes died away and the soft breeze swept over Carina's cheek, she looked into the face of Benito and whispered, "Why, Benito, you sang the words."

"Yes, *mia carissima*, and to-morrow we will publish the bans," he said.

Juan and Tomas waited long for Benito and Carino, for they knew the heart of the man who led them. They learned that Carina had won only when the bans were announced upon the following morning.

The marriage of the sweet singer was the crowning event of the camp meeting. The bells rang, the dusty old ruins were gay with wild blossoms, and blessings were freely offered for the happiness of Carina, and for the future glory of San Juan Capistrano.

D. CUPID, HACK WRITER.

BY WALLACE IRWIN.

Little Dan Cupid, write me a verse—

Listen, for I would have fair speech with thee—
While I the charms o' my fair rehearse,
Write me a valentine, Cupid, I prithee.

Tell me thy price for a flattering line—

Why dost thou pout so? Answer me, stupid!—
What dost thou charge for a valentine
Unto the light o' my heart, Sir Cupid?

Pouted unsmiling the baby knave,

Answered full surly, nor looked my way,
"This will I charge if I write thee a stave:
Peace o' thy heart for a year and a day."

BETTINA THE REDEMPTIONER.

BY JEANNETTE H. WALWORTH.

JOHN MOSER, having breakfasted, looked at his big silver watch; having looked at his big silver watch, he unfolded the Pennsylvania Messenger, which had bulged out his side coat pocket while he ate; having unfolded the Messenger according to custom, he should have remained motionless and invisible behind it for at least the next fifteen minutes. John Moser was a methodical man, and parceled off each moment of the twenty-four hours of each day precisely and profitably.

His wife, a bustling, red-cheeked frau, with sufficient executive ability to clear off the breakfast table, nurse an infant from Nature's fountain and keep an intelligent eye upon her husband's movement simultaneously, could generally tell you exactly what John would be about at any given moment of the fourteen hundred and forty which went to make up his day.

Therefore, when John Moser, almost immediately after opening the Messenger, laid it across his knee, and by the aid of his pen-knife extracted a paragraph from its columns, Mrs. Moser felt warranted in asking a question:

"Well, what is it, John?"

"Something I thought Peter Ormsby might like to see. It might help him out of one of his troubles."

Mrs. Moser flattened the baby's nose against her plump breast as she reached across the table for the extended paragraph.

"Ah, poor Peter Ormsby, what good to be helped out of one trouble when swarms of black pests remain? As well tell him to kill one mosquito and submit to be stung by the rest of the swarm."

"Not so, not so," her husband said with asperity, "this may lead Peter into pleasanter paths. You have not read it," he glanced at the slip in his wife's hand. She restored it to him with a blush.

"Read it to me, John. You have learned faster than I have. If there is pleasantness in it for Peter I should like to hear about it. Poor lad, he is treading but a thorny path now."

And John complied, by reading the excerpt from the Messenger:

"GERMANS.—We are now offering a number of German men and women and children Redemptioners. They can be seen at the Golden Swan, kept by the widow Letznow. A full lot of schoolmasters, artisans, peasants, strong and healthy laborers of all sorts. Some with three and some with five years to serve in payment of passage money. Will dispose of them reasonably. A number of strong women and young girls in the lot."

Mrs. Moser shook her head dubiously. "I don't know about that, John. You see if Peter was by himself——"

"Then he would not be poor Peter Ormsby. It is being saddled with that hunch-back girl that makes things so bad."

"She is his niece, John Moser. He is all there is left to her. Gott in Himmel! how those Ormsbys have died off since we all started together from old Amsterdam, as jolly a crowd as ever filled an emigrant ship! Only ten years and now look at poor Peter Ormsby."

"Mother, brother, and two sisters gone."

"Leaving a grand lot of household stuff on his hands."

"Mother Ormsby made him promise never to sell the feather beds they brought from the old country with them."

"Nor the porcelain stove."

"The oak chest nor the pewter dishes."

"And that grand old clock."

"Oh, Peter is well-to-do. He ought to get married."

"But for that hunch-back girl he might."

"He ought to take her back to the old country where she has two aunts on the mother's side."

"That takes money."

"Peter Ormsby had more than any man in our crowd when he left home."

"He has put every dollar of his life's savings into Pennsylvania coal lands."

"The imbecile!"

"Don't be too hard on Peter, Lena. He was ill-advised by those rogueish land agents who beguiled us all from our homes."

"We have not done so badly, John Moser."

"Peter brought over with him a sickly and troublesome family. I had a trade to fall back upon and—I had you."

Mrs. Moser smiled her appreciation of this tribute.

"Ah, well, poor Peter Ormsby. If there is any comfort to be extracted out of one of those redemption women let him try the experiment. By all means do you draw his thoughts that way. He needs some sort of womankind to look after things while he is at work. Poor Peter Ormsby, I do pity him."

John Moser reached for his hat, which always hung on the same peg behind the dining room door. "I pity him, too, and I shall go by his house and show him this advertisement. He may not think it worth a thought."

"Tell him I say it is," said Lena with feminine arrogance. "But, John, he must see to it carefully that he does not buy one young enough to scandalize the neighbors, nor too old to be of any service."

"Peter Ormsby is not a fool."

"He is a man—a handsome one, and not an old one. Three things which make for foolishness, John Moser."

John Moser laughed and went his way. His Lena had a sharp tongue. There was no denying that. But she was a good wife, and he was a happy husband. Poor Peter Ormsby!

He found Peter Ormsby giving the hunchback girl her breakfast in bed. Dirt and desolation reigned where spotless cleanliness had once made a home of the little cottage. Ormsby flung out his hands with a gesture of despair. His blue eyes were full of gloom.

"Ah, Moser, what a hovel for you to enter. A mere shelter for two unfortunates. Why could not Death have made a cleaner sweep and taken the child and me, too? If you can find a chair with nothing on it that should be elsewhere, sit down and presently we will smoke a pipe together."

"No, I did not come to sit down nor to smoke. I stopped by to show you this." He handed the slip to Ormsby. "Lena says it is worth looking into."

To quote Lena as endorsing it was always to give a proposition its strongest possible backing. John Moser turned towards the bed with a big red apple in his hand. "And this my Lena sends to Freeda."

Peter Ormsby read the paragraph over several times, rumpling his curly hair up the wrong way in his abstraction. Presently he turned his perplexed face on his friend.

"Perhaps frau Moser is right. She gener-

ally is. Things cannot go on this way much longer. I lose a job of work every time Freeda gets so that I cannot leave her. I must get some one to look after the child and this hovel while I am at work. I will look into this."

"My Lena says she must not be young enough to scandalize the neighbors."

"Nor too old to be a companion to my poor little Freeda."

"Lena says you are to look for strength before beauty." And then Moser went away.

Having concluded that it was worth looking into, Peter Ormsby directed his steps towards the Golden Swan that very morning. He hoped the widow Letznaw, who had these redemptioners on exhibition would be good enough to help him in making a selection.

She must not be too old nor too young. He should rather have a plain one than a pretty one. She must be strong and good-natured above all things. Above all things good-natured, for Freeda would be at her mercy all the time he was at work.

As he neared the Race street wharf he began to look about him for the Golden Swan. Ten years ago, when he and his friends, the Mosers, and his family of five, had found it, a hungry, laughing group bent on making the best of their strange surroundings, they had liked the widow Letznaw, because her house was clean and her smile a welcome in a strange land.

He remembered especially how clean the front entrance had looked. As if the scrub woman had but that minute gone away with her suds and mop. And then Peter Ormsby laughed aloud.

"They're at it yet."

He had just sighted the Golden Swan. Some one was down on her knees making the entrance-way shine with cleanliness. Peter scrutinized the stooping figure as he approached it. It was round and plump and girlish. The scrubber had drawn her skirts away from her ankles with a fastidiousness not common to the average chore woman. Her tucked up draperies left in evidence a neat ankle and a foot to match it. As she plied her mop with spiteful energy two shining braids of yellow hair swayed about the scrubber's shoulders. And that was all that Peter could see.

But, as he came immediately behind her,

he heard sobs—hard, choking sobs. There was no mistaking them. Were not his own ears attuned to all sorrowful sounds?

The girl was in trouble. Perhaps she, too, had buried something near and dear to her, since reaching this great bewildering, deceiving America. He stopped at the foot of the steps. He did not care to push by her in search of the widow Letznov. So he spoke very gently:

"My poor child, you are in trouble. Can I help you in any way?"

The stooping figure straightened itself into quite a commanding height. The girl with the mop faced fiercely toward him, showing a pair of clear gray eyes, glistening with tears. Something in Peter's face checked the tart words trembling on her red, ripe lips. The gathering tears fell slowly over her white lawn bodice as she sobbed out:

"In trouble! Of course I am in trouble, trouble that will never end. Does any one supposed I crossed the wide ocean just to scrub an old woman's front steps for her? But everybody hates me. I have no friends. My last and only friend died on board the ship that brought me to this terrible America. Oh, if he could only have lived until I got used to this unfriendly country, my uncle, my uncle!"

She spoke to him as he had to her, in their own language. Peter Ormsby stood aghast at the torrent of words he had evoked. While the girl was sobbing out her story in a perfect abandon of grief he was repeating to himself Lena Moser's warning: "She must not be young enough to scandalize the neighbors."

He had himself decided that his redemptioner must not be pretty.

This gray-eyed Niobe could scarcely be more than eighteen, and he was quite sure emigrant ship had never imported anything prettier.

"Where is Mrs. Letznov?" he asked, almost violently.

Instead of answering his question the girl bounded down the few steps that separated them, and looked into his face searchingly.

"Is it that you have come here to look for a redemptioner?"

"Yes, but——"

She clasped her hands and appealed to him in their mother tongue;

"Then take me, ah, take me. You look

kind and patient. You are sorry for me, I see it in your eyes. I do not know much but I'll learn. Oh, I will try so hard to learn the things you want me to learn. I never expected to come to this"—with a vicious shake of the mop—"but I am being punished. I ran away because they wanted to make me marry a man I hated. Uncle Hans thought I was right. He told me I might go to America with him, and be his little housekeeper, and he was to pay my passage for me, but Uncle Hans died on shipboard, and somebody must have robbed him and cheated me, for her I am a redemptioner doomed to work five years for that monster of a ship's captain. And then because I cry people get tired of me and send me back here. They think I ought to know everything, and I know nothing, excepting that I am the most miserable girl on earth. Ah, you have so kind a face and if you have ever known trouble——"

Peter Ormsby interrupted her with a bitter little laugh. "If I had ever known trouble? I do not know what it is to be out of it."

"Then you should know how to feel for a broken-hearted girl. What did you want your redemptioner to do? See, I know it all has to be managed. You will have to see the captain of the Wild Duck, and he will sell my time to you. He ought not to sell it at a very high figure, for I am such a good-for-nothing redemptioner. That is what two mistresses have told me that I am. And you will make out indentures and I will sign them saying that I, Bettina Grune, go to you of my own free will to be your faithful bond-maiden until I have paid you back all that you have paid the captain. Only,"—she smiled shyly up into his kind face, "before I sign my indentures I should make sure that I could render you the sort of service you need. I should not like to make a promise to any one that I could not keep."

Mute, flushed, perplexed, Peter Ormsby stood staring down into the upturned pleading face with its lovely eyes and its lips quivering like a little child's.

"Say, good sir, what would I have to do?"

"I have a little hunch-back niece——"

"I would be very good and patient with her."

"And a house that has gone to ruin since all my womankind have left me."

"Dead?"

"All dead!"

"Then you too know what the heart-ache means."

"No one knows better."

"Well, Peter Ormsby!"

Glancing towards an open window behind Bettina, Peter saw the laughing face and heard the sharp tongue of the widow Letznov. He ran up the steps and into the house as if he were fleeing from some overmastering temptation. Bettina stood just where he had left her twining nervous fingers in and out of her yellow plaits. Drawing the widow backward into her little dining room Ormsby spoke right to the point with flushed cheeks and excited voice:

"I want you to help me. You advertise a lot of redemptioners. I want a strong, capable woman. Some one who will be good to my little Freeda when I am at work."

The mistress of the Golden Swan laughed. "Bettina might suit you. She is strong and the girl does not lack sense."

"She is too young."

"And then she is a shrew."

"Ah, no, not with that face. She is unhappy."

"So am I. She has come back from two places already where she was sent on probation. She does not want to scrub floors. What do you think of that? If you took Bettina you would have to carpet all your floors with Brussels because she would not scrub them. A good joke that."

Then Peter spoke up boldly, but the flush did not leave his face.

"I want her for my little Freeda. Freeda must have some one not too old to sympathize with her childish troubles. What is her passage money? What the length of her time?"

"The captain holds her stiffly. You see, she is young and strong. She should have years of good work in her. Moreover, Bettina Grune is handsome and looks count for something."

"I want her for Freeda," Peter repeated stubbornly. "The child must have someone young enough to be companionable."

The widow Letznov smiled broadly.

"Yes, of course, we understand that perfectly. You want her for Freeda. The captain wants fifty pounds for her."

"Fifty pounds?"

"Not a shilling less."

Peter Ormsby dropped his head and brooded. Fifty pounds—two hundred and fifty dollars. Where was it to come from? Sickness and death had not only ravaged his home—it had emptied his purse. There were those senseless Pennsylvania barrens, acres upon acres of them. But who would give him fifty pounds of good money for as many acres of bad land? He had already learned to dread the smile that the mention of his real estate evoked.

But he still had faith in the future of those same unpromising knobs and hillocks. The point was to find some moneyed man to share that faith. He flung his head back almost defiantly. The widow Letznov halted her clicking knitting needles to smile into his handsome face.

"Well, Peter Ormsby?"

"Give me a week, half a week, three days. I think I can—I will get the money by that time. I must get it. You see Bettina would exactly suit Freeda."

The widow gave him a level glance over her glasses.

"Yes, Bettina would suit Freeda exactly. You will find her here. It is not likely she will be snapped up. She is not the sort to go off well. Women do not know how to treat her. There is a lamb and a lion, a shrew and a saint all rolled into one in that girl."

Peter laughed aloud. It must have been that his heart was lightened by finding some one who would suit Freeda. "I'll take the four in a lump for fifty pounds."

When he got outside he found Bettina just where he had left her. She turned wistful eyes on him as he came down the steps. He took her hand and pressed it between both his own.

"My child, I am going to fetch the money for your passage. You are going to become my own little redemptioner. That is, you are going to take charge of Freeda for me. I may not be back tomorrow, nor the next day. Perhaps not for a whole week. But I will come. Do you believe that I will keep my word?"

"I believe in you and I will wait for you. You look kind and true. They shall not sell my time to anybody else. They call me a shrew. I will show them that I can be one if they try to make me take another master. But I will be good to the little hunchback, indeed I will."

Peter dropped her hands and walked hastily away. He was anxious to find a purchaser for those lands. Freeda needed Bettina.

Not that day, nor the next, nor the next could he find in all the goodly city of brotherly love one business man "fool enough" to take any of his knobs and hillocks as security for hard cash. But finally the one wise man was found, and Peter made happy.

It was in Mrs. Letznov's little parlor that he and Bettina met for the second time.

"I have come," he said.

"I knew you would," she said.

"And I have brought your indenture with me. Shall I read it to you?"

"It would be tiresome and would do no good. I am not afraid you will make me serve over my five years. Tell me where to sign my name. That is all I have to do."

"But I insist upon you hearing it."

She looked at him sadly. "Very well, then, if I must listen. I know it will call you my master and me your servant. It sounds ugly and I did not want to hear it, but my master has a right to command."

"It can wait until we can get home," said Peter very gently. "And then, Bettina, if you do not like the sound of it you shall not sign it."

"That is only fair. I should like to see Freeda first. If she does not like me, I will not sign it."

When Peter Ormsby showed Bettina into his little parlor it looked as if the good fairies had been at work upon it. Freeda was dressed in festive white, and the Mosers were on hand. Also, the old white-haired minister, who had entered the Ormsby cottage only on sad errands heretofore. Bettina looked startled at the array of strange faces and curious eyes confronting her. She turned to Peter with trembling fear.

"The indenture now, my master. I am ready to sign it."

The old Lutheran priest stepped forward with the momentous paper in his hand and read sonorously:

"This indenture bearing date the sixteenth day of July, Anno Domini, one thousand eight hundred and seventeen, in the city of Philadelphia, State of Pennsylvania, Witnesseth, that Bettina Grune, of her own free will, hath bound herself servant to Peter Ormsby of the same city, in considera-

tion of the sum of fifty pounds, to be paid to Captain Franz Briel, of the good ship Wild Duck, in compensation for the passage of the said Bettina Grune. The said Bettina doth bind herself unto the said Peter Ormsby for the term of——"

"Wait!"

Peter stepped forward, seized the indenture, made an erasure and an insertion, and held it before Bettina's eyes with his own hand.

"Bettina, will you sign it of your own accord and free will with those alterations in it?"

Bettina glanced at the paper, blushed and dropped her eyes.

"Say, my dear one, will you sign it, now that I have written 'wife' for 'servant,' and made the terms for life?"

And Bettina, lifting clear trusting eyes to his said firmly:

"Of my own free glad will."

It was in the handsomely equipped dining room of some dear Philadelphia friends, a year or two ago that this true story was told me.

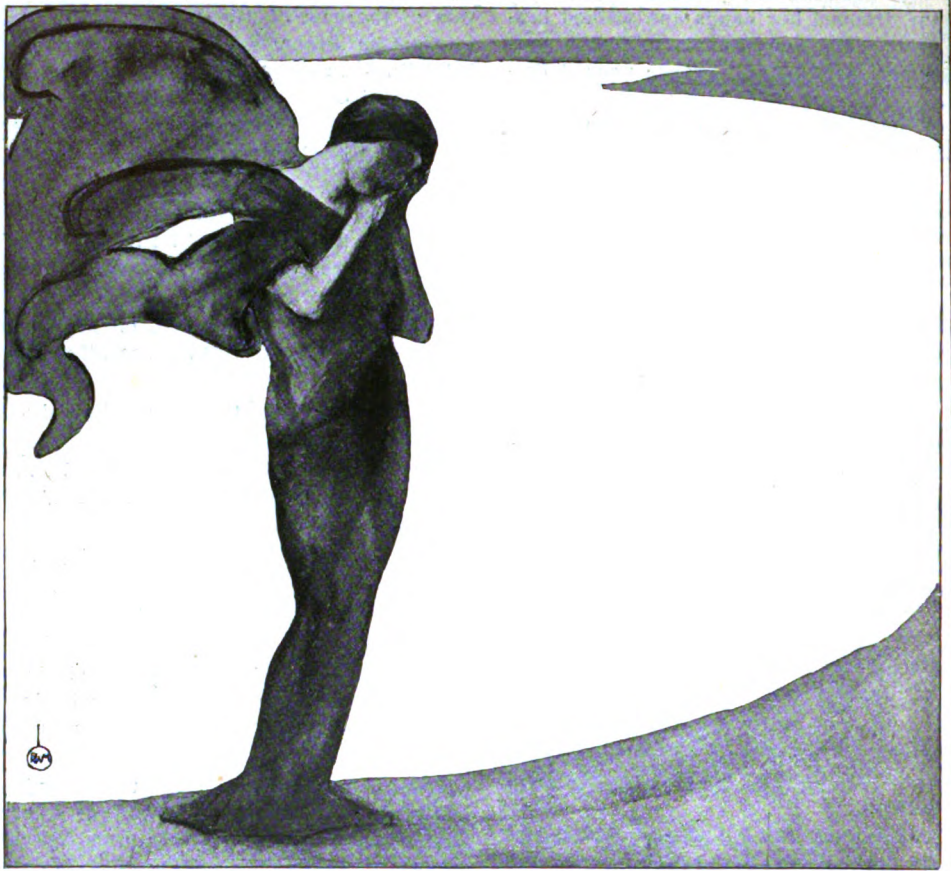
I found my fascinated gaze turning again and again toward the portrait of a very beautiful woman dressed richly and heavily bejeweled after the fashion of a by-gone day.

"And that beautiful dame with the snowy neck and the priceless pearls?" I asked.

"Oh, that is Mrs. Peter Ormsby's portrait. When her husband's barren lands developed into the richest coal fields in the State of Pennsylvania, Peter was a made man, and the man who loaned him the money to invest in a wife was a made man, too."

"And it was your grandfather?"

My friend laughed. "No, my grandfather was one of the sapient ones who declined to be a lender on the knobs. When Ormsby's own faith was justified by events he had portraits of his beautiful spouse in her costliest vesture painted and sent to every man who had snubbed him in that little transaction of investing in a wife. It was a neat bit of sarcasm. That is the way our walls came to be decorated by a picture of the beautiful redemptioner. If only our father's father had not been such a wise man!"



SEA CHANGE

By Herman Scheffauer.

MAID:

THEIR bones toss on the sea-floor stones,
My sailor's and his ship's;
So the tears in my eye are never dry,
So my thoughts are all one unanswered—
Why?

As the tide to seaward slips
Bearing the souls in the ships.
I sob as the sea sobs on the shore,
And the voice in the shell forevermore
Is the voice from his poor, cold lips,—
As the tide to seaward slips
Bearing the souls in the ships.

SWAIN.

Life's storm hath chilled thy heart-blood
warm;

Thy tears drop for the dead;—
With the monsters grim that about him
swim

He lies in the glaze of the sea-caves dim;—
Life and Love roll overhead
And the dead are but the dead.

Give tears to them—to the living give love,
Lock not thyself from the bliss thereof
Whilst the blood runs warm and red.
Life and Love roll overhead
And the dead are but the dead.

MERMAID.

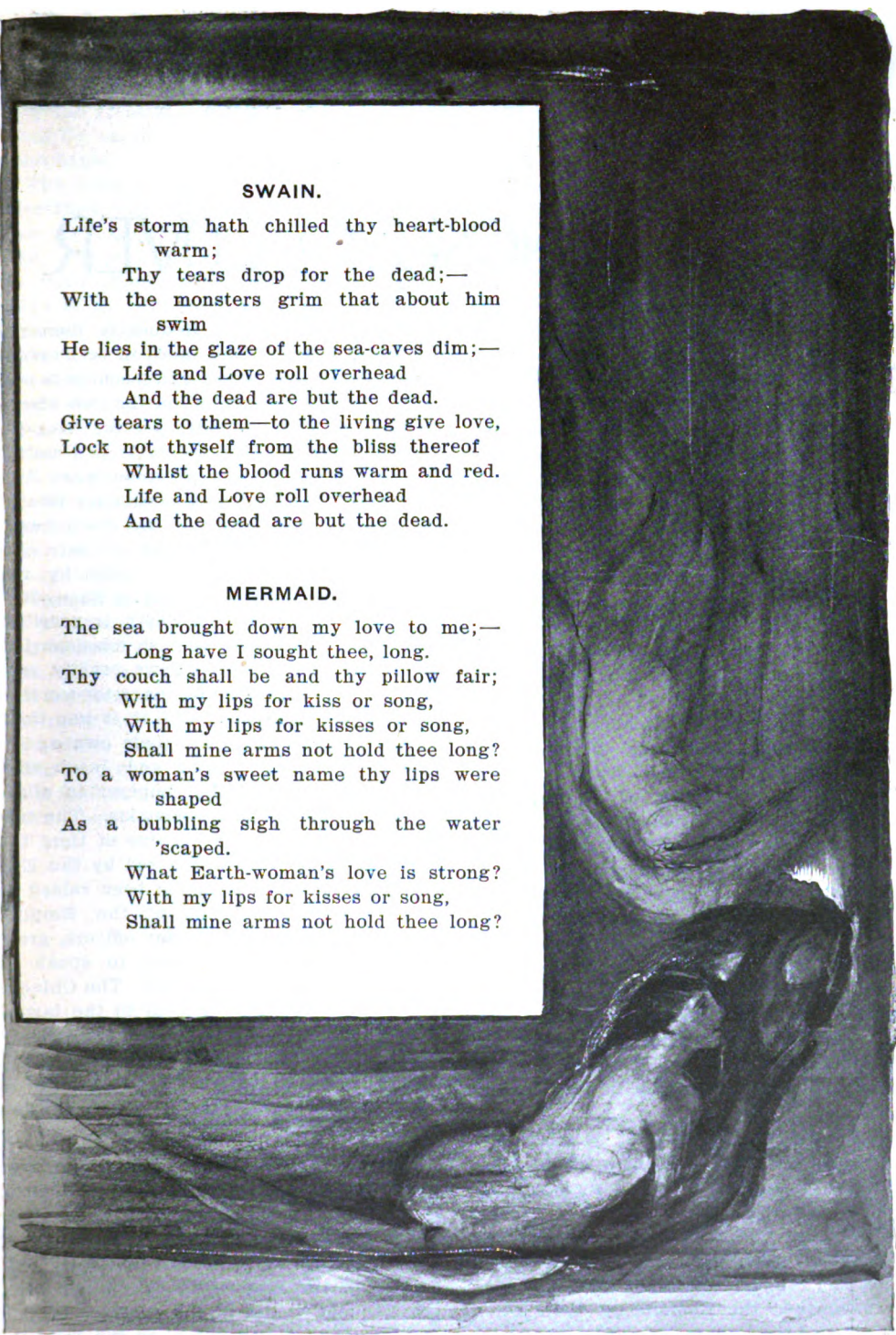
The sea brought down my love to me;—
Long have I sought thee, long.

Thy couch shall be and thy pillow fair;
With my lips for kiss or song,
With my lips for kisses or song,
Shall mine arms not hold thee long?

To a woman's sweet name thy lips were
shaped

As a bubbling sigh through the water
'scaped.

What Earth-woman's love is strong?
With my lips for kisses or song,
Shall mine arms not hold thee long?



CHINESE JEWS

BY A. KINGSLEY CLOVER

IN their wide wanderings over the face of the earth the Jews, at an early day, settled as colonists in China. According to some large marble tablets, discovered in the year 1850, at Kai-fung-fu by two agents of the London Mission, the Jews must have arrived in the Flowery Kingdom at about the beginning of the Christian era. Their first settlement did not number over five thousand souls, but during the succeeding thousand years their numbers were continually augmented by arrivals of Jewish merchants from the West, especially from Persia, Samarkand and Bokhara, in which places the Jews have always been very numerous.

All through what is nominally the vast Chinese Empire, embracing the whole extent of territory from the Pacific Ocean on the east to the confines of Turkestan on the west, from Hindustan on the south to Russian Siberia on the north, the Jews were scattered in large colonies from a remote day. They became the principles of international commerce in the far East, and it was through the Jews that the merchandise of China, especially its costly silks, found a ready market in Rome and other parts of the West. Marco Polo saw Jewish merchants on the borders of China in the thirteenth century, just north of Peking, laden with the commodities of the Western world.

But the Jews that interest us most were those who settled at Kai-fung-fu, in the heart of China, at the very early day above mentioned. By royal permission they became full citizens of the Middle Kingdom, with freedom to worship according to their own ideas and religious principles, provided they acknowledged the Emperor as their ruler, and obeyed the laws of the land. At a much later day a Jewish synagogue or temple was erected at Kai-fung-fu by royal patent, and

this building, though frequently damaged by fire and flood, lasted down to very recent days. The whole story of this colony is told in very profuse language on the two above-mentioned stone tablets, erected respectively in the years 1488 and 1511. As a matter of fact, these records in stone were first discovered by the Jesuit missionary Gozani in 1704, but the Western world never heard much about them or learned of their contents until rediscovered in 1850 by the agents of the London Mission at Shang-Hai, at which time they were both transcribed and translated by two English missionaries. They show us that the Jews readily conformed to the prevalent ancestor-worship of the Chinese people. In fact, it was their well-known reverence for their own ancestors like Abraham, Isaac and Jacob that moved the heart of the Emperor to allow the Jews to settle in his domains. The tablets also tell us that in course of time the Israelites were greatly honored by the Emperor, many of them having been raised to the rank of mandarins of the Empire. Some became State and army officers, great scholars and physicians, not to speak of rich and influential merchants. The Chinese Jews have always been loyal to the lawful government, and during the Mongol dynasty in the fourteenth century, they were found fighting for the native "Ming" family in its uprising against the foreign usurpers of the present Tartar dynasty.

The city of Kai-fung-fu, where the first large Jewish colony fixed their residence, is situated on the Hwang-Ho, or Yellow River, about three hundred miles south of the capital, Pe-King. It lies in a very rich portion of the Empire, though it has been the frequent victim of the overflow of this great river of North China, on the embankments of which the Emperors for ages have spent millions of dollars, with a sacrifice

of uncounted millions of human lives, in their vain attempts to control its ravages. It was in this city that Jewish activity was the greatest, although other cities, like Ning-Po, on the sea-coast, had other Jewish merchants.

The Jews of Kai-fung-fu in time became so identified with the native Chinese population as to practically lose their racial identity. They intermarried with the Chinese to some extent, and at last lost all knowledge of the Hebrew language. Just before the arrival of the agents of the London mission these sons of Abraham had become so reduced in numbers and wealth that they were obliged to sell the materials of their partially ruined synagogue in order to buy bread.

At present there are no more than three or four hundred Jews at Kai-fung-fu, and beyond a few traditions they have no knowledge of themselves as a distinct people. They look and dress like the native Chinese, although possessing a more Semitic cast of face, and, like all subjects of the reigning Manchu royal house they wear the Manchu pig-tail. This remnant of the original settlers now hold no religious services, their last rabbi having died about fifty years ago, while they have also forgotten the old Hebrew prayers. The Kai-fung-fu Jews live in a kind of community, as in the old European ghettos, where they carry on various

trades, and, as in other parts of the world, enter largely into the business of money-changing and money-lending. They still possess some sacred books which are kept in a safe place and duly revered, though not understood. In the center of the synagogue enclosure stands to-day a large stone with an inscription on it, a part of which reads "Ichabod"—i. e., "the glory is departed!" All around is now desolation—a scene of fallen pillars, broken cornices, and blocks of masonry.

The little colony still dwelling in the heart of this great metropolis, know, of course, that they are not Chinamen, but that is about all they realize, although they still cling to their belief in One Only God.

Perhaps by means of the present vast uprising in China, the Jews still there may come into contact with the West, and be again communicated with as in the days of old, when they carried on the vast trade across Asia to Europe. Surely a "pig-tailed" Jew would be a personage worth seeing.

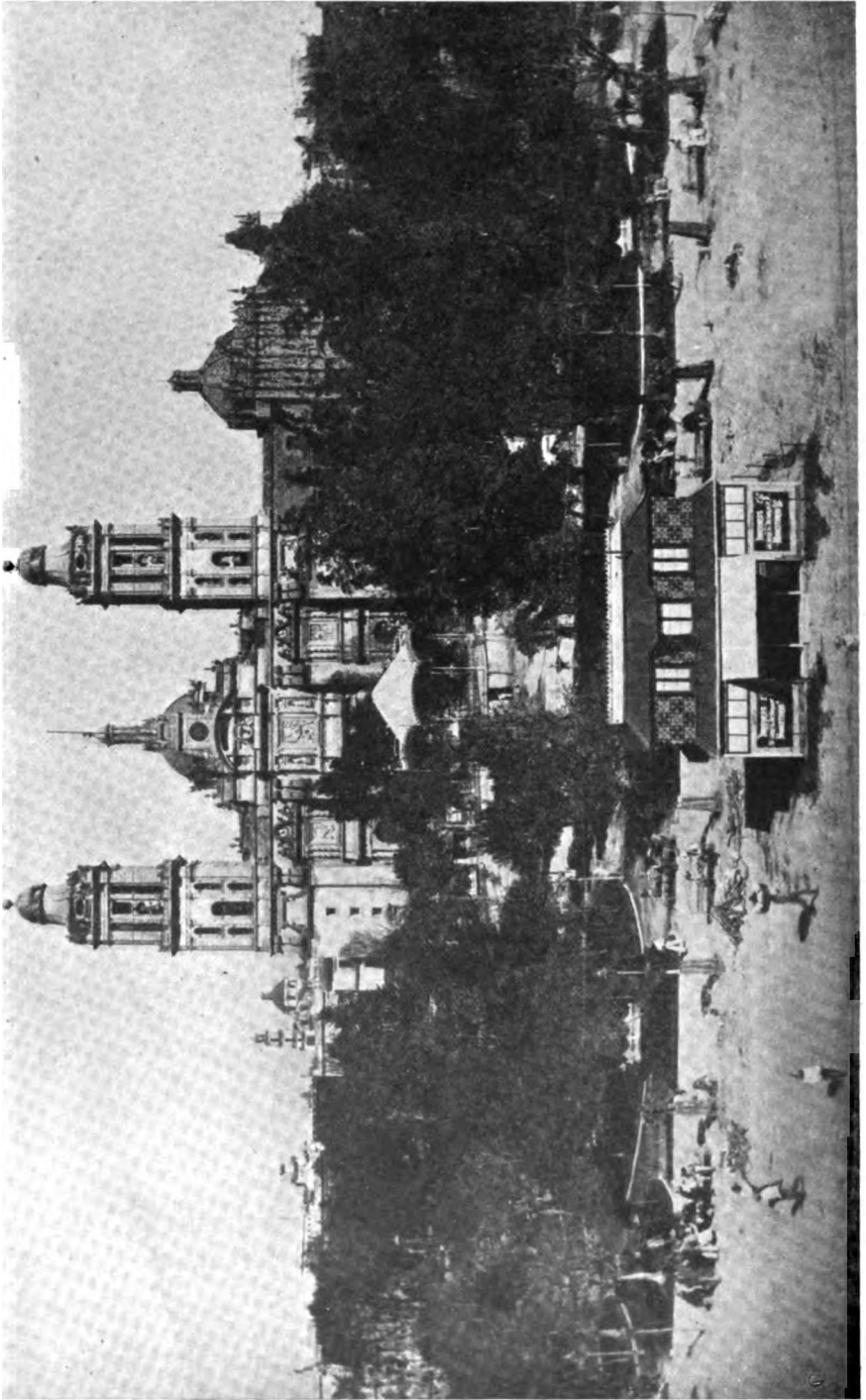
Modern Jewish settlements have taken place in the coast cities, some of the great commercial houses engaged in Oriental and European trade being wholly Jewish. In the coming resurrection of the commerce of China with America and Europe, Gentiles must not forget that it will be necessary to reckon with the sons of Israel in the various lines of competition.

ANSWERED.

BY ELINOR MERRILL.

A poet, learned in the tricks of rhyme
 And rhythm; one whose practised touches played
 On language as on bells that peal or chime,
 Unsatisfied besought the gods for aid.

Death smote a dear one, more to him than fame
 Or life itself, and then before his art
 The whole world rose, to greet with mad acclaim
 The words that Grief brought quivering from his brain.



Constitution Square and Cathedral, Mexico.

THE AZTEC CALENDAR STONE.

BY ADELIA H. TAFFINDER.

ZUMARRAGA, the first archbishop of Mexico, and the missionaries, in the 16th century, in their fanatical zeal to establish Christianity in the New World, considered the presence of the Aztec hieroglyphs and monuments as an invincible obstacle to the abolition of idolatry. Consequently they destroyed every record and every idol that came in their reach or under their power.

Later the kings of Spain and the viceroys of Mexico endeavored to protect the remaining records, and gathered together in the viceregal archives whatever of this nature was judged to be of interest. Thus, some of the antiquities are preserved, and can be seen in the National Museum in the City of Mexico. The majority of the grand monuments of Aztec antiquity have been unearthed in that city.

In 1521, Cortez concluded the conquest of Mexico by pulling down the Aztec temples. The Calendar Stone and many large idols, and other objects of worship, were buried in the surrounding marshes of the city by order of the Christian monks to hide them from the eyes of the heathen.

In 1551, the Stone was discovered and was reinterred in 1558. It is chronicled that after the second interment it was entirely forgotten until December, 1790, when, in lowering the grade of the ancient pavement of the Great Plaza in front of the Cathedral, this notable monument was re-discovered.

The wardens of the cathedral begged it of the viceroy, who promised that it should be preserved and exposed in a public place. They built it into the base of the southwestern tower of the cathedral, and there it remained until August, 1885.

It has always been considered the property of the National Museum, where after weeks of laborious moving, it reached its present resting place.

Alexandar von Humboldt calculated that it weighed 53,792 pounds avoirdupois. It is 11 feet 8 inches in diameter, and is fine-grained basalt. From a painting in the Codex-Mendocino, the Calendar Stone is rep-

resented to have been moved by means of a long file of men, who dragged it with ropes over great wooden rollers.

Tezozomoc, the native Indian historian, in 1564 describes the purpose, and securing of this stone. He states that in 1478, two years before the death of King Axayacatl "who in that epoch ruled the world," that the temple in which great sacrifices were to be made, was nearing completion. The King sent forth a decree: "I will give food and raiment to the laborers that will bring me a great rock, and I will give gold, chocolate, and painted cloths to the sculptors who will engrave upon it the image of the sun surrounded with our zodiacal signs." This Indian historian describes quite graphically how the laborers sallied forth to the mountains and broke off a "great fragment of a rock, 5,000 men dragged it along." When they reached a bridge, alas, the beams were broken into a thousand pieces, and the rock fell into the water.

Then the King was very wroth and said: "Make a new bridge with double beams and stages, and tear me out a new fragment from the mountains of Coyoacan; bring also another rock and make of it a vase in which shall be caught the blood that will issue from the sacrificial stone, as an offering of reconciliation to our god.

"The rocks were torn out of the mountain side, dragged to Tenochtitlan (City of Mexico), passed the bridge of Zoloc safely, and were duly dedicated with great festivities, and sacrifices. King Axayacatl invited the rulers of all the neighboring friendly nations to be present at the ceremonies of its dedication, which took place in the year Two House, or 1481 A. D. The thirteen priests of the thirteen principal gods of Mexico, armed with their obsidian knives for the sacrifice, ascended the stone before dawn of the day of its inauguration. Seven hundred and twenty-eight captives, reserved from those taken in the battle of Tliluh-tepec, decked with gay plumage, were placed near the stone. At sun-rise a priest with a pot of smoking incense marched four times around the stone, and then threw the pot

upon it to be shattered to pieces." Immediately the king ascended to the rock and began the sacrifice by tearing out the hearts of the victims, throwing them into the stone vase mentioned by the historian Tezozomoc, and now in the National Museum in Mexico. When the King had thus sacrificed fifty-two men, he was followed by the thirteen priests in succession, until seven hundred and twenty-eight prisoners were slain. The historian states that the King drank and ate of the flesh of the victims to

excess, and that this debauch was the cause of his death.

This unique calendar can be better understood by a brief narration of the Aztec method of computing time. Clarigero, in his *Historia Antigua de Mexico*, published in 1780, says that in respect to civil Government, the Aztecs divided the month into four periods of five days, and the year was comprised of eighteen months.

Each day had its name, to wit: 1st, Dawn; 2d, Wind; 3d, House; 4th, Lizard, 5th, Ser-



CALENDARIO AZTECA Ó PIEDRA DEL SOL.
 EN EL MES DE DICIEMBRE DEL AÑO DE 1790
 AL PRACTICARSE LA NIVELACION PARA EL NUEVO
 EMPEDRADO DE LA PLAZA MAYOR DE ESTA CAPITAL
 FUE DESCUBIERTO ESTE MONOLITO Y COLOCADO
 DESPUES AL PIE DE LA TORRE OCCIDENTAL DE LA
 CATEDRAL POR EL LADO QUE VE AL PONIENTE
 DE CUYO LUGAR SE TRASLADO A ESTE MUSEO
 NACIONAL EN AGOSTO DE 1895.

Aztec Calendar Stone.

pent; 6th, Death; 7th, Deer; 8th, Rabbit, and so on. The 5th, 10th, 15th, and 20th were fair or great market days.

To represent month they painted a circle or wheel, divided into twenty figures, signifying twenty days. The year was represented by a larger wheel, divided into eighteen figures of the eighteen months, and the image of the moon was frequently painted within this wheel.

The number 13 was held in high esteem by these ancient Mexicans. The four periods of which the century consisted were each of thirteen years. They were the Rabbit, Reed, Flint, and House. They likewise reckoned thirteen periods of four years each, at the expiration of each of which they made extraordinary festivals.

This scholarly historian states that when the excess of a few hours in the solar above the civil year was discovered, intercalary days were used to form an equality. The difference in regard to the method established by Julius Caesar in the Roman Calendar was that they did not interpose a day every four years, but thirteen days every fifty-two years, which produced the exact regulation of time.

At the expiration of the century all the nations of that empire participated in a solemn celebration. The sacred fire of all the temples and hearthstones was extinguished. Every vessel, earthen pot, or kitchen utensil, was broken into fragments, in preparation for the end of the world, which at the termination of each century was expected with terror. The priests, clothed in various dresses and ensigns of their gods, accompanied by a vast crowd of people, issued from the temple out of the city, directing their way towards the mountain of Popocatepetl. Their journey was regulated by observation of the stars, in order that they might arrive at the mountain, a little before midnight, on the top of which the new fire was to be kindled.

During this solemn journey thousands of human beings were waiting in utmost suspense and solicitude, hoping on the one hand to find from the new fire a new century granted to mankind, and fearing on the other hand the total destruction of mankind, if the fire, by divine interference, should not be permitted to kindle.

The faces of little children were covered with the leaves of the aloe, to prevent their

being transformed into mice. Those who were able, mounted terraces and houses to observe the ceremony.

The grand priest had exclusive right to kindle this hope-restoring fire. The instruments for this purpose were two pieces of wood, and the place on which the fire produced from them was the breast of some brave prisoner whom they sacrificed.

As soon as the fire was kindled they all at once exclaimed with joy, and a huge fire was made on the mountain that it might be seen from a great distance; in which they afterwards burned the victim whom they had sacrificed. Immediately they took up portions of the sacred fire, and strove with each other who should carry it most speedily to their houses. The priests carried it to the greater temple of Mexico, from whence all the inhabitants of that capital were supplied.

During the thirteen days which followed the renewal of the fire (which were intercalary days, interposed between the past and ensuing century, to adjust the year with the course of the sun), they employed themselves in repairing and whitening the public and private buildings, and in furnishing themselves with new dresses and domestic utensils, in order that everything might be new, or have that appearance, upon the commencement of the new century. On the first day of the new year, and new century, it was unlawful to taste water before mid-day. At that hour the sacrifices began, the number of which was suited to the grandeur of the festival.

Every place resounded with the voice of gladness and mutual congratulation on account of the new century, which heaven had granted to them.

Ancient historians state that the first intercalation in the Aztec Calendar took place sixteen centuries previous to the arrival of the Spaniards. Huehuetlapallan, an Aztec city, is recorded to have had the honor of this event. The Aztecs commenced using their calendar 483 years before the ultimate adoption of the Julian calendar at Rome.

In studying the evolution of the system of computing time, used by the various Oriental nations, we find a striking resemblance.

The Asiatics and the Aztecs indicated the year by its sign, as the year of the House,

or Flint. The Chinese had sixty years in their cycle, in five divisions of twelve years each, giving the name of a familiar animal to each year: 1, Mouse; 2, Ox; 3, Leopard, etc. The Thibetans, Tartars, and Japanese have nearly the same as the Chinese. The lunar calendar of the Hindoos corresponds very closely with that of the Aztecs, viz., Serpent, Reed, Monkey, Flint Knife, Path of the Sun, Dog, and House.

Two things seem strange in regard to the Mexican system: the one is that they did not regulate their months by the changes of the moon; the other that they used no particular character to distinguish one century from another.

The Aztecs were very superstitious in regard to Zodaical signs, and predicted the good or bad fortune of infants from the signs under which they were born.

The happiness or misfortune of marriages, the success of wars, and of every other thing in fact, was predicted from the day on which they were undertaken or put into execution.

For instance, if a merchant wished to undertake a journey, he endeavored to begin it on some day of that period during which the sign Coatli (serpent) ruled, and then he was promised success in his commercial transactions. Those who were born under the sign of the eagle were suspected to prove mockers and slanderers, if they were males; if females, loquacious and impudent.

Of the hours the third and seventh in the daytime were good omens; the 4th, 5th, 6th, and 8th of the day, and the 1st of the night were bad; and the others indifferent. Their influence varied according to their correspondence with the signs of the day. The hours were announced from the heights of temples by means of conch shells blown by priests. There was no month in which the Mexicans did not celebrate some festival or other, and indeed that custom of festa days, occurring so frequently, exists at the present time in Mexico. The ancient festivals were dedicated to the gods. On the second day of the first month they made a great festival to Tlaloc, accompanied with sacrifices of children, who were purchased for that occasion. These children were not sacrificed all at once, but successively, in the course of three months, which corresponded to those of March and April, to obtain from this god the rains

which were necessary for their maize.

Clarigero, minutely describes these barbarous festivals of each month of the year. The fifth month was given entirely to these feasts and human sacrifices to the gods. Those years which had the Rabbit for their denominative character, were called "divine years," and were solemnly celebrated. "The sacrifices were on such occasions more numerous, the obligations more abundant, and the dances more solemn."

The entire face of "The Aztec Calendar" was painted red to indicate that it was dedicated to the sun. It received its name from the celebrated Mexican archaeologist, Don Antonio Leon y Gama, who described it in 1792. The native inhabitants of the city of Mexico call it "El Relox de los Indios," or the "Indian Clock." Senor Alfredo Chavero, the most distinguished modern archaeologist of Mexico, has re-christened it "The Rock of the Sun." He has made an exhaustive study of this wonderful stone, which is available in his "Mexico a Traves de los Siglos." The stern face with its grotesque ear-adornments, massive necklace, and protruding tongue—symbolizes the Aztec representation of the sun.

The hieroglyph on the forehead is the sign of the year Two Reeds. The four parallelograms contained in the second large circle, according to Aztec mythology, indicate that the sun had died four times.

The chronographic signs of the Aztecs were: 1st, Age of the Water; 2d, Age of the Air; 3d, Age of the Fire; 4th, Age of the Earth. They have been interpreted in this manner: Age of Water, submerging of the continent of Atlantis; Age of Air, the glacial epoch; Age of Fire, eruptions of volcanoes; Age of the Earth, beginning 4431 B. C., and ending 1312 A. D. These four large squares above mentioned as "Deaths of the Sun," include these four great ages. The four squares, also represent the four seasons which correspond to those of our own.

In 1312, in commemoration of the founding of the City of Mexico, the people decided that they were worthy of a fifth Sun, which should pertain to them alone. They selected the eagle as the symbol, because one of their prophets had in a vision been told that "where an eagle poised upon the cactus, with the serpent in its claws, with the blue sky above, and the blue waters beneath," there they should build this great

city. The two lateral characters, therefore, at each side of the central face are eagle talons, representing that the Sun of the Fifth Age is soaring in the Zenith. Each claw contains five hieroglyphs and four dots, representing the eighteen months of the year.

The dots and glyphs in the central figure amount to seventy-two in number, which is the number of priests' years that equal the cycle of fifty-two civil years. The third circle contains the twenty signs of the days of the month.

The twelfth day, Herb, is strikingly peculiar, as it is represented by a convoluous twined around a death's head in the manner in which the heroes slain in battle were crowned.

Around the days of the month is a border of graduates—each one with five dots and a smaller border of glyphs. Eight V-shaped rays spring from this border, representing the eight "hours" of the Aztec day, and eight triple-headed arches representing the

eight hours of the Aztec night. The diurnal period was divided into sixteen hours, each hour containing ninety minutes in our reckoning of time. These hours, according to the hieroglyphs on other monuments, were subdivided into halves and quarters. It is interesting to note some of the suggestive names given to the hours. The first hour was at 6 a. m., the Rising Sun; 2d, the Fading Moon; 3d, the Goddess of Water; 4th, the Path of the Sun; 5th, Venus; 6th, (which corresponds to our 1.30 p. m.) to the God of the Dead, on whom the sun went to shine at night; 7th, the Earth; 8th, the Thunder God. The hours of the night were as beautifully named.

From the open mouth of the serpents, at the bottom of the rock, two faces issue. They are crowned with plumes of stars. The face on the left, archaeologists aver, is the Sun, and the one on the right is the planet Venus. On the apparent movements of these two planets were based the chronological combinations of the Aztecs.

The Light That Blinded.

BY LOU RODMAN TEEPLE.

IT was very dark, and Slugging Sam was glad of the darkness. He had rejoiced in the absence of light before, when he wanted to "go through" some jay who had been decoyed to that row of ill-favored buildings that huddled in the vicinity of the docks. Then, too, he had objected to a light when he helped to unload the little sloop whose cargo usually escaped the attention of the revenue officers. But never was the darkness so welcome as to-night, when Pauline stole down to where he waited, and shoved the child into the boat with him.

"I'll wait up for you with something warm to drink," she whispered, and for one moment her lips touched his dry, parched mouth, sending a thrill through every nerve, that made him almost lift the boat from the water with his mighty strokes.

He would do it, just as he had done everything the girl had asked of him since he stepped into the little den where she was selling temperance drinks that made men drunk and an easy prey to the card sharps who paid Pauline a bonus on each victim. But even the fleeced men returned again and again to gaze on the woman's dazzling beauty, to be maddened by the Oriental softness of her black eyes, the seductive curve of her lips, the marble beauty of her throat and arms, and, more than all, by the ripple of her laughter, the witchery of her words. That was in the days when her little Irish step-mother lay dying in the back room, telling everyone who took the time to listen, that little Maggie "wad be ayeress to five hunerd pound, gin the saints purtict her 'tell she be av age." And when the mother died she had made a legal will

that left the five hundred pounds to Pauline if she were kind to her little half-sister, and the child should not attain her majority. No one enquired whether Pauline were kind to the child or not, but the whole row knew when she fell in love with Slugging Sam.

Something in his great strength and masterful vehemence caught the girl's ungoverned fancy, and she would have gone to the scaffold with him sooner than to a throne with any other man. It was more for him than for herself that she wanted the five hundred pounds to start a beer garden. She could see herself in a red dress with bracelets on her beautiful arms, admired by all, but always most admired by her great strong man, who had fung the bully of the docks over his head, and could toss a barrel of ale as a boy would a ball.

So it came to be a dally thought with her that little Maggie was to fall off the docks and drift lifeless and cold among the weeds and ropes that the tide brought in.

But it was not so easy to make Sam willing to do his part; he had always a kind word for the little orphan, and shrank from Pauline's request, though she explained over and over again that it was only a row out far enough so no frightened scream would reach the shore, and throw the child out of the boat. She would do it herself only she would be missed from the bar at night. At last she was forced to call him a coward, and to threaten to marry the Captain of the Raven, who courted her so boldly. A fierce desire to slug the wily Captain rose in the thing that did duty for the big boatman's heart; but he saw that he would be no nearer winning Pauline even if he gratified this desire, as she promised to wed him as soon as little Maggie was buried, but flatly refused to do so on any other conditions.

After all, it was an easy thing to do, and there was no danger of discovery, he said to himself, as he rowed swiftly away from the red harbor lights that leered through the darkness like great blood-shot eyes.

"Be's you tired Sam?" the low childish voice boomed on his ears like the sound of a cannon.

"No," but how strangled and unnatural his voice sounded. The child slipped from the seat and crept to his side. Deftly dodging the hand with which he was pulling the oar, she climbed to his knee, and putting her little cheek against his, she said, "You be's

tryin' not to cry, Sam; I often does that; then it chokes in here," laying her little fingers softly on his bull throat. "I know Pauline hurts you with the hard stick and with her eyes as she does with me; but don't cry, Sam, I loves you and I'se your own little Maggie."

He tried to put her away, but she clung to him with the loving faith of childhood; but he was only trying to hide his tears, and by-and-bye he let the oars drop and sat still listening to her childish prattle. The darkness drew still thicker, the black water lapped hungrily at the side of the boat, and the child shivered with cold. Mechanically he took off his coat and wrapped her in it; he felt the little head nestling above his heavily beating heart, the soft dimpled hands stroking his face as she told him how lonely she was without her sick mamma, and how she had no one but Sam to love her now. Then the moon rose suddenly from the black water and glowed like a great white fire, that lighted up the child's face with a pale radiance as she cried out that her dead mother was looking at her from the sky. The boatman set her in the bottom of the boat and pulled doggedly back to the shore. It was long past midnight when Pauline opened the door for him, and when she saw the child in his arms her rage knew no bounds. She threatened to denounce him for past crimes to the officers of the law; she vowed she would give a favorable answer to the Captain, and she stood at the bar of the "Shady Side" next day, laughing as she drank mild ale against the Captain's whiskies, while he chucked her under the chin. In her heart she hated him for his assurance, and resolved that Sam should beat him for it on another day; but now she knew that the boatman was watching them through the dirty window, and she passed him on her return without a look. He followed her gloomily, and, when they were at the door, she asked him with cutting scorn if he wanted her help in a fight with a child.

"I'll kill that Captain," he said, breathing heavily.

"You kill him?" she laughed scornfully; "You dare not toss a kitten out of a boat," but she drew him into the house and closed the door. An hour later when he came out he was saying:

"Get your wedding finery, an' speak to fid-

ding Billy, for there'll be no flinchin' this time; she'll be a corpse when the tide fetches in its bodles again."

Neither of them spoke when she put the child in his boat that night, but when she pressed his hand she shivered because it was like the clammy coldness of the drowned. He did not look back at the harbor lights to-night; he stared straight ahead and pulled with a desperate energy that brought the sweat in great drops upon his low forehead.

He did not see the child leaving her seat; he did not know she was coming till she crept under the oars and nestled in his breast.

"Be's you goin' to take me to wide every night, Sam, mavourneen?" she asked as she pressed her cheek to his. The little cheek was wet with tears, and the little mouth that tried to still its quivering as she kissed him, made something in his soul stir into the first life it had ever felt.

"Sam," she said, with pretty confidence in his interest in her, "Sister Pauline doesn't want me; I knows she doesn't and only for you I'd have no one but my guardian angel to care for me."

"Your what?" he remembered to have heard something about angels, but he had never supposed they approached the docks.

Softly the child told him the story of the guardian angels that her little Irish mother had so often related to her, and with a faith that carried conviction to his mind, she explained that he, too, was watched and wept over by a faithful angel.

He could not help listening, and in his ignorant way he felt that his shrinking from murder was the restraining touch of some mighty spirit; and all the while he knew that he must do it, for he saw no way, no life except that of the docks, and life without Pauline was worse than any death. He tried to understand what the child was telling of

the spirit that never dies, but his mind could not take it in. Then the moon rose and looked upon them with a blinding white light that seemed to show the murderous deed in his heart to a thousand watching angels who whispered that the child would not be dead though he drowned her each night for ages. He let the boat drift without knowing when he dropped the oars; the moonlight and the thought of immortality blinded him, while the sense of hurry maddened him, as it came with the insistent thought that Pauline was watching for his return, wondering why he staid so long. All round him stretched the mysterious whiteness of the moon-lit water; but close to the boat where his shadow fell it was black as ink. Not the throbbing of a steam-tug or dip of an oar broke the breathless stillness. The child's head sank on his shoulder and she slept. He pressed his rough, bearded cheek to her innocent face and rose, swaying in the boat as he stood. He had no definite purpose—all was confusion in his mind; he could clearly grasp but one condition—he could not face Pauline with the deed undone, and—he could not do it.

He drew the coat over the child's face that the moonlight made so white, and holding her close to his bosom, sprang into the dark water. It closed over his head as a cloud passed over the moon; when the cloud passed, the moonlight touched with silver some bubbles that were rising to the surface of the water.

When the tide came in again, a girl with wild, agonized eyes, tore her long black hair and shrieked as the dock-hands lifted Slugging Sam's heavy dead body from the drift and laid it on the dripping boards.

"He was a strong swimmer," they said. "But then, what chance had he with little Maggie clasped so close in his arms?"





Coffee tree and berries.

COFFEE CULTURE IN MEXICO.

BY LAURENCE M. TERRY.

MEXICO, while one of the greatest coffee producing countries in the world, oddly enough furnishes only small proportion of her coffee-crop to native consumers, the greater part of it being shipped as fast as grown and cured to her neighboring Republic, the United States of America.

The Mexicans themselves have never been coffee-drinkers,—this is partly due to the fact that the aromatic bean has been grown by them for only about a hundred years: besides they have for so long been accustomed to the use of atole, chocolate, and pulque, that coffee does not appeal to them as it does to the Anglo-Saxon and the various European and Asiatic peoples, all of whom consume it in large quantities.

Chocolate, which Mexicans as a rule drink in preference to coffee, is, unlike that latter, indigenous to Mexico, from whence it was first introduced into Europe in the year 1770. Long before the Spanish Conquest of Mexico, the Aztecs and those other prehistoric races of Mexico, prepared the beverage by mixing the ground seeds of the cacao with "certain spices" and fine corn meal: the resultant drink they called "chocolatl," a name which has since been corrupted into the present day "chocolate." And even to this day, the high-class Mexicans, the "hot country" people of Mexico, and even the half-civilized Indian of the remote interior places, remain faithful to their "chocolatl."

Pulque, the fermented product of the maguey plant, which is imbibed very largely by the Mexicans of the table lands, can hardly be classed as a "beverage"—rather is it an "intoxicant." For, while it cheers, it also inebriates to an alarming extent, and to its inordinate use is largely attributed the almost brutalized condition of its peon imbibers, whose moral, mental and physical stamina is of the very lowest.

Foreigners traveling in the peon-populated portions of the Mexican Republic are often puzzled over their inability to obtain a cup of coffee, even though they may at the time be in the midst of extensive

coffee regions. Chocolate one can always have, no matter how small or poor the Indian meson may be: atole, (also a beverage of the Aztecs) is generally to be found any and everywhere, while *te de ojus* or orange leaf tea (made by pouring hot water on orange leaves) can be purchased in both the "hot" and "cold" countries of Mexico.

As has been stated, coffee is not indigenous to Mexico: the aromatic bean had never been seen there until about the year 1800, when a rich Spanish planter who had grown coffee in the West Indies, conceived the idea of trying it in Mexico. His experiment turned out to be more than successful: other Mexican *hacendados* or planters became imbued with the coffee-growing enthusiasm, and the cultivation of coffee in Mexico has so developed during the last ninety years that to-day it forms one of the Republic's principal industries—an industry, moreover, which is a very profitable one.

Perhaps one of the most encouraging features in coffee growing is that, in Mexico, the shrub flourishes almost equally well at different altitudes, and in varying climates, from the temperate plains of Puebla to the hot, damp lowlands of Vera Cruz, Oaxaca, Tabasco, and even the Isthmus. However, in the extreme Northern States of Chihuahua, Coahuila and Nuevo Leon, coffee would not be apt to thrive, owing to the cold weather, frosts and snows frequent there, and which are almost unknown in the more tropical Southern Mexican States.

In Mexico are grown two different varieties of coffee, according to the varying altitudes and climates. That which thrives best in the temperate or table-lands is the "coffee arabica," which is something like Mocha. It is a hardy, shrubby evergreen, varying in height from five to seven feet, and is rather less easily affected by adverse weather or other contingencies than the hot-country variety, which is similar to the Java coffee-shrub. The later particularly flourishes well in the hot moist climate of Vera Cruz and the Isthmus, where the trees grow to a considerable height, and where danger from blight, from insects or frosts being

eliminated, the returns from its cultivation are particularly remunerative and gratifying.

Possibly the greatest drawback to coffee-growing lies in the fact that, where a plantation is newly cleared and cultivated, from four to five years is needed for the entire process. And where a man is impatient for results, or wishes to realize more quickly from his labors, this one fact would prove prohibitive. On already established plantations, which are in full bearing, this drawback naturally does not figure at all.

However, to "begin at the beginning":

In Mexico, coffee plants are mostly propagated by seeds, and the seedlings are either raised in small beds or nurseries, or planted under the shade of cultivated trees. These seedlings are never transplanted into their patches until they are at least eight months old, at which time they are generally strong and hardy. When transplanted, they are placed at certain set distances from each other, so that the trees, upon reaching their full growth, will not encroach upon one another's territory. Generally, the little plants are set from six to ten feet apart.

Once having been transplanted, the only necessary caution is to keep the treelets free from weeds, shading them upon occasion from the too hot rays of the sun, also

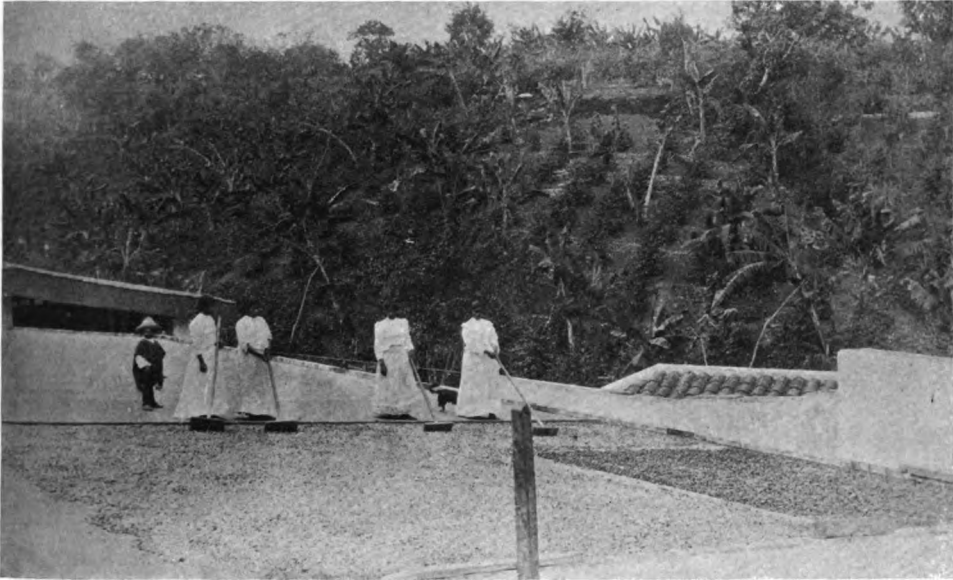
topping and pruning them (but this only at the option of the grower, since coffee-growers do not approve of the pruning and topping process) in order to confine the sap to the parent bush and lower limbs, thereby preventing the "running to weed" which would otherwise be the case.

Coffee trees rarely flower before they have been transplanted for twenty months, they being then from three to four years old. At that time, their foliage is a vivid, lustrous green, the blooms and subsequent berries growing along the twigs sometimes in small clusters, though oftener in single blooms and berries. It is generally during the months of January, February and March that the coffee bushes begin to break out into small fragrant white blooms, which in turn (about July or later) are superseded by the small green berries. In September these berries begin to mature: by the end of October and November, they are quite ripe; then the picking and harvesting begins.

When ripe, the coffee berries are a deep red, or reddish-brown in color, and their picking is perforce a slow and tedious process, since each berry must be picked by hand, one at a time, each one being dropped as it is picked, into the basket which the picker—generally a peon woman or child—wears suspended from the neck. For such work the picker is paid at the rate of twen-



A coffee plantation.



Drying berries.

ty-five cents per basket of berries (about twelve cents United States currency) each basket containing from ten to fifteen pounds of coffee.

The first yield of a coffee tree is generally from two to four ounces per year: the second crop yields twice as much, and the third crop, when it is in full bearing, is double the yield of the previous year, running as high as 1.5 pounds. Coffee planters consider that one pound of berries per tree is an average return. This, however, is a very conservative estimate, since in most cases and particularly in the tropical States of Oaxaca, Chiapas and Vera Cruz, reports very often show a yield of five pounds of coffee to the tree!

The picking of a coffee crop being concluded, the next process is to dry, hull and prepare it for marketing. This, when carried out in the native fashion, is of necessity a lengthy proceeding. Many foreign-owned coffee plantations in accessible regions, such as Jalapa, Coatepec, Cordoba, and even on the Isthmus, where there are penetrating railway and steamboat lines, employ modern machinery for the cleaning, hulling and preparing of coffee. In other more remote districts, where there are no railways or steamer lines, freight rates per pack mules

and burros are so high as to be absolutely prohibitive: in these cases, up-to-date methods are perforce let alone, and the old-fashioned processes of drying, hulling, and fanning, are used.

In the preliminary drying, all berries gathered during one day are placed on *petates* or straw mats, on which they are spread in thin layers, none of them being allowed to pile up. Next day, when the sun is fully up, these berries are removed from the mats to the drying yard or *patio*, where they are again spread out in thin layers. While on this drying *patio*, the berries are constantly stirred about and turned over many times, so as to render them quite dry. Afterwards follows flailing, or threshing in the native fashion, in which the peons merely tread on the coffee with their bare feet, thereby roughly separating the chaff or outer husk from the berry.

In the last and final cleaning, the natives place the berries in a large stone mortar. After being well pounded therein, the husk is separated from the berry by being poured from a basket poised on the cleaner's shoulder on to a mat below, the chaff being fanned from the stream of coffee while it is pouring slowly to the ground, both by the breeze, and by the rapid fanning of a *palma*



Laborer's hut in plantation.

or fan held in the cleaner's other hand.

Naturally, the up-to-date coffee-planters who use instead of the above primitive methods, modern pulpers, hullers, and faners, get the requisite cleaning and hulling accomplished about ten times as rapidly and satisfactorily, with none of the damage to the berries which almost always accrues

from pursuing the rude native method.

Now that the coffee is cleaned, it is placed in storage, where it is classified and sacked for market. Generally put up in "bultos" or sacks, weighing from 150 to 200 pounds, the coffee is ready to be transported to the nearest shipping station. For coffee plantations surrounding and near Jalapa,



A plantation corner.

Cordoba, and Coatepec, the station is always Vera Cruz, whence Mexican coffee is sent to many different parts of the world. By way of the American Ward Line of steamers the berry is freighted to New York, to Baltimore, and to other parts of the United States; the French Transatlantique Line, plying between Vera Cruz and the different French ports, takes over many tons of coffee to France; the Liverpool and other English vessels carry large shipments to the British Isles, while the numerous tramp vessels constantly to be found in Vera Cruz harbor load up with coffee to any port desired.

Many planters of coffee in Mexico, while waiting the maturity of their first crop, de-

So far as Mexican labor is concerned, it is hardly probable that cheaper labor can be found anywhere in the world—China excepted. And, in spite of his cheapness, the Mexican peon is often very tractable, willing, and physically very strong. Beginning work on the plantations early in the morning, with only a slight intermission at noon, in which to partake of their tortillas and frijoles, the peons will labor steadily until night-fall, when in payment of their day's toil they receive sums varying from thirty-five to fifty cents Mexican money, (or from seventeen to twenty-five cents in United States money) which to them is a small fortune.

To a planter familiar with the peons of



Native Sorters at work.

vote themselves in the interim to the growing of other tropical crops, which readily flourish and mature along with the coffee crop. For all of Mexico's tropical fruits, such as pineapples, oranges, bananas, cacao, vanilla, or even tobacco, corn and sugar-cane, there is a constantly increasing demand, and a very good feature of coffee growing is the fact that right along with the coffee trees almost any of the above enumerated crops can be planted and advantageously raised, thus enabling a progressive planter to "kill several birds with one stone," and thereby largely add to the already good profits to be derived from his crop of coffee.

Ceylon or Indian tea-plantations, the black of the Southern States of America, or of the West Indies, the Mexican peon is a more or less acceptable laborer; others, who have been used to only the skilled labor of white people, in whatever part of the world, will never have much success with the peon.

He is, to begin with, a very tender plant, and you have, in order to get any results whatever out of him, a great deal of coddling, persuading, and brow-beating, to go through with. He has, and always will have, a great notion of his own dignity, and more or less suspicion of the "Gringo," or white man who employs him.

It is rarely that a peon trusts the foreign "Gringo"—at this one can scarcely wonder! For, from the time of Hernan Cortez, three hundred years ago, the peon has been banged about from pillar to post, employed in the worst kind of slavery, and generally treated like a dog by his heartless Spanish taskmaster. Little wonder, is it then, that he distrusts the white man, no matter of what nationality—"all coons look alike to him"—and this very attitude of his toward the foreign planters in Mexico, coupled with his own lazy and *dolce far niente* "mañana" methods combine to render him, in spite of his cheapness, a very undesirable and inadequate employee.

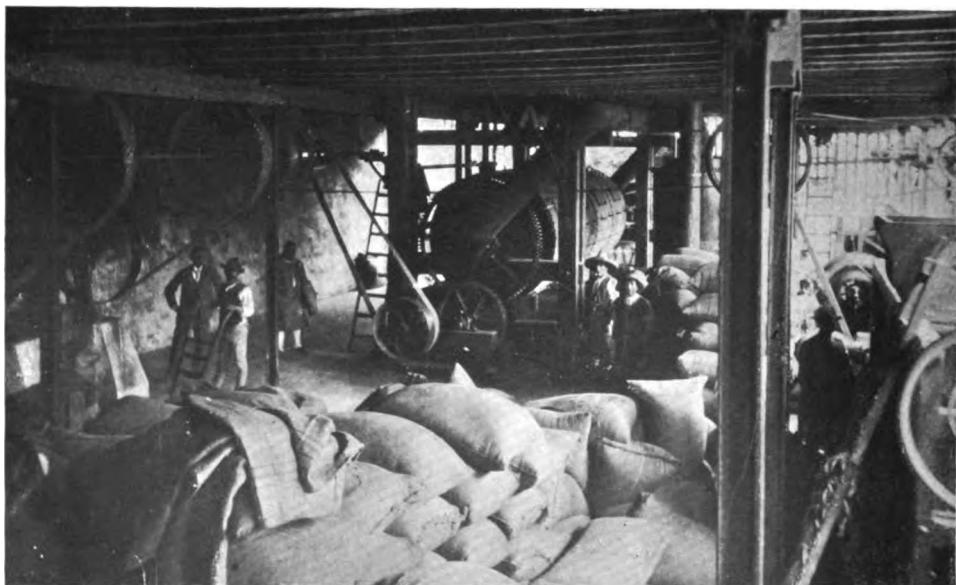
The Mexican peon is, usually the most independent being in existence; he may be without a centavo, or a place in which to lay his head, yet he would far rather loaf in the warm sunshine, half starving and half clad, than to work on a feast day, or deal with a personally distasteful master.

Particularly is this true of the Oaxaca Indian, the purest-blooded, most industrious and least manageable tribe of Indians in Mexico. Even though offered extraordinarily good wages by desperate coffee-planters—whose entire crop may be decaying unpicked before their eyes, for want of laborers—the independent "Mixteca" or "Serrano" Indian will emit a scornful grunt,

and then proceed stolidly with the planting of the small crop of corn, beans, or alfalfa, and the tending of a small grove of orange or coffee trees. Many of these Oaxaca Indians, it may be said, make quite a little sum out of their own humble coffee transactions.

Living in their own small, almost inaccessible mountain pueblos, where they have their own sub-government, rude printing-presses, minor law-makers of their own choosing, and where they can raise and barter as they please their small coffee-crops, it is hardly remarkable that these Oaxaca "Serranos" prefer to "run their own show" in preference to laboring on the foreigners' coffee "fincas." Many of these same Indians by the way, are very wealthy; they live frugal lives, work hard in the open air, and partake of no alcoholic drinks (alcohol being as poison, where Indians are concerned.) They are often known to live to a green old age, from one hundred years to one hundred and fifteen; and as fighters and "Cain-raisers" (as also coffee-raisers) they are not by any manner of means to be despised.

Often you will notice these vendors of coffee, in Oaxaca—capital of the great coffee-growing State of the same name—carrying heavy bags of the far-famed Oaxaca coffee, they trudge into town, always conspicuous by reason of their splendid physique and



Sacking for shipment.

pure white manta garments—even their women wearing solely white rebozos (or scarfs) instead of the generally accepted one of pretty blue. Few of these Indians speak or understand Spanish, and their traffic with the shopkeepers, to whom they will trade a large sack of coffee, taking in exchange cloth, ammunition, beads, and other trinkets, is amusing to witness.

Of late, some of the largest coffee-planters in Mexico are solving the labor question by the importation from China of coolies or laborers. This, if entered into to any great extent, will probably prejudice the native peon laborer's chances, but it cannot well be helped—as a Westerner would say, "He must either put up or shut up."

In the case of Chinese laborers, the Celestial, by reason of his energy, industry, and desire to amass money, is as good a servant as one can ask; he is perfectly content to work steadily year in and year out, with never a day off, or a fiesta to observe; he is cheap, and, above all, he has none of the exalted ideas of his own dignity and importance which are only too common among the Mexican peons.

The question of labor, then, being satisfactorily arranged, coffee-planting in Mexico will doubtless prove more profitable and easily carried on than it has in the past. Lands are cheap and easily obtained; the laws of Mexico are thought to be as good as those of any other Republic; the climate is as nearly perfect as one can find on this terrestrial globe; and take it all in all, a coffee-plantation in the tropics is no bad abiding place, always provided one doesn't object to loneliness.

In regard to the quality of Mexican coffee, the demand for it, the amount of it exported particularly to the United States of America, and the profit to be made on its cultivation, statistics will easily give one accurate and

satisfactory answers to the above questions.

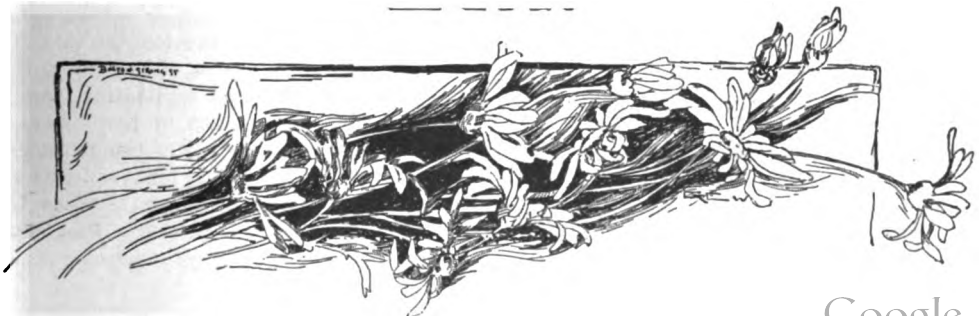
It may not come amiss here to state that the coffee of Mexico, and particularly that of Uruapam, and Oaxaca, is admitted to be quite as good as coffee raised anywhere else in the world, many coffee-drinkers, indeed, preferring Uruapam coffee to any other, Java and Mocha not excepted.

Ever since Mexico became recognized as a grower of coffee, and her product fully equal in quantity and quality to that of Brazil, the Indies, and other coffee-raising countries, there has been a steady demand for "café Mexicana"; often, indeed, the supply has not been equal to the demand.

Prices have always been held very firm, and the United States in particular has imported tremendous quantities of Mexican coffee. In the year 1899, for example, Mexico's shipments of coffee to the United States more than doubled in quantity and value those for the same period of the preceding year.

In one month alone of the year 1898 coffee shipments amounted to 808,000 pounds, valued at \$73,962, and in the same month of 1899 they had increased to 2,358,225 pounds, valued at \$205,218.

Finally, as to the question of profit from coffee-planting, this depends almost altogether on the ability, the energy, and the steadiness of the planter. Coffee-growing, like gold-mining, cotton-growing, and newspaper running, has to be backed by a certain amount of judgment and brain power. However, it is a fact that men who have failed in newspaper running and gold mining have made money in Mexico through the growing of coffee. And after all, even though one may not make a large and extensive fortune out of it, there is not the chance to lose a great amount of money in the business. And this is certainly a qualifying feature which is not to be sneezed at.



THE LAND OF WILLIAM TELL.

BY JANE NEARLEIN.

THE Swiss are a great people. Of that I think every one is convinced, and he who visits Switzerland for the first time cannot fail to observe their matchless handicraft. They not only keep the best hotels in the world, and make the best cheese, clocks, and watches, but they show themselves artists in the superiority of their wood carving and in the massive, but pleasing, style of their architecture. Frugal, plodding, progressive, industrious, honest, and ambitious, are adjectives that apply to the "Switzers," who occupy the picturesque Swiss cantons among the Alps.

While a great deal has already been written of Switzerland and its beautiful lakes and mountains, there is still a great deal more to be said, and I sigh that my pen is not a brush, for I could then, perhaps, give a series of pictures of the lovely country and its people, which would bring you in touch with the life, customs, and surroundings of the fair-haired race who boast of a descent that dates back to the time of the fascinating and mysterious Lake Dwellers; to a sturdy homely, ingenious people, keenly alive to this progressive age, to a brave, loyal race who now so thoroughly enjoy the peace and prosperity which the cantonal system affords them.

Switzerland is as rich in legend and folklore as it is in its unrivaled scenery, and every city, town, lake and mountain pass has associated with its history a fairy-like legend, often startlingly improbable, but so interwoven with the surroundings, so naively told as to be believed in toto, and always associated in memory's archives with some charming spot. In Switzerland the historian, painter, and writer can never lack for material, and the geologist must find plenty to occupy his time and attention in describing the character of the high and lofty rocks, the glaciers and the mountains.

From Milan to Lucerne by the great St. Gotthard line is a charming trip, and with one exception the most picturesque and varied line in Europe. From Milan to Chiasso, the frontier, the ride through the Italian

lake section is ideal, for Como is seen in all of its loveliness. Then on to Lugano, and close at hand towers the lofty and impressive Generoso, the Italian Rigi. In this locale are the vast wide districts of the country, and at Bellinzona, another locomotive is taken on for the ascent of the snow-clad Alps. So much is there to see upon all sides that Airolo and the entrance to the great tunnel are all too quickly reached. Slowly the train has climbed up the rugged mountains, through the gorge of Dazio Grande, one of the most awe-inspiring of ravines, and through which the Ticino rushes down in a series of pretty cascades.

Airolo, then *presto!* and you are in the tunnel for twenty minutes, coming out at Goschenen, having covered nine and a quarter miles, 6076 feet, below the Kastelhorn, under which it passes. All the world is familiar with this great feat of railway engineering, for at the opening, in 1882, the details of the work were heralded from pole to pole, and the ten years of hard labor rewarded. So accurate was the plan that the boring, which took over seven years, and which was carried on simultaneously from either end, met to almost an inch at the finish. Most deplorable was it that the engineer, M. Louis Favre, could not have lived to witness this, the culminating triumph of his skill, but fate had decreed otherwise, and he died suddenly one day of apoplexy in the tunnel just eight months before his gigantic undertaking was successfully terminated. And yet I am sure that had he been permitted to choose the place in which to bid good-bye to this world he would have selected this same St. Gotthard tunnel as a fitting spot in which to lay aside all care and trouble for eternal rest.

From Goschenen to Erstfeld the ride down the mountains by means of the many spiral tunnels is exciting and fascinating, and you are in a constant state of perplexity and doubt as to just where you came from and just where you are going, for it is impossible to trace the way. Often you emerge from the tunnel directly below the spot where you entered it but a few moments before.

and there is a wondrous multiplicity of turns and twists; on and on, each and every picture more lovely until the little village of Altorf is reached, and you are in the very heart of the Tell district, for Altorf is celebrated as the scene of the well-known story in the life of the hero, William Tell, who, at the command of the tyrant Gessler shot an apple from the head of his idolized son. The spot where the lad stood is now marked by a handsome fountain, the tree against which he leaned having been blown down in 1567, while the spot where the father stood is marked by a colossal statue of the hero in plaster, erected by the riflemen of Zurich. About a mile from Altorf is Burglen, the birth-place and home of Tell. Here stands

by shrieks in the old tower, from which the ghost of the baron is seen flying, pursued by a maiden all in white, until with a wild yell of terror he plunges into the lake and disappears.

Lucerne is one of the most attractive spots to tourists in all Switzerland, and the hotels are always crowded the entire season. It is an ancient walled city, taking its name from a tower, in which in olden days a light was always kept burning. It is built upon both sides of the river Reuss, and connected by bridges, four in all. The two old ones, the Kapell Brucke, and the Muhl Brucke, being most curious and interesting, the first being open at the sides, but covered with a quaint roof, to the beams of which are hung



The Rigi.

a quaint little chapel, with frescoes of events in the life of Tell, and near the bridge over the Schachenbach is the spot where the hero lost his life trying to save a child who was being swept down the stream during a flood.

Some twenty-five miles before Lucerne is reached is the little Lowerzer See, and on a small island, called Schwanau, is a ruined castle which tradition tells us was the home in 1508 of a wicked baron. To this castle he one day brought a beautiful peasant girl, whom he kept imprisoned in a tower. Her enraged relatives and friends stormed the castle, burnt it to the ground, and killed the baron. Every year since, it is said, on the anniversary of his death, a terrific clap of thunder is heard among the ruins, followed

triangular pictures, some one hundred and fifty in all, representing scenes from the lives of St. Leger and St. Maurice, and from Swiss history. The Muhl Brucke, also covered, is similarly decorated with paintings depicting "The Dance of Death."

From Lucerne there are many delightful excursions, the ascent of the Rigi, offering, as it does, a magnificent panorama of the Alps, some three hundred miles in circumference, being especially attractive. The ascent is made from Vitznau on Lake Lucerne, or Arth-Goldau near Lake Zug, the former being the most convenient and popular route affording finer views. The railway, run on the "rack and pinion" system, attains a maximum gradient of one in four and covers about four miles. The speed of running



Rigi Car.

never exceeds this. Between the main rails there is a heavy notched rail which is gripped by powerful cog-wheels under the engine, and both engines and carriages have enormously powerful brakes which can instantaneously stop the train if required. The engine is placed behind the car as in the ascent of Mt. Washington, and the carriages are open upon the sides, so as not to in any way obstruct the view, a simple roofing protecting the heads of travelers from the hot sun. Leaving Vitznau the train creeps straight up the steep slope, and the view of the lake begins to open up, while far above is seen the Hotel Rigi-Kaltbad. Stops are made at several stations before Kaltbad is reached, some 4728 feet above the sea. Here many tourists stop over for a day, for it is a much frequented health resort, sheltered as it is from the winds. Here is a pretty chapel, St. Michaels, and close by it is a spring issuing from a solid rock called Schwesternborn, from the old legend that three handsome sisters were brought to the spot by an angel to find refuge from the disagreeable and unwelcome addresses of a rich old Austrian balliff who lived in the time of Tell. The chapel is hung with votive offerings of quaint pictures. On the left wall the Dean of Westminster has placed a marble tablet in memory of his sis-

ter, Mary Stanley. On the summit Rigi-Kulm, the views are superb and unfold themselves in a series of never to be forgotten pictures. At Rigi-Kulm, the highest point, there is a large and comfortable hotel, and one should pass the night there if possible, for the sunrise, if seen in all of its beauty, is a sight that is inspiring. An alpine horn is blown half an hour before sunrise, and its warning notes should be heeded, despite the temptation to take another forty winks, for the first breaking of the dawn is not to be overlooked. Some are fortunate enough to see that curious phenomenon called the spectre of the Rigi, when the sun throws on the mist, rising up from the valley beneath, in clear and defined outline the shadows of the mountain, and those who may be on its summit, sometimes encircling them with a halo of prismatic colors. But whether this phenomenon is vouchsafed or not the panorama is beyond words, and must be seen if Switzerland is visited. As early as the beginning of the last century there have been hotels on the Rigi, for the accommodation of the pilgrims who flock there yearly to pray at the shrine of St. Marie zum Schnee—St. Mary of the Snow—erected in 1690, and supposed to have a most miraculous healing power.

Another pleasant mountain trip is the as-

cent of Mt. Pilatus, which takes its name from a legend of Pontius Pilate, who, the story goes, being banished from Palestine, after wandering all over Gaul, took refuge here, and at last, in a fit of remorse, threw himself into the lake below. The views are finer than those from the Rigi, and the ascent now quite safe. The mountain is looked upon as a sort of huge barometer by the Lucerners, for if it is hid by clouds in the morning, they know that the weather will be fine, but if the summit stands out bold and clear, rain will most likely follow.

Brunnen, a fascinating village, with its old Rathaus and its curious frescoes, and the Kurhaus Axenstein perched high above the village on the Brandli; Gutsch, a hill behind the town with lovely lake views; Grutli, where at midnight 1307 thirty Swiss patriots met from the three cantons and took a solemn oath to free their country from the oppressions of the Austrians; Kussnacht and the Hohle Gasse, where Tell shot Gessler after his escape from Tell's chapel, and Immensee, are but a few of the charming trips out from Lucerne.

Zurich, with its fine situation on the lake of Zurich, is most modern and imposing. Its streets are regularly laid out, its buildings massive and handsome, and its shops

quite like those found in Paris, London or Milan. There is not very much to see, but the city in itself is attractive, the walks and drives delightful, and the environs picturesque. It is in this city that the traveler is more than ever impressed with the knowledge that the Swiss are as a class awkward and plain of face and figure. Soldiers, aristocrats, artisans, and peasants lack grace and comeliness, and are strikingly out of harmony with the architecturally beautiful buildings, and prettily laid out parks and squares. Rich silks and brocades, made strictly a la mode, help the general appearance, but the fact that they are plain is undeniable, and though the eyes look out at you from under masses of soft, fluffy golden hair, and a skin that is peach-like, the features are inclined to be coarse and the carriage lacking in elegance. More honest faces there are not all Europe over.

They are blest with a sense of humor on occasions, as the following story will illustrate. It was in Zurich that I made the acquaintance of an exceedingly bright waiter. One day it rained heavily, and, kept in doors, I determined to spend the day writing home letters. I rang for the waiter on our floor, and requested pen, ink, and paper. I gave the order in my best French, and sat down



Chapel of William Tell.



Hotel Rigi-Kulm.

and waited. In about a quarter of an hour he came back with the ink and pen and one sheet of paper and one envelope. I wrote my letter and then rang and asked for more stationery. This time he brought me two sheets and two envelopes. My letters were long, and I was soon out of paper, but, not liking to ask again, I waited until after lunch and then rang and told him to bring me a dozen sheets and put them on my account. When he appeared he had three sheets of paper and no envelopes, though I did not discover the fact until he had disappeared, so that I was forced to ring again for envelopes. My patience was about exhausted, and I was sure that my French was wrong, when the gong sounded for supper, and I resolved to wait until the next day and then buy some stationery at one of the shops. I went to bed early and was soon asleep. It did not seem more than half an hour when I was awakened by a loud knocking at my door, and half asleep I crawled out of bed and stumbling around the room, for it was quite dark, found my bath robe and opened the door, expecting to find a cablegram recalling me to America. There stood the long-suffering waiter of the day before, and in his hand a sheet of paper and an envelope. "Did you ring for paper and envelopes," he asked in French with a polite bow as he handed me the stationery, and I

am sure that I detected a twinkle in his eye as the candle-light flickered on his face. "Yes," I said, alive to the situation, and slamming the door I got back into bed just as the tower clock close by struck four.

Before going over to Berne I paid a visit to Einsiedeln to see the great annual Roman Catholic pilgrimage, which takes place September 14, and I saw one hundred thousand pilgrims congregated there. The little village is often spoken of as "Notre Dame Des Ermites," and is made up almost entirely of inns for the sole accommodation of the pilgrims. The origin of this great gathering of people is, that during the reign of Charlemagne, a rich Count of Sulgen, named Meinrad, and a member of the renowned Hohenzollern family, becoming weary of the world and its vanities, left his palace on the Neckar, and came to Einsiedeln, then a wilderness, to spend the closing days of his life in fasting and prayer, and in the worship of a small image of the blessed Virgin, given him by St. Hildegard, the lovely Abbess of the church of Notre Dame at Zurich. Two brigands, learning of his retreat, and thinking that gold and jewels might be concealed in his hut murdered him in this lonely spot in the year 861. They fled at once, and would have escaped undiscovered had not two pet ravens of the murdered Count followed and hovered over them,

croaking most accursingly as far as Zurich, where the attention of the citizens was attracted to the unusual sight, and the villains were arrested and finally executed. This miracle invested the spot where the Saint had lived with such an odor of sanctity that a Benedictine abbey was founded on the site of his lonely hut. On the 14th of September, 948, when the abbey was about to be dedicated by the Bishop of Constance, a radiant vision of the Savior, surrounded by angels, is said to have appeared to him at midnight, and heavenly voices told him that the consecration had already been performed by Christ himself. Pope Leo VIII issued a bull accepting the miracle, and giving plenary indulgence to all who should thereafter make pilgrimages to the shrine of our "Lady of the Hermit." The offerings of the pilgrims made the abbey one of the richest in Switzerland, and the abbots were created Princes of the Empire by Rudolph of Hapsberg, which title they still bear in the Roman Catholic cantons. During the revolution of 1798 the invading French army carried away many of the most costly treasures to Paris, but the monks saved the sacred image of the Virgin which

had been so devoutly worshiped by St. Meinrad. For several years they took refuge in the mountains of the Tyrol, returning to the abbey in 1803, and in 1861, the one thousandth anniversary of the death of the Saint was celebrated. The abbey has been partially destroyed by fire several times, but always restored.

The Chapel of the Virgin, protected by an iron railing, and illuminated by constantly burning lamps, is the shrine in which is kept the little figure of the Virgin that belonged to St. Meinrad. It is richly dressed in gold brocade, and fairly glitters with gold and rare, precious stones. Round the chapel walls are hung grotesque votive tablets depicting every conceivable ill that human flesh is heir to. Here on the 14th of September the pilgrims assemble, many of them of the poorer classes, who, for a fee, make the pilgrimage for their richer brethren. In front of the abbey is a fountain of black marble with fourteen jets, where, according to tradition, our Savior drank after appearing to the Bishop of Constance. Here all of the pilgrims drink in commemoration of the blessed consecration.



Lucerne, showing Mt. Pilatus.

With John James Ingalls.

BY JAMES MATLOCK SCOVEL.

I SPENT two hours at dinner at Chamberlain's with the late John J. Ingalls before he went to Kansas on his quest for Senatorial re-election. He was not averse to the pleasures of the table, but being by no means robust he indulged sparingly. A couple of spring lamb chops, a salad of Florida tomatoes, two glasses of claret, and a cup of black coffee constituted his entire dinner. But he enjoyed it. The Senator kept up a running fire of bright sayings, comments upon public men and measures, from the President down to Senators and members of Congress, most of which cannot be repeated without betrayal of confidence.

"I was born," he said, "in the town of Middleton, Essex county, Mass., on December 29, 1833. My original ancestor in America on my father's side was Edmund Ingalls, or 'Ingall,' as it was then written, who, with his brother Francis, removed from West England in 1828 and founded the city of Lynn in Essex county. His mother, born Eliza Chase, was a descendant of Aquila Chase, who settled in New Hampshire in 1630, so that on both sides I come from an unboken strain of Puritan blood without any intermixture.

"My parents were in a middle condition of life. My father was a man of unusual intelligence, who was intended for one of the learned professions, but on account of failing health entered the mercantile business as a wholesale manufacturer of boots and shoes. He continued in business, but with varying success, until about 1861, when he retired from active life.

"I am the oldest of nine children, of whom six besides myself now survive, two sisters having died in infancy. They said I was a delicate child and, my father says, precocious in my intellectual development, and able to read intelligently when I was two years old. I can hardly believe it, but he informs me that my disposition was excessively sensitive, shy, and diffident, and I certainly did not then give promise of that 'virility and audacity' which my enemies

say I have displayed in the Senate. I studied at the public schools until the age of 16, and began my study preparatory for college under a private tutor.

"I come from a long-lived stock. My mother's father died in 1870 at the age of 90, and some of his ancestors reached the century line. My father, born in 1810, and my mother, born in 1812, are both living in the city of Haverhill, Mass. My earliest intellectual activity found expression in verse. I commenced keeping a journal when I was 13 years of age and continued it for a great many years. When I was 14 years of age I was an occasional contributor to many local and metropolitan newspapers, but always anonymously. I contributed some poetical articles to a paper published by B. P. Shillaber (Mrs. Partington), called the "Carpet Bag," and subsequently for that most delightful periodical the Knickerbocker Magazine, published by Lewis Gaylord Clark, long since deceased. I contributed to the Boston Transcript and to the local papers of Haverhill.

"When I acquired the necessary knowledge of Greek and Latin and higher mathematics I was admitted to the freshman class in Williams College in September, 1851. Dr. Mark Hopkins was then the president. Many of my fellow student at this institution afterwards achieved distinction and even prominence in political and other walks of life. Dr. Hopkins showed his most conspicuous intellectual activity from 1845 to 1860. Among my schoolmates were Phineas W. Hitchcock, sometime United States Senator from Nebraska; Charles Elliott Fitch, nephew of Elliott, the celebrated painter; Norman Seaver, afterwards a famous preacher of Boston, who exhibited extraordinary intellectual powers, and was a Doctor of Divinity, it is said, at the earliest age at which any clergyman ever received that degree in the United States; Charles A. Stoddard, who married a daughter of Dr. Prime and became associate editor of the New York Observer; the Rev. Abbott Kirtledge, since famous as a leading clergyman of the Presbyterian denomination in

Chicago; and, perhaps the most famous of all, James A. Garfield; who was a distant kinsman of mine, as was General Rufus Ingalls, Quartermaster of the United States Army, and a life-long and faithful friend of General Grant. I met Hitchcock for the first time after graduation in the marble room of the Senate in 1873, the former having preceded me as a member of that body by two years. I corresponded, after our graduation, with Garfield, but we did not meet again until eighteen years later, when I sought him on the floor of the House of Representatives for the purpose of renewing our acquaintance. Garfield had changed beyond recognition. At the college he was an awkward boy, a youth of large stature, with very light, though exceedingly bright blue eyes, a sparse yellow beard that disclosed the peculiar protrusion of his mouth, which is a characteristic in all his portraits. When a college boy, in dress and appearance he was extremely rustic, and with a voice and air which were thought to betoken a devout and successful country clergyman, rather than to give promise of the extraordinary elevation which he attained in after life. But when I met him in Congress his beard had thickened, his complexion had become more opaque, his stature was heavier, and his shoulders were rounded and drooped. But the same effusive and warmly demonstrative manner remained in him, and he greeted me with as much enthusiasm and pleasure as if we were boys again on the old college campus. Our intercourse and friendship continued until Garfield's death. If, as they tell me, my childhood was marked by unusual diffidence, I got over it early, and displayed a pugnacious disposition which seems to have gained upon me steadily. When I was about to graduate I delivered a scathing review of the faculty of our college, taking as my subject "Mummy Life," and I treated it in such a manner as to horrify my own mother, who had come to see me graduate, as well as the entire faculty. The college professors thought to head me off by revising my oratory, and cutting the heart out of it. But when I came to speak I added all they had omitted and paid my respects to the faculty in some trenchant words of criticism. They debated for some time whether they should hold my diploma, but they said that my oration had so much wit and pith to it that, while

it cut deeply, they admitted a great deal of it was true. I got my diploma in 1864, and Williams College has since honored me by conferring on me the degree of LL. D. Like Alexander Hamilton, I have been compelled to fight the battles of my country and the struggles of fortune at the same time. I suppose I was worth \$50,000 when I came to the Senate nearly eighteen years ago. But the most prudent Senator with a large family of children cannot well do more than live respectably and keep up with the exigencies of a Senatorial position and the exacting demands of Washington society on his \$5,000 salary. I never believed, as others do, in arguing cases before the United States Supreme Court on questions which are likely to come before the Senate to be voted on by the members of that body.

"Living so far from my constituents in Kansas, I have been compelled practically to abandon for the public service the practice of my profession, the law, which before I entered the public service yielded me a handsome sum every year. I had just finished my house, which burned down, entailing on me a loss of some \$20,000, and some unfortunate endorsements cost me \$40,000 worth of property to pay notes on which I was simply an accommodation endorser. Another loss which I feel more deeply than the loss of my house was the manuscript of a semi-political novel, which was destroyed in the mansion, and upon which I had spent two years of faithful labor; and I do not think that eminent Scotchman, Thomas Carlyle, could have groaned or sorrowed any more over the total destruction by fire of one of his volumes of the French Revolution than I did over my first-born novel. I have been offered by one publisher \$50,000 to reproduce it, and as soon as I have time I expect to find a publisher for this work. I have already had offers from Lippincott & Co. and other publishers, but will wait until I finish the book."

When asked about the number of millionaires in the Senate, the Senator replied:

"The popular impression, as in many other things, is clear wrong, that the members of the United States Senate are principally millionaires. The Southern Senators, as a class, are not rich men, and are, as a rule, dependent on their salaries. Outside of Leland Stanford, Jones of Nevada, Hearst of California, Sawyer of Wisconsin, McMillan

of Michigan, McPherson of New Jersey, Don Cameron of Pennsylvania, and one or two others, I do not now recall any other millionaires in the history of the Senate. Quay may be a rich man, but nobody seems to know how much the silent man from Beaver is worth. Edmunds of Vermont is not worth over \$200,000, all of which, I suppose, he has earned by the law, which is no more than any brilliant lawyer may naturally expect to accrue from a life-time devotion to that profession."

I dined not long ago with a Senator who has served twelve years consecutively with the senior Senator from Kansas. After a generous bottle, a broiled North Carolina shad, and an entree of frog's legs, the Senator proceeded to talk about Ingalls.

"There were many men," he said, "in this 'cloud-capped arena of the gods,' as Oregon Nesmith (once a Senator) called this august body, closer to Senator Ingalls than I was. But I regarded him as a man of remarkable genius. Since Henry Ward Beecher died, no man known to me possessed such an admirable and scholarly command of the English language as the Senator from Kansas. He never hesitated for the reluctant, hiding, best word, and his diction was apt and ornate, and he never lacked for what William Wirt, the greatest lawyer of Maryland, called 'the ready use of the blood-letting personality in debate.'

"Senator McPherson of New Jersey, in talking of Ingalls, once said: 'In the correct and scholarly use of language I never knew Ingalls's superior. He is an ideal presiding officer of the Senate, and while I think his politics execrable, I have the utmost respect for the courage, the absolute fearlessness with which he states his convictions on the great questions of the day. He is, from my standpoint, as often wrong in his political views as any man in the Senate, but there is a frankness and naivete about the man which disarms Senatorial criticism.'

"Senator Wade Hampton, the soul of honor and the lover of courtesy, while he called Ingalls a 'phrase maker,' admitted that he was a man of rare genius and one of the most companionable of men.

"One of the most bitter among the Senate Democrats said the day he heard of Ingalls's defeat: 'I will miss the Senator from Kansas more than any other man who may drop

out of the ranks. His speech when last elected President of the Senate answered the French definition of eloquence, which is to say 'just that which ought to be said and no more.' And I can say of Ingalls, as Madame de Stael aptly said, 'there are those with whom we differ in opinion, with whom we are in happy accord in sentiment.'"

"I am one of those," said my old Senatorial friend, "who take no stock in the hebetudinous cranks who call themselves members of a Farmers' Alliance. God forbid I should criticise with injustice the men who till the soil. But I would as lief encourage a lawyers' alliance or an alliance of preachers of the Gospel, and these organizations would be about as sensible and as enduring as any alliance of agriculturists, who seek to elect a President in '92 and control the legislation of both Houses of Congress. No! This tremendous alliance is passing away like the baseless fabric of a vision. The farmer is discovering that he cannot corral the earth and the fullness thereof simply because he is a tiller of the soil.

"What I liked most about Ingalls was his absolute personal and Senatorial integrity. A fee of a million dollars could not tempt this man to argue a case before the Supreme Court if there was any possibility that the questions involved might come before the Senate for adjudication.

"It is a historical fact that Ingalls' first election was a triumph of the honest yeomanry of Kansas against Subsidy Pomeroy, the leader of the alleged Christian statesmen element. Ingalls was trying a case at Topeka, without a thought of the Senate, when Dr. York's friends came to him the night before the election for United States Senator to say that Senator York had in his pocket \$7,000 in cash of Pomeroy's money for his vote. Ingalls was asked to permit his name to be used, and the result was the downfall of Subsidy Pomeroy and the unanimous election of John James Ingalls.

"During his first term of six years there were four other Senators sent from Kansas to Washington, and more than one of the four were 'bounced' out of the Senate for 'ways that were dark and tricks that were vain' in the methods resulting in their election.

"Ingall's integrity was never questioned. I knew him to be as honest as he was able,

and I predicted that John James Ingalls' absence from public life would be brief. He stood for a square deal in politics, and was a man four square to every wind that blew.

"Politics was only one side of this many-sided man. He was a ripe and ready lawyer. I have heard him argue cases in the highest tribunal in America, and I found him totus, teres, atque rotundus, round and perfect as a star.

"There was long a coolness between the White House and the Kansas Senator, and that bright and accomplished woman, Anne Louise Cheeseborough Ingalls, the Senator's wife, who would be herself an ornament to the White House, has been known to criticize the freedom with which the McKees, under President Harrison, issued their cards for entertainments in the White House, at which the McKees were only guests.

"Ingalls never denied saying that Harrison had no friends in Kansas. It occurred thus: Ingalls patiently waited for a Postmaster's appointment in an outlying county of Kansas. He waited in vain. On Ingalls' nineteenth call at the White House, Elijah, the Private Secretary, now a paymaster in the army—said to him: 'Mr. Ingalls, I regret to say that the President has appointed a friend of his in Kansas to that vacant Postoffice.'

"'My God!' replied Ingalls, 'Elijah, tell me his name. I didn't know President Har-

rison had a friend in the State of Kansas!'

"Ingalls is a prompt man. One morning he was late at the meeting of his Committee on the District of Columbia.

"'Ah,' said a New England Senator, 'Spotted Tail, ain't you a little late this morning?' 'No, Sitting Bull,' answered Ingalls. 'Aren't you a trifle early?'

"A newspaper correspondent had written an elaborate sketch of the senior Senator from Kansas, which was very gratifying to the Kansas orator and statesman.

"Ingalls wrote to the correspondent: 'I am pleased with your able and picturesque sketch.' But the newspaper had omitted his exhortation of Grover Cleveland, in which Ingalls said: 'I will now endeavor to speak of the so-called statesman in the White House (Grover Cleveland). His colossal egotism is already distended beyond its natural and normal proportions, and it is still few by the incense and the adulation of his emasculated idolators!'

"When the same correspondent requested George H. Edmunds, the Senator from Vermont, to contribute from memory some reminiscences of Ingalls' Senatorial life, Edmunds answered with a faintly perceptible twinkle in his eye, 'I do not keep a diary.'

"In my opinion," concluded my Senatorial friend, "John James Ingalls was *facile princeps* the foremost man in Kansas."

THE LION AS GAME.

By FRED HARVEY MAJOR.

WELL, old fellow," said Jem Pinnock, taking his pipe out of his mouth, and reaching across the table for the brandy bottle, "what's the verdict? To be or not to be—eh?"

The time was nearly twenty years ago, and we were sitting in the cool of the evening in big comfortable Madeira cane chairs, on the poop of my trading hulk in Old Calabar River, on the west coast of Africa.

Mr. James Pinnock was, and is now, one of the leading English merchants trading in

the oil rivers of West Africa, and was in Old Calabar for a friendly visit to me, from his factories in the Benin river and up the Niger, and being on pleasure bent, and of an adventurous turn of mind, was anxious to take advantage of any opportunity that came in his way for adding to his already well stocked store of experiences.

The subject matter under consideration was whether or not we should undertake a trip up the river to a village called Akrika, some thirty miles away, to try our luck at

ridding the district of the presence of a lion, which we were told was creating great havoc, not only among the cattle, but even among the people themselves, a night seldom passing without some unfortunate native being carried off.

Though I had successfully hunted a variety of big game, including leopards and panthers, I had never been fortunate enough to meet in his forest home the king of all game, the lordly lion; and in spite of the fact that I had my hands full of business through the arrival out of a large ship from Liverpool, with a general cargo consigned to me for trading purposes, the temptation was too great to be resisted; so I consented to accompany my friend Pinnock, and as we were selfish enough to desire all the honor for ourselves we decided to say nothing of our intentions to the other traders, but to start the following morning before daybreak, merely leaving word with my men that we were going for a day's shooting.

Our arms, from the ordinary nature of our surroundings, were generally kept in good order, but that night we paid special and personal attention to them to make assurance doubly sure that they would not fail us. Mine were a Martini-Henry rifle, Colt's 45 revolver, and long hunting knife—a similar armament to that carried by Pinnock, except that his rifle was a Westley-Richards; and, in addition, I cleaned up a heavy muzzle-loading, single-barreled elephant rifle carrying four-ounce bullets, which, with a score or two rounds of ammunition, had been given to me some time before by a friend on his departure for England. This weapon I had never seen used—in fact, I do not think its late owner had ever used it, but I thought it might prove useful if we intrenched ourselves in a pit, as I expected we should do while lying in ambush for our formidable quarry at one of the usual drinking places.

By five o'clock in the morning we got well away in an eight-oared double-banked launch, and when the sun in all his tropical glory peeped above the horizon about an hour afterwards, we were fully six miles away from the shipping and in a bit of comparatively open country. On the left bank, amidst some trees, were a large number of monkeys, which would, under other circum-

stances, have afforded us pleasant sport; but, thanks to our enthusiasm in the matter of the noble game we were in quest of, the little creatures were permitted to continue their innocent gamboling without interference.

We reached our destination at about three o'clock in the afternoon, and at once made our way to the King's house, a ramshackle, wattle and daub structure, where we were regaled by the dusky monarch in person upon the inevitable "palm oil chop" and "fufu" (fowls very highly seasoned, stewed in palm oil, and mashed plantain) washed down with copious draughts of *minifick*, or *tumdo*, the native palm wine. Such a repast would appear most uninviting to the average Anglo-Saxon; but, when once the taste for "palm oil chop" and its accompaniments is acquired, the native dish is much appreciated, and, we being thoroughly hungry after our journey, did ample justice to our regal entertainer's hospitality.

After dinner we walked round the outskirts of Akrika, and were shown a hut standing alone, from which a woman had been taken a week before. Nothing had been heard of the attack, but one morning the door was found to be open, and from the fresh blood splattered about the entrance it was presumed that the lion had lain in wait until his victim had arisen to commence her daily duties, and that the tragedy had then taken place.

The natives were in such a terror-stricken state of mind as to be utterly incapable of organizing any proper means of killing their visitor, and they hailed our coming with the greatest joy, and were profuse in the most rash and extravagant promises as to how they would reward us in the event of success.

As it was nearly sundown and too late to go into the bush without having our plans settled, we arranged to remain in the deserted hut that night, and, in order to entice our leonine friend to pay us the compliment of a visit, a kid just taken from its mother was tied up in the open doorway, while we kept watch from the inside.

The poor, desolate little bait bleated away in a heart-broken fashion during the greater part of the night, but morning dawned without anything having taken place.

The next day, after breakfast with the

King, we walked down to a watercourse about two miles from the village, where most of the depredations of the man-eater had been carried out; and, selecting a likely spot on a little hillock overlooking a stretch of sandy beach which bore numerous traces of the visit of animals, we set some of the natives to work preparing a rifle pit.

The pit was about four feet deep, and at the side nearest to the water was hidden by bushes carefully placed in such a manner that we could keep a good lookout and bring our weapons to bear pretty nearly all round. Across the back of the pit several good-sized logs were thrown in order to afford some protection in case we should be charged from the rear.

Everything being prepared, just before night-fall we took possession of our quarters and when the natives had said good-bye proceeded to make ourselves as comfortable as circumstances would permit.

Our rifles we placed in readiness on the front of the pit, I giving first place to the big elephant gun, for though I knew that the use of it would probably damage the skin of our prospective game, I thought that it would prove to be a decidedly effective weapon at a short range.

We nursed our impatience as well as we could, until the moon rose, and allowed us to see around with tolerable clearness.

For several hours nothing disturbed the stillness of the night, except the occasional crying of a jackal, and we were beginning to think that our chances were over when a slight rustling in the bushes to the left of our position attracted our attention, and immediately afterwards a magnificent full-grown buffalo came into view, and, after looking round to see if the coast was clear, made his way to the water's edge.

Instead of simply quenching his thirst, he plunged into the stream until the water was nearly up to his belly, and then splashed about, apparently with great enjoyment.

I was about to suggest that we should bag him, when suddenly he raised his head high up in the air and began to sniff suspiciously. After a moment's hesitation he returned to the bank, but with every indication of being in a state of great alarm, for we could actually see him trembling, and, appearing not to know which way to go, he kept slowly turning round and round.

I felt Pinnock place his hand upon my arm warningly, but did not look at him, as I knew that the moment was at hand. The buffalo was not more than twenty yards away, and I rightly judged that, assuming his fear to be caused by his instinctive knowledge of the proximity of his terrible foe, he would fall a victim where he stood; so, quietly taking up my big gun, I held myself in readiness.

Almost at the instant, from a point not more than half a dozen yards on our right, came a terrific roar, and with a rush like a whirlwind, an enormous lion sprang across the intervening space, and in a moment the buffalo was down with his throat torn open, the lion's great muzzle being almost buried in the gaping wound.

I carefully brought the elephant rifle to bear, and, getting at the moment a fair sight of the lion's broad chest, pulled the trigger.

The effect was utterly unexpected.

The recoil was so great that I was instantly knocked over, upsetting Pinnock in my fall, and before I could recover myself the huge body of the lion came tumbling down on top of us.

I felt the jaws of the animal close over my left thigh, and in less time than it has taken to tell it, I was lifted out of the pit by the monster and carried with the utmost seeming ease into the bush, my clothes and flesh being considerably torn by the undergrowth.

Strange to say I felt no pain where the beast had hold of me, heavy hippopotamus-hide boots preventing his teeth penetrating my flesh, and by brain was perfectly clear, so that I was able quite deliberately to weigh up the position of affairs, and felt that if I was not at once finished off there was still a chance of my rescue, as I knew Pinnock's cool nerve from previous hunting and fighting experiences with him.

Unfortunately my revolver had slipped from my sash, but I could feel that my knife was safe in its place, though I could not as yet get at it.

Oh, the agony and terror of that moment! I was face downward, and could not see my foe.

I could feel his hot breath on the back of my neck, and expected to receive the fatal stroke from him every instant.

However, I slowly reached for my knife, the slight movement of my hand eliciting an angry growl, and had almost grasped it, when—bang!—the report of a rifle, and simultaneously the dull "thud" so dear to a sportsman's ear, which told that the bullet had struck home, and my fell foe rolled over on his side. Before I could arise another report sounded, and so lucky was the shot that it effectually gave the struggling animal its quietus, and I was saved.

It appeared that Pinnock had scarcely lost sight of me, so quickly had he followed

and he was even more surprised than I was to find that I was almost uninjured.

My thigh was crushed a little and pained me for some time after, and I was bruised and scratched by being dragged along, but I had no serious hurt.

There were great rejoicings at Akrika when the success of our enterprise was learned, and the King and chiefs pressed several presents, principally valuable as curiosities upon us, and in return I made a present to his sable majesty of my elephant gun.

THE RED, BLACK AND YELLOW.

BY JOHN T. BRAMHALL.

WHEN Rudyard Kipling wrote "The White Man's Burden," was it a coincidence that the Americans were just going into the Philippines, and that we were confronted at the same time with the necessity of furnishing employment to our red men, and of solving the negro problem in the South? If we choose to accept the message as one addressed to ourselves it is one of merciless severity, and profound altruism:

"Take up the white man's burden—
 Ye dare not stoop to less—
 Nor call too loud on Freedom
 To cloke your weariness.
 By all ye will or whisper;
 By all ye leave or do,
 The silent sullen peoples
 Shall weigh your God and you."

The white man's burden is his dark-skinned brother. We in America begin to feel that we have our share of these "wards of the nation" just as England, if not, indeed, in such great numbers, yet enough to worry and perplex us sadly. We have, in the first place, the remnant of our aboriginal races, whose lands we took by conquest or by treaty, and whom we have thoroughly demoralized by a policy of enforced idleness. These, exclusive of Alaska, number about a quarter of a million souls. Then we have

the negroes, that our forefathers brought over from Africa to be hewers of wood and drawers of water, numbering, including those of mixed blood, nearly ten millions. Our war with Spain has added another element of Malays, Negretos, and mixed bloods to the number of about ten millions. All this gives us a combination of red, black, and yellow that strangely complicates all our old-time theories of republicanism, as enunciated by the little band of colonial aristocrats of Philadelphia, most of whom occupied lands wrested from the Indians, and who also held negro slaves, but who did not include either the red or the black in their scheme that "all men are created equal," and that "governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed." As our few thousands of uncounted blacks have grown into millions of citizens, and the red foeman of the forest is now throwing aside his tribal blanket and asking for similar rights, while many more millions of yellow men are anxiously enquiring what fate the Yankees have reserved for them, we begin to realize that we have a burden which, noblesse oblige, we cannot lay down, but which we must bear with what grace we may, as a trial to our faith and our manhood. We realize, too, that we have come of age as a nation; that we are no longer in the swaddling clothes of a cis-appalachian confederacy, but have girded on the

armor of the old Teutonic-Anglo-Saxon stock, to do our share in the world's work.

Our own home burden is a heavy one, and has taxed the wisdom of our ablest statesmen for over a century, and as yet without satisfactory solution. The status of our Indian brothers (to use an old and not inappropriate term), is most peculiar, and after two and a half years of occupation, is still unsettled. He is neither independent, nor subject, nor citizen. He has been called "ward," and the Government has accepted the obligations of guardian. We feed him; we educate him where we can; we convert him as we can, but we do not employ him. We have taken away his old occupations, and we have not admitted him to our own. We have altered our Constitution to give citizenship to the blacks, some of whom were the red men's slaves, but the original owners of the land we occupy are still debarred by rules which make tribal relations greater obstacles to citizenship than foreign birth. To the learned pale-faces who gaze upon the great serpent-mound upon the banks of the Ohio, the question comes, as from an American sphynx, "What will you do with the red man?"

The Indian question, however, pales into comparative insignificance before the more pressing negro problem. In the five "black" States, Alabama, Georgia, Louisiana, South Carolina, and Mississippi, there was a population, in 1890, of 3,532,000 negroes and only 3,377,000 whites. At their rate of increase for the past decade, 15 per cent, there would now be about 4,000,000 blacks in the five States named. It is unnecessary here to discuss the negro question in the South further than to recite the fact that the numerical preponderance of an inferior and socially degraded race, endowed by the law of the land with the rights of citizenship, is a constant menace to the whites, and is so felt by them to a degree which the people of the North are unable to appreciate. There is to-day a reign of terror in the South, terror to whites as well as blacks, and this condition will remain as long as the black race is in the preponderance, or has any degree of political importance in any considerable region within our borders. And so we have another question imperatively demanding solution: "What will you do with the negro?"

The military offers the best employment

we can give the Indian and the black man. It is congenial to his habits, his love of display and his bravery. It is an occupation that does not degrade, but on the contrary, elevates the character of the service man. Agriculture, although the natural successor of hunting in the growth of a race, has been found generally unsuccessful in the case of the Indian, and only offers the barest livelihood to the negro. It is an art which has been systematized and capitalized to such an extent that the primitive grower of a single crop has little chance in the competition: the ignorant and indolent red and black men who engage in it would eventually lapse into a hopeless state of bondage.

The acquisition of the Philippines and the "little war" now in progress there, with our enlarged activities as a world power, seems to offer a timely solution of the problem in appropriate and honorable occupation of the Indians and blacks, as well as large numbers of the native races. Not as "savage butchers," as some timid people affect to believe, but guardians of the peace; a constabulary force, to maintain the dignity of the law, to protect the peaceable peasantry from the dacoits, and everywhere when called upon to uphold the honor of the flag of their country. Despite the arguments of a well-meaning but impracticable peace party, the profession of armies is one of honor, and has been shorn of so many of its ancient abuses that it may with no great exaggeration be styled a mission of mercy.

To glance at the present situation in the Philippines, we find an imperative need of the employment of that policy which from domestic considerations seems so desirable. Order is to be restored in the islands—alas! when has there been order? Say, rather that order is to be created out of chaos, and law is to take the place of tyranny in all lands where floats the American flag. In Luzon and Panay, our brave but inexperienced farmer boys are engaged in the difficult task of reducing to obedience a semi-civilized tribe, who, inoculated with the Spanish virus of revolution, are endeavoring to bring the agricultural tribes and a hundred peaceful cities under their rapacious rule. We have, in fact, to keep guard over a great and growing trade, to protect a score of races and religions against each other, while across the China sea we have also great trade interests, as well as peace-

ful missionaries in sore need of the watchful care of a strong and zealous Government. We want no wars; no strife; but to win respect and to preserve the peace we crave, we require a strong military force, even as we need a small army of police and constabulary in our Christian lands at home. Why, then, should not the races that we have aforesaid oppressed and misused, take a share in this work, first in bringing under subjection, and then in policing our new lands and peoples?

It scarcely needs argument to demonstrate the fitness of the negro race for this duty. As a soldier he has been tried and proved. A writer in the *United Service Magazine*, (1884), says of the four regiments of colored troops (the 9th and 10th cavalry, and the 24th and 25th infantry):

"These colored regiments have passed all this time (since the close of the Civil War) with but little exception in places far from popular view and amid dangers as great and hardships as severe as have been shared by any part of the army. In this dull and trying service they have been carefully weighed in the balance of usefulness, and the general testimony of those whose words are entitled to special weight is that they have not been found wanting. In encounters with robbers and Indians they have manifested both skill and bravery, so that out of the ninety-three medals and certificates won for gallantry by the enlisted strength of the army, twelve were won by colored men, which is one-third more than their share. Generally quite as hardy as white troops, their record in the surgeon-general's reports for 1892 presents the two following noteworthy facts: The death rate among the white troops was 8.16 to the thousand, and among the colored troops 7.11. The admissions to the hospital for alcoholism among the white troops were 44.91 to the thousand, and among the colored troops only 4.36."

These statements and figures speak for themselves. No comment is necessary, and no contradiction is possible. The testimony which Colonel Roosevelt paid to the bravery and soldierly qualities of the colored troops that supported the Rough Riders at El Caney, is too recent to need repeating, but of even greater value are the words of the more experienced campaigner (him-

self a graduate of West Point), General Wesley Merritt, written in 1894:

"I take great pleasure in bearing unequivocal testimony to the efficiency of the colored troops in all conditions of the service. My experience in this direction since the war is beyond that of any officer of my rank in the army. For ten years I have had the honor [mark that: the Brigadier-General commanding says "the honor"] of being Lieutenant-Colonel of the 9th cavalry and during that service I commanded garrisons composed of the 9th cavalry and other colored organizations of cavalry and infantry. I have always found the colored race as represented in the army intelligent and zealous in the discharge of duty, brave in battle, easily disciplined, and most efficient in the care of their horses, arms and equipments. The non-commissioned officers have habitually showed the qualities for control in their positions which marked them as faithful and sensible in the discharge of their duties."

As for the graduate of Hampton and Carle, the bright young Indian cadet who has, under the existing disorder of things, no proper place either in the camps of the ruling whites or on the reservation of his people: why should he not take up the duties of an American citizen? General Crook's Apache scouts in the Arizona and Chihuahua campaigns against old Geronimo, were regarded with panicky fear by the theorists at the North, and even with the many misgivings by the war department, but they had the entire confidence of every white officer in the expedition and their unstinted praise at the close of the perilous campaign. It was indeed a most exacting and thorough trial of the red man as an auxiliary of the whites in a campaign against men of their own blood and tribe. In that expedition there were just forty-six white men and one hundred and ninety-three Indian scouts, but when General Crook finally rounded up the hostiles in their own mountain fastnesses without the loss of a man by the enemy, he demonstrated the correctness of his judgment, and proved the military value of the red man. "The longer we knew the Apache scouts," wrote Captain Burke, one of General Crook's officers, "the better we liked them." Captain Crawford, who commanded them, gave them the fullest praise, and finally resigned when he found it difficult to

defend his faithful Indians from the injustice of the old system of bureaucracy and frontier aggression.

General Miles himself, in 1885, reported as follows: "I recommend that Congress be requested to authorize the enlistment of a larger number of Indians as soldiers. I have had them under my command for years, have found them of great value, and have never known one to desert." In the same year General Schofield reported as follows: "A large number of Indian warriors should be permanently enlisted in the army, and stationed, with a proper proportion of white troops, in the immediate presence of the tribes under military control. Many of the American Indians are the best natural soldiers in the world, and their fidelity when employed by the Government, even against kindred tribes, or as a police force against their own people, is very remarkable." Generals Sibley, Terry, and others well known for their service among the Indians (in their protection as well as their punishment) have given similar opinions.

Turning to the Philippines, we find the testimony of the war correspondents strongly on the side of the negro troops. It is not that they are "as good" as the white soldiers, but better. They are perfectly at home under the scorching suns and in the torrential rains of the tropics, and do not feel those spasms of home-sickness that are so prejudicial to the white soldiers everywhere in the east. Sent out at midnight upon some dangerous or disagreeable duty, they go singing to their work, as though it were to a raccoon hunt or a barbecue in Georgia or Carolina, and on the firing line they are as steady as the oldest regulars we have. I have heard it stated, too, "at while some white soldiers, under the madness from the like of which Mulvaney once rescued Ortheris, have actually gone over to the Filipinos, not a single case of desertion has been known of our black soldiers, than whom, with our Indian scouts, more faithful guardians of the flag do not exist.

A word about the imperial army of India, which may properly be taken as some example for America to study in dealing with her various subject tribes in the East. The four divisions of the Indian army comprise 73,000 white soldiers and 146,000 natives, while added to the latter may be counted over sixteen thousand well-drilled "imperial ser-

vice troops" of the native states at the service of the empire in time of war. The armies of the independent and feudatory states are included in the above estimate. England has not forgotten that the Sikhs saved India in the "mutiny," and the example of Hodson's "Guides" is now seen in the splendid regiments of Sikhs, Goorkhas and Pathans that uphold the dominion of the English raj. The eighteen battalions of Soudanese, and Fellaheen, with ten squadrons of native cavalry and batteries of artillery under English officers, composing the army of Egypt, have shown at Firkeh, Atbara, Omderman, and many other bloody fields what the despised native troops can do with English training.

Briefly, then, from considerations of humanity as well as military expediency, it is advisable to employ both the negro and the Indian in the army. To civilize the Indian, make him a soldier. To elevate the black, take him into the service of his country. Clothe each in the honorable uniform of the United States army, and teach him that he has a country to defend and a flag to uphold.

From the 250,000 Indians now living on reservations five regiments could easily be raised, which would take only about one-eighth of the men of military age. The advantages of giving employment (with an education and a career) to the young men of the tribes; the "bucks," who out of mere idleness now give the Government no end of trouble, need not be dwelt upon; it is a proposition too clear for argument. We have our own Sikhs and Goorkhas in our Sioux and Apaches; an aboriginal military caste.

We have now a black population in the United States of about 8,780,000, which would give a million and a half of men for militia duty. The word "white," it should be remembered, was stricken out of the statute relating to the militia in 1867. And this militia could furnish a dozen, a hundred if necessary, regiments of volunteers if called for. Is it not, then, the height of folly for Americans of white skin to ignore the existence of such a mass of good military material, at a time, too, when it is so urgently needed? Illinois, Ohio, Kansas, and Texas each gave a black regiment of volunteers to the Spanish war. The Southern States would easily give a couple of regiments apiece.

But to put the matter on higher grounds, should we not advocate the employment of the Indian and the negro in the army as a humanitarian measure, as a means of making them useful citizens, and taking from them, in large degree, the stigma of inferiority? The colored race have the same rights and the same responsibilities in the defense of the State that devolves upon the white race. They should furnish, therefore, their due proportion of the militia and of the enlisted force, which would give them ten full regiments in the army, on the present strength of 100,000 men, and these should be officered, as far as their abilities justify, by men of their own race.

We have, then, among the results to be obtained from employing the red and black Americans and the loyal Filipinos, Suloos, Hawaiians, and Samoans, in the military service in our new possessions, the following:

1. The moral and political elevation of the races.
2. The strengthening of the army by the addition of a body of the best fighting material in the country, peculiarly well-fitted for campaigning in a tropical country.
3. The relief of the white race from an undue share (nearly the whole) of the burden of military service, and the release of a large number of young white men who are better fitted for administrative duties or productive occupation.
4. The withdrawal from the congested "black belt" of the South, through voluntary emigration, of the excess of blacks, thus removing from the remainder the reign of terror which the white minority has established over them, through their own fear of "negro supremacy."

As to the last argument, while experience has shown that the black cannot be induced to emigrate in any great numbers for mere emigration's sake, he has attempted numerous migrations for the purpose of bettering his condition, and lives in the enduring hope of a better land. The negro is naturally a farmer, in a region where agriculture returns a living with almost as little labor as in the tropics. Our islands, therefore, offer the inducements of a congenial climate and an opportunity to live in honorable independence. Puerto Rico is already sufficiently populated, but Cuba and Hawaii could easily take several million more and only enter on the beginning of their development, while the Philippines, as they are brought under our control, will be found capable of supporting more than double their present population. As our black soldiers begin to learn the value of the new country and its suitability as a permanent home, with the important fact that they can live in full enjoyment of their civil rights; in fact, as Americans—their American citizenship and military service giving them the status of the Roman legionaries of old—they would naturally send for their families and settle down as colonists of the new lands.

Our new possessions are making us broader-minded and less provincial than we were before 1898. We are learning our responsibilities as well as our powers as a world-empire. And we are beginning to find our weaknesses also. Let us, then, break down the narrow prejudices of race and admit, though late, our red and yellow wards and our black fellow citizens to equal rights and equal glory as American soldiers.



Books: to read or not to read

AT THIS time when the popularity of the "book-plays" is yet in the ascendancy, and the spectacular elements of Biblical material used successfully in "Ben Hur" are yet fresh in mind, it occurs to one to question why so few

A Drama of David.

indefatigable delvers after dramatic material have remembered the wealth of story and incident in the Old Testament.

The sense of the sacredness of the Scriptures still shared by the public at large may not entirely account for this immunity from pilferers enjoyed by "The Book" alone; for the Passion Play at Oberammagau witnesses year after year, in what reverential spirit such plays could be given. Is the task too large a one, the obstacles to be overcome in taking such ancient material, protected as it is by memory and association, too great to lure the selfish (or unselfish) playwright from his Roman loggias and frescoed Christian maidens? Undoubtedly it would be a difficult task to present some of the old Kings of Israel, with their numberless wives, in such a way to a modern audience as to arouse its sympathy, yet there are beautiful stories there, and dramatic situations, and strong self-sacrifices, which could be culled and woven into a fabric, which would be none too great a strain upon our sense of forbearance and courtesy toward creatures of a very different time and civilization.

Augustus George Heaton has endeavored in his "Heart of David, the Psalmist King," to give us a dramatic version of one of the greatest biographies of the Old Testament, and inevitably we are ungrateful. As a drama it is impossible from first to last. Most of the action takes place in lengthy monologues, during which the other characters driven unavoidably from the centre of the stage would find themselves rather *de trop*. Mr. Heaton has also presented his

noble central character in the role in which moderns must needs have the least sympathy, in the successive courtship of his four principal wives. The work, entirely in monotonous and undeviating iambs, is divided into four books: 1, David, and Michal, the proud daughter of Saul, whom he loved in his youth and prosperity; 2, David and Abigail, who befriended him in the days of his misfortunes; 3, David and Bathsheba, wife of Uriah, who by her beauty tempted him into sin at the height of his power, and, 4, David and Abishag, the girl who cared for him at the time of his death, when

"His work is ended. Now the shepherd's crook,
The harp, the sling, the spear, the sword,
The crown
And sceptre are but playthings for his dreams;
And woman's love and victory's delight,
And love of men—save Jonathan's alone—
Are fading as, in peace and faith and joy
He moves upheld by God."

Mr. Heaton has kept closely to the incidents of the Biblical narrative and the book is interesting reading. Saul's character is given lines of real grace and power, and the dissatisfaction of David's soul with material pleasures is seldom lost sight of.

We prefer, however, the figure of David given in the first book when he is the young shepherd and the modest soldier coming to the court, to meet

"Saul's proud daughter coming unto him
When he shall read his station in her eyes."

There is a dignity and youthfulness of sentiment in the "David and Michal" which might hold an audience after they had once committed themselves, even if it might be somewhat against their wills. Some good

lines are given Saul, but after all, Browning had his say first, and the sombre-browed King, on the stage, could scarcely do himself, (or Browning) justice. David was a stirringly active figure, in the Old Testament, as hero, and warrior as well as generous hearted musician—why not have presented him in camps or temples, while wandering in the fastnesses of the wilderness, or as the friend of Jonathan, rather than in the women's quarter of the palace?

The object of the book, we are told in the modest preface, is only to give readers a higher appreciation of a brave and chivalrous character. It is intended for private reading, so luckily not expecting to be foisted into the crucial test of stage-presentation. Yet the question remains, the material is undeniably dramatic, naturally treated as such, and why have not more of the dramatists yet sought the well-tilled ancient fields of the Old Testament, for book material for a new and impressive play?

("The Heart of David, the Psalmist King," by Augustus George Heaton. The Neale Company, Publishers, Washington.

WHEN ONE picks up William Griffith's "Excursions" one expects, by the size of the volume which contains the Kansan's latest metrical efforts, to find at best a good two hours' reading in solid stanzas and comfortably filled pages. But when one finds a bookful of great pages of fine thick paper containing on an average of four lines to a page, the effect of perusal is, to say the least, a mixed one. The reader cannot but conclude that the author has either purposely taken a great space to say a very little say, or that he has fallen into the hands of experimental publishers; which is not impossible in this hour of wickedness.

"Excursions" are well named as the whimsical, not always purposeful efforts of a mind which has occasional originality in its favor. A great many of the stanzas are unworthy, or incoherent, or aimless, or inartistic or redundant. Many recall too vividly things which greater men have said better. But verses there are which swing into true poetry and reveal the spots where Mr. Griffith has dipped into the well of real

inspiration. These lines are worthy the effort, breathing as they do, real emotion, pictorial symbolism and melody. That which I quote below Mr. Griffith prints under the title of "Crisis" in a group of quatrains descriptive of a hospital:

"The surgeon tells me death is very near;
The feeble pulse still flutters with the same
Dim human fire—while one may almost hear
The moving finger searching for the name."

The book contains perhaps a dozen such poems as this, worthy the effort, I repeat, but scarcely worthy the pretentious pages that inclose them. It would have been more to the point if the author had selected this dozen and published them in more accessible shape.

("Excursions," by William Griffith. The Hudson Kimberly Publishing Company, Kansas City.)

CHARLOTTE Perkins Gilman (Stetson) is nothing if not "new," and her latest book of essays, "Concerning Children," does not fail to keep pace with her former works in point of newness. A few of the creeds set forth I will give below in condensed form.

"Children, do not obey your parents, for obedience to your elders saps your individuality and makes you none the better." "Do not respect old age, for there is no reason to believe that the aged are more able or wise than you." "Parents, provide your children with scientifically hygienic nurseries, for the child has as much right to a house to suit his needs as you have."

These, however, are among the most peculiar theories advanced by the author. There is sound sense and practical suggestion on every other page and many things that mothers and nurse-maids might know to advantage. Children are the profession of women and all books pertaining seriously to the care and culture of the human young, and written by women, may be "new," but their newness is a wholesome one.

("Concerning Children," by Charlotte Perkins Gilman. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston, Publishers.)

"IN THE Love of Nature" is a modest little volume, modestly printed and gotten up. Inside are several bits of verse by Will J. Meredith, who writes musically but not always with inspiration. One suspects him of getting his inspiration second hand. The poems are quiet and occasionally successful, but the author lacks the genius of human nature necessary to make nature verse other than bleak.

Nature at
Second Hand.

(Metropolitan Printing & Binding Company, Seattle.)

GEORGE Wharton James has written a book entitled "In and Around the Grand Canyon of the Colorado," and no one is more eminently fitted to tell of that enchanted region than is Mr. James, who has spent the

Vivid Book on
Grand Canyon.

greater part of his summers for the past ten years observing, studying and photographing among the dizzy red towers of the Grand Canyon. Perhaps it is partly due to propinquity (for the author tells us that he wrote many pages of his book close to the spots described) that so much of vividness has been set before our eyes, such fascinating impressions of that grim, marvellous realm of the desert genii.

Certain it is that for variety of subjects and handling the wealth of half-tones given surpasses any other illustrations of the Grand Canyon yet published. By way of a frontispiece a magnificent cut entitled "Temples and Buttes of the East from the Great Scenic Divide," is given and the volume includes a folded panorama of the Canyon looking across the Vishnu Temple which is no less than startling in its effect.

The author bases his description on the ten accessible trails whereby the Canyon is reached from the outside world, and in placing the number at ten he names and describes several more trails than are generally accounted for by travelers. The first part of the book is devoted to a brief history of those early expeditions of perilous discovery that scattered so many bones and

timbers along the treacherous rapids of the Colorado.

Much has been written about the Grand Canyon, but nothing I have yet seen is more comprehensive, and comprehensible than the present work.

("In and Around the Grand Canyon," by George Wharton James. Little, Brown & Co., Boston, Publishers.)

IT IS no inconsiderable work that Charles Franklin Carter has undertaken in his "Missions of Nueva California," a work eminently necessary to Californians and instructive to the world at large; for this book, exclusive

History for Californians to Read.

of the general California histories of Bancroft and Hittell, is the first historical treatise on those Spanish ecclesiastical pioneers who, lovingly and in the fear of God, sowed the good seed of civilization from Oregon to the Gulf.

Mr. Carter, in preparing his history has drawn his information both from common sources and from the documents of the early settlers and he has found the task a fascinating one as he admits. "For the wonderful rapid growth," he says, "in prosperity and power of the great Missions established at various points from San Diego to San Francisco; for picturesque scenes of Mission, Mexican and Indian life during a period of more than half a century; * * * for the sad, pathetic death of the Mission system after its glorious spiritual career,—for all these things the history of this State forms a chapter second to none, in interest and picturesqueness, of all our State histories."

The book is divided into three general parts, the first of which, in three long chapters, deals respectively with the inception, growth and decline of the Mission. The second part is devoted to the early inhabitants of the Missions and surrounding pueblos while Part III describes the ruined Missions of the present time.

The book is beautifully and profusely illustrated from water colors by the author, old cuts and photographs.

("The Missions of Nueva California," by Charles Franklin Carter. The Whitaker & Ray Co., San Francisco.)

THE publication "Chatterbox" has many things in common with Santa Claus. It is just as much a Christmas institution, just as welcome to the children, and, withal, just about as old-fashioned as the jolly saint of the Yuletide. "Chatterbox" is, as usual, profusely illustrated and chock-full of adventures and travel, among which may be mentioned "Vasco Island" and "Beggie's Reminiscences." There are some fascinating little sketches on Sir Walter Scott's heroes, and pages of interesting natural history.

("Chatterbox." Dean, Estes & Co., Boston.)

AN "Amusing Geography," just off the press of the Whitaker & Ray Company has ingenuity on its side, whatever you may say against it. The book is largely an aid to map drawing from memory, suggesting the contour of various maps by means of pictures of objects bearing an imaginary resemblance. For instance, Georgia is represented as a long-faced man, bearing the inscription,

Instructive
While Amusing.

"I'm Georgie"; Wisconsin, as a squatting badger; North America (poor patriotism), as a skull. "Memory songs" are given with every lesson, like the following, to the tune of "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," which is supposed to be descriptive of a map of South Carolina:

"Cut one large square in four;
Start in the second one,
Quite near the top.
Stop o'er the first cross-line,
Draw past the south cross-line
And through the west cross-line,
But do not stop."

It is a question whether such doggerels as these are an aid to geography. Certain it is that they are no aid to rhetoric and versification.

("Schultze's Amusing Geography and System of Map-Drawing." The Whitaker & Ray Company, San Francisco.)

Story of the South.—"The Young Bachelor," by Camm Patterson, is rather an unpromising title for a somewhat too argumentative war story of the Old Dominion. The book is fundamentally a novel with a purpose, its object being to show the disaster into which the civil war plunged the population of the South, both white and black. The story takes John Halifax, a young Virginian, through the Civil War.

A Matter of Opinion

IT HAD been hoped that the new century would reveal at least a symptom of what the prophets are pleased to call the Great American Drama. But even the symptom has not appeared. We are still having our big plays made in London and in Paris. The big managers make no bones about the source of their dramatic goods; when accused of national

pride and patriotism they merely say: "Every production costs so many thousands of dollars before the first curtain is lifted—we cannot afford to take chances. The successes of London and Paris are certainly safer than the untried efforts of our own authors, to say nothing of the advertising value of the author's name."

The American manager is not an artist, does not pretend to be an artist; he is simply a busy business man with a large talent for what we Americans call "hustle."

He would like (so he says) to be a patriot and producer of home products, but he cannot see his way to take the chance just yet. So he gives the playwrights of London and Paris all sorts of pecuniary inducements and gets the modish plays. Is the manager right? Well, that is a delicate question. After we have discovered the Great American Dramatist it will be easier to answer. Meantime those fellows over in London are turning out pretty good plays. There are Pinero and Jones and young Esmond and that surpassing Irish cynic, Bernard Shaw, and a host of others who have not only something to say but who know just how to put it in dramatic form; while we have to offer in comparison a drama that is either hopelessly local or hopelessly strenuous. In eccentric comedy we are far ahead of Great Britain if not of France; in melodrama we have a "Secret Service" at least which taught Sardou a lesson in direct dramatic expression. But we have no social drama to picture ourselves as we are to-day. And this condition, mind, in this supreme land of the reporter and the camera! We have the sock, kitchen and nose-blowing dramas of Denman Thompson, Augustus Thomas and James A. Herne that are fairly diverting exaggerations of the commonplace; but we have no play that reflects our actual urban life. In the United States there is a social structure as definite and as rich in dramatic material as that of Great Britain—but no play that mirrors it. We have applied the camera to the eccentric phases of our life and ignored the real thing. We have yet to be adequately represented on the stage. From England, from France, from Germany, from Norway, we have dramas that give us a definite notion of the manners, passions and beings of these peoples. In all the literature of the American stage is there a single play whose characters definitely reflect the national spirit and person? No!

The drama has long been lagging behind the other departments of fiction. The novel is so far ahead of it in this country that we are compelled to go to second-rate stories to make an adaptation that will be called a first rate play. The grit, enterprise and spirit of America have yet to be evidenced in a play. And we are the most generous playgoers in the world.

Among journalists of the old school there was not so long since a great degree of prejudice against collegians as newspapermen. Of late years, however, our great universities have been graduating more and more men into metropolitan dailies, weeklies and magazines. And these college alumni are pretty well proving, too, that the man equipped with a "higher" education is, all things being considered, usually as well-fitted to make his own way in the capacity of writer or newsgatherer as others specially trained to the profession. As a consequence, in most editorial rooms to-day where once the name of college graduate was a mock and a byword, the bachelor of arts degree may now serve as a mild recommendation, and to an extent, as a promise of efficiency.

This change of heart among the newspaper executives, may be largely traced to the vastly improved condition of college journalism during the past few years. Ten years ago a college daily was a *rara avis* indeed, and college literary weeklies and monthlies were, with a bright exception here and there, as unattractive to the eye as to the intellect. To-day in the American universities there are, perhaps, a dozen daily newspapers being published by the student bodies with a reasonable profit for both editors and business managers. The majority of these, containing from four to six pages, stick to the news concerning undergraduates and college alumni, furnish persuasive editorials on local affairs, and give a truthful bulletin of the day's doings sensibly and in small space. The editor-in-chief holds an honorable and influential position in student affairs and has under his orders a small staff of reporters whose "news sense" would do credit to the gleaners of the professional press.

Concerning the college magazines of a purely literary character, praise can be given in like degree. It is of course ridiculous to measure the quality of student prose and verse according to the standards of the outside world, for student writings are of a necessity experimental and raw, bombastic where they should be forceful, clumsy where they should be adroit and solemn where they

should be serious. It is not, however, the purpose of these publications to face the world on their own merits. They are published to encourage rather than to exhibit student thought and this end they accomplish very well. There are not a few of the younger generation of literati who read lovingly the pages of their college magazines, remembering the crude little efforts that were the first incentive toward the creation of something worth while.

Easily the most commendable, because the most nearly professional of all our college publications, are the humorous papers. In this class of literature the American press is remarkably behind the march of progress, and it is not too much to say that those who publish the comic weeklies of the United States might get some noteworthy suggestions from such papers as the Harvard Lampoon, Yale Record, and Stanford Chapparel. There is something in the college atmosphere which makes the lighter form of matter particularly spontaneous and easy of production, and the ingenuity of lampoon and satire is often commendable. The humorous papers are usually illustrated by undergraduates and the excellence of art work, of course, varies considerably. The fact that, in several known cases students are paying their way through college by contributions to professional funny papers, would go to prove that the college satirist has, in some instances, at least, first-class illustrations to embellish his efforts.

From an economic standpoint it is nothing short of wonderful that a college colony, numbering in all less than 2,000 souls, should be able to support profitably a daily paper, two weeklies, a monthly, and an annual bound volume; yet such a feat is being accomplished not alone in the largest colleges in the country. Such a feat is a credit to student enterprise, and, more than this, the fact that each particular branch of college journalism is so good of its kind, is a credit to the finer talents of American undergraduates. It would be well if every organized course of study trained its disciples as wisely and as well as do the unpretentious college papers, which, in their independent way, are doing better for their editors and writers than many a law or medical school is doing for its physicians and barristers; they are throwing to the

winds that mass of theory which so often proves only a stumbling block, and, in a smaller, narrower sense, showing to the novice what will be required of him in the wide world.

Weighed with regard to educative value, modern college journalism may be classed among the chief blessings of the new thought that has so changed the aspect of our *almae matres* in the past decade, causing the conservative parents of wisdom to open their eyes at the strange doings of the more recent college-mothers who first outstretched their arms to the busy outside world and admitted to their curricula innovations that must have made some fine old scholastics turn uneasily in their graves.

VERDI is dead, and the world is asking

Who shall take the place of Verdi? just as the world asked

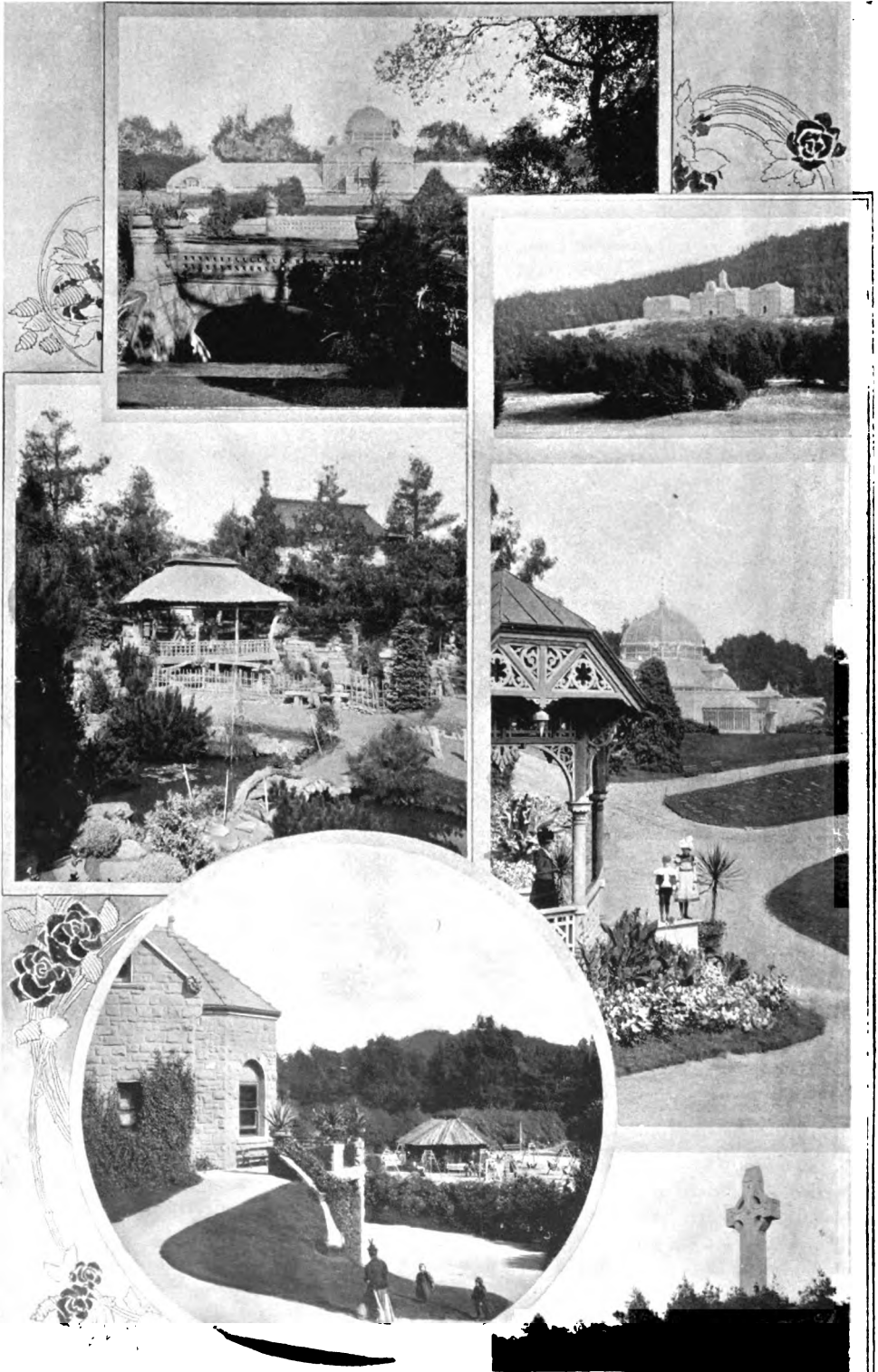
The Passing
of Verdi.

Who shall take the
place of Wagner?

when Wagner died.
Verdi lived a long
life that was full of
honor and accom-

plishment. When Italian opera was in the "Trovatore" and "Favorita" stage it was Verdi who wrote the "Trovatore" and the "Favorita"; when the sterner dramas of Germany had made themselves felt in the world of opera, it was Verdi who composed "Aida," "Otello," and "Falstaff." Giuseppe Verdi was the man that toward the end of the Nineteenth Century saved "Italian opera" from becoming a term of reproach. He was the father of all the Mascagnis, Leoncavallos and Puccinis that made melody for the newer Italy. He was a great man and much of his music will live. "Aida" cannot die; apart from its dramatic worth there are strains in it that are absolutely inspirational. In "Otello" are genuine fire and music that to the last note illustrates the text. In sheer reckless tune-fulness "Il Trovatore" is a record opera. It is our proud whim to-day to despise its melodies, to associate them with hand organ and beggar band. But who is there left in all the land to write such melody? A great voice that made music for us all has been silenced and not a nation alone but all the civilized world shares the loss and sorrows.





Conservatory.

SNAP-SHOTS IN GOLDEN GATE PARK. Affiliated Colleece.

Overland Monthly

VOL. XXXVII

March, 1901

No. 3

GOLDEN GATE PARK.

By RICHARD M. GIBSON.

IN all the authentic and recorded history of the rise and development and expansion of civilization of which our organized society and its institutions are a product and part, there are no more picturesque and unique chapters than those which tell the story of the carving of a mighty empire out of the rough wilderness which confronted our forefathers, as, step by step, they pushed their way across this western hemisphere from the bleak Massachusetts shores on which the Pilgrim Fathers landed, through the primeval forests of the Atlantic States, into the vast prairies of the middle west, over the great divide of the Rocky Mountains, and down the sunlit slopes of these Pacific States, until their farther progress was stopped by the waters of the ocean. And, in this story, the creation and development of the Golden Gate Park, which has been termed San Francisco's breathing place, and which is rapidly working its way to the front as one of the great sights of the world, forms a detail that is characteristic of the energy and ingenuity with which our people attack and overcome obstacles which stand between them and the attainment of their desires.

Thirty-five years ago the site which is now Golden Gate Park was mainly a series of desolate sand dunes, barren of vegetation of any kind, save a small fringe of chaparral and weak soil at the eastern end. It was then known as a part of what were termed, in the mu-

nicipal parlance of the day, the outside lands. These outside lands had originally been the pueblo lands of the old pueblo of Yerba Buena as it existed in the days of the Spanish and Mexican dominion. These lands were held in trust by the Alcalde for the benefit of subjects and citizens, each of whom had the right, after complying with certain legal requirements, to have a site for a homestead set apart and transferred to him. When the sovereignty over California was ceded to the United States by Mexico, and before the municipality of San Francisco, as created under the Americanized California law, obtained a title from Congress to these lands, they became, it was contended by some, a part of the public domain of the United States, and as such, subject to appropriation, under the pre-emption laws, by all citizens. Much of the area upon which San Francisco now stands was taken up in this way. Still another class of questionable titles were founded upon a claim of succession to the grantees under old Spanish and Mexican grants. Many, if not most, of these claims of title were little better than assertions of what has been designated squatter sovereignty; but it was an era of confusion and self-assertion in which squatter sovereignty was a recognized institution, and, as the community settled down upon a more orderly and methodical basis it was thought advisable in the interests of harmony to partially recognize and compromise with what may be termed the claims of vested

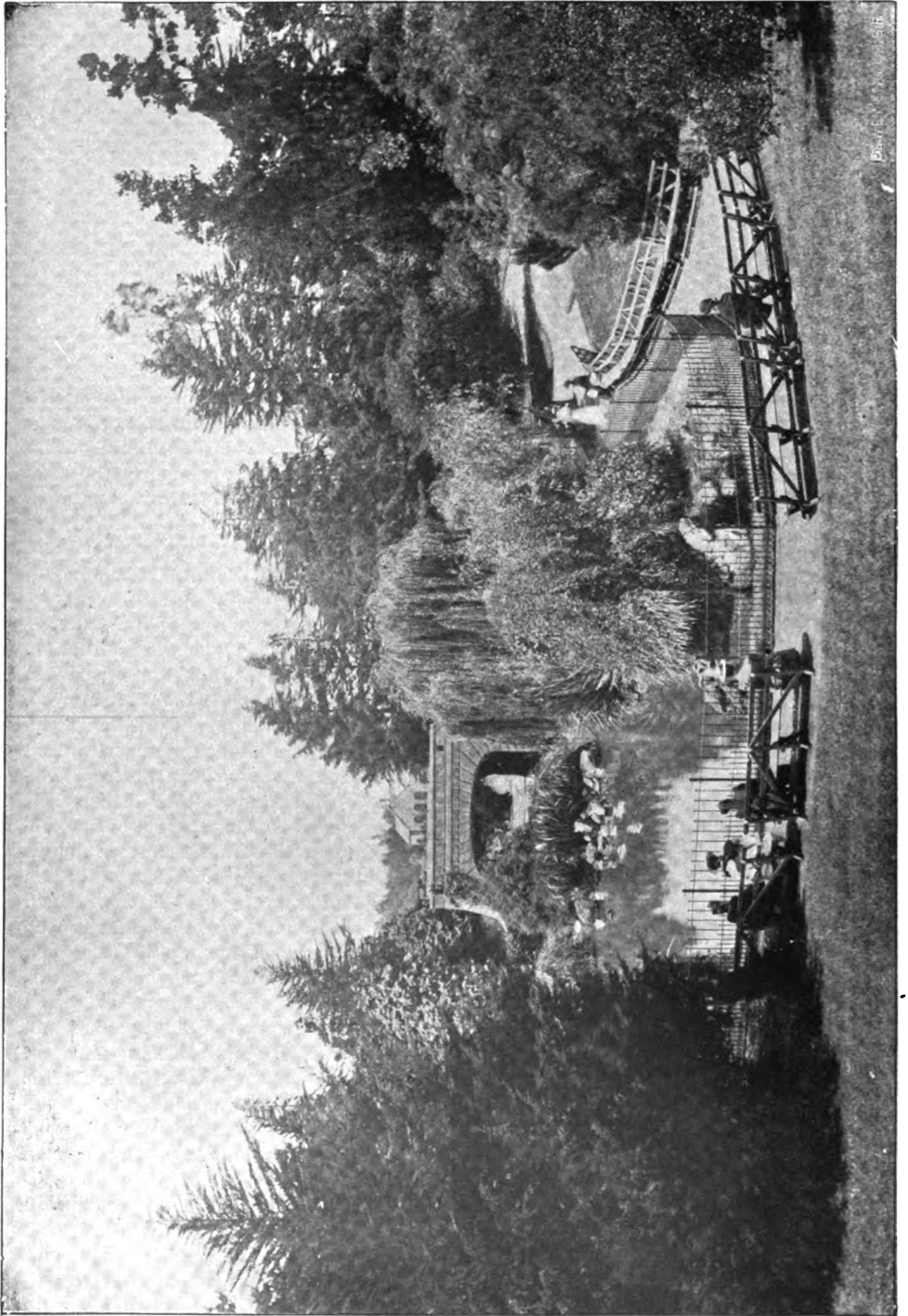
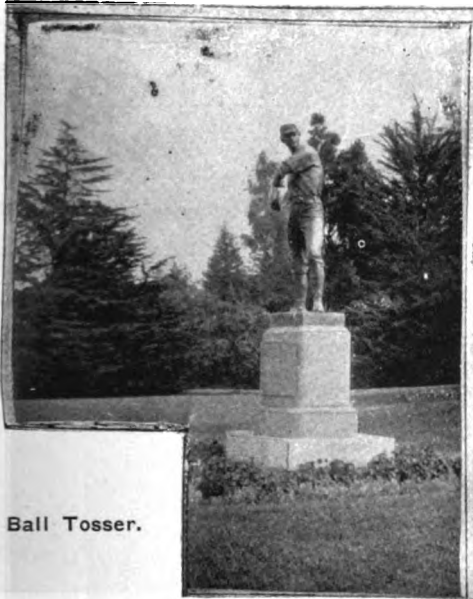


Photo by J. J. ...

Alvord Lakelet.



Ball Tossor.

rights that had grown out of this squatter sovereignty. At the same time an effort was made to save as much as possible for the city. It was in the course of following out this policy that the municipal authorities, under the leadership of the late Mr. Frank McCoppin, succeeded in getting possession of the lands upon which the Golden Gate Park now stands. In 1864 Mr. Justice Field, in the United States Circuit Court, rendered a decision in favor of the city's claim to four square leagues of land upon the San Francisco peninsula. This decree was approved of by a confirmatory act of Congress passed in 1866. But the squatters, or settlers, as they termed themselves, were still in possession of their lands, and it was an open question whether they would not be able in the end to maintain their titles. The legal battle, indeed, was only begun, not ended. The city had gained little more than a good standing in court and an interminable litigation seemed before it. Besides this, the squatters or settlers, in addition to having a good legal position, had certain equities which everybody recognized. In this condition of affairs the municipal authorities, with Mr. McCoppin at their head, held a conference with the squatters or settlers—among whom were such able and influ-

ential men as John B. Felton, Eugene Casserly, Eugene Sullivan, John H. Baird, Eugene Lies, Thomas U. Sweeny, who has since donated to the Park the Observatory on Strawberry Hill, and many others—at which the latter were asked if they would be willing to surrender ten per centum of their holdings to the city, for the purpose of creating a Park, if the city authorities would join with them in procuring State legislation confirming their titles and thus settling forever the existing dispute. They all agreed to this. Some of them, indeed, offered to give up an even higher percentage. John B. Felton, who was a large-minded, open-handed man, offered to give twenty-five per centum. Thereupon an ordinance was passed by the Board of Supervisors embodying this agreement and a committee was appointed to appraise the value of all the outside lands, and also to fix a price for that portion required for Park purposes. This committee found that the value of the outside lands was something over twelve



Rustic Stairs.

millions of dollars, and that the portion to be taken for Park purposes was worth something under thirteen hundred thousand dollars. An assessment of ten and



Huntington Falls, Strawberry Hill.



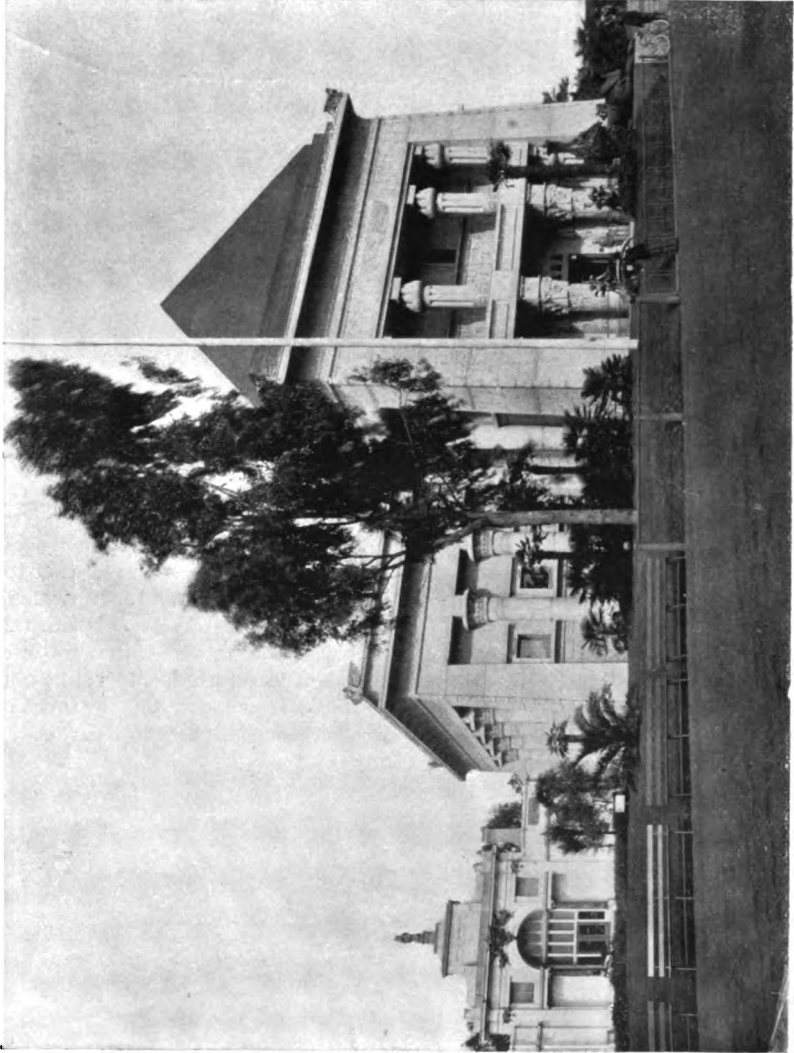
three-fourths per centum was, therefore, sufficient to pay for the Golden Gate Park lands, as well as for the Avenue Park, commonly known as the Panhandle, and Buena Vista Park, which were acquired at the same time and are now a part of the territory under the immediate jurisdiction of the Park Commissioners. While the ordinance embodying the compromise was before the Supervisors, and while the confirmatory acts were before the Legislature, a fierce opposition to the whole project was maintained. Writing upon this phase of the subject, Mr. William Hammond Hall says:

"The battle which was waged against the location of a park where Golden Gate Park now is, and the men who fought the "dreary desert" location, as Colonel W. H. L. Barnes has since fittingly called it, should not be forgotten. It was a struggle before the Legislature and Board of Supervisors in the settlement of outside land titles. I remember well and my file of newspaper clippings reminds me of details of the attack made on the proposal for a park in the "Western Addition" and "Outside Lands," and how every one prominently connected with the "job," as it was called, was hauled over the coals, both reportorially and

editorially. The proposed site was condemned as worthless for the purpose. It was written and declaimed and published that nothing could be made to grow on the "wild sand drift" without covering it in with loam and manure, that for this purpose it would have to be graded down to an approximately level plain, that the cost would be fabulous, that water-supply sufficient to serve it could not be obtained on the peninsula of San Francisco, that the advance of sands from the beach



A Sunday Crowd.



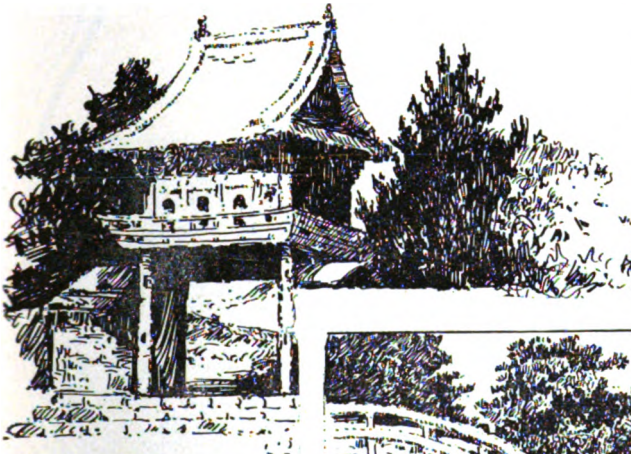
Museum, Golden Gate Park.

would rapidly cover in and obliterate all improvements thus made, at any cost, and that this could not be averted except by building a massive sea-wall of concrete and stone, located well outside of the low-water line and for the full length of the beach—from Seal Rocks (Cliff House) point to the creek three miles south. To controvert these opinions in those days was to be branded as an "Outside Land Jobber." I have often been amused since to see how prominent people have been converted to belief in

of the city—who wanted the park located over there. Nothing was too severe for them and their newspaper champions to say of the Outside Land desert. And there was the "North Beach Clique," who advocated the use of the Presidio as a park. Their plan was to get Congress to dedicate this Military Reserve to use as a park to be improved by the city; and they had in a gentleman who afterwards figured as a controlling Golden Gate Park Commissioner and as a brilliant newspaper editor, a champion who

was foremost in foretelling disaster as the result to be anticipated from an attempt to make a park of the desert we afterwards conquered.

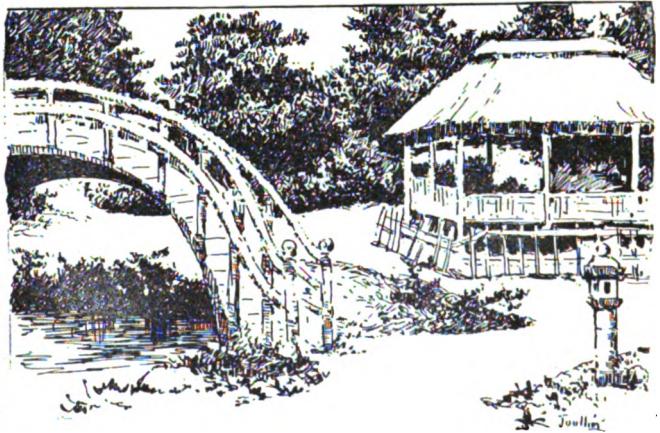
"While I was making the original topographical survey of the site in the latter part of 1870, a reporter delegated by his



Entrance to Tea Garden.

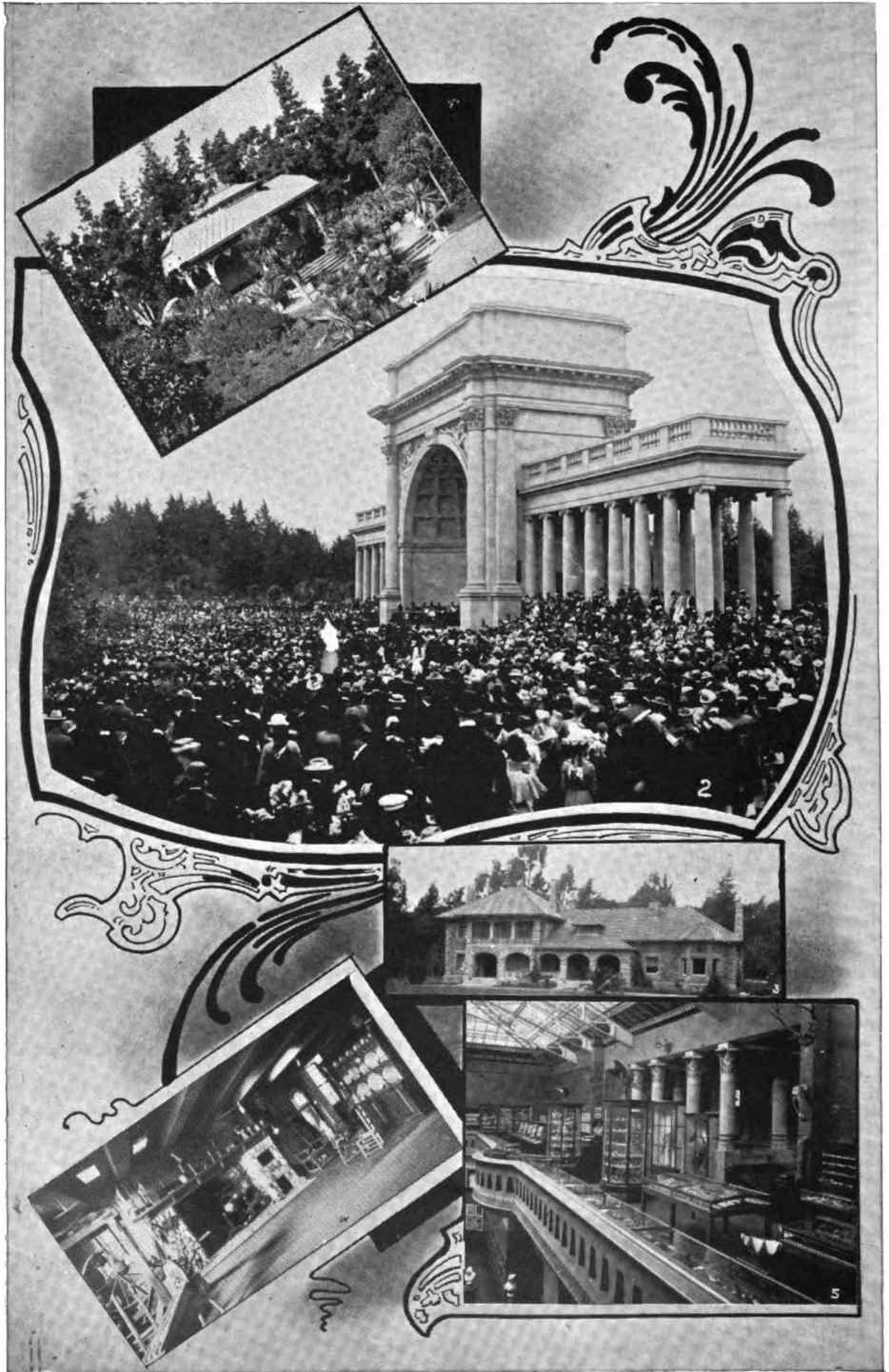
the fitness of the "desert" and have quietly arrayed themselves as champions, inferentially original, of its improvement as a Park. Some of the very men whose purses and mouths were opened widest and whose personal and political efforts were strenuous to defeat the location of Golden Gate Park and afterwards to prevent its improvement, men who condemned the place and all connected with its selection and betterment, have since come to the front as beneficiaries and even guardians of this people's playground, and have their names more prominently linked with it in public sight than those who really secured and improved it for the people.

"There was what was known as the "Mission Crowd"—influential property-owners and business men of that quarter



Bridge in Tea Garden.

newspaper manager to write up the proposed improvement "job," came to my camp in the little valley where now the Halleck monument stands, to get matter for an item. The result was that he wrote pleasingly of myself as the young surveyor who had a good job at the taxpayers' expense, but he roundly condemned, from his afternoon's personal examination, any attempt to make a park on the drifting sands or on the lands towards which the drift was coming. I afterwards wondered whether he had



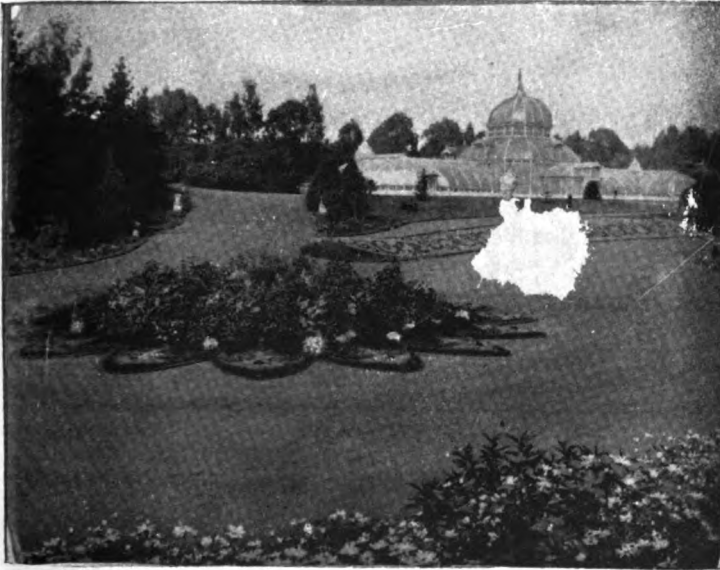
First Band Stand.
Spreckels' Band Stand.

Colonial Room Museum.

Park Lodge.
Corner of Museum.

written what he really thought, for he left me under the impression that I had converted him to believe in my own idea that the sands presented the best park lands on the peninsula—the warmest and most susceptible to bright and enlivening treatment. It were useless to say more in this strain or to mention names o' those who opposed; most of them are dead, and doubtless all have acknowledged their error. It is more pleasing to say something of those who were right in the struggle and to whose memory or towards whom San Franciscans should

for reasons which afterwards transpired I can have no warmth of recollection for Mr. McCoppin, as a San Franciscan I cannot forget that it was he who as Mayor did much to secure the location of our Park where it is—the most suitable site which could have been selected—and that he did it in the face of abuse and denunciation of himself and the place alike. He honestly believed in the location, and was one of those who in the earlier years of improvement upheld the first Park Commissioners in that belief and advocacy. But behind him were the



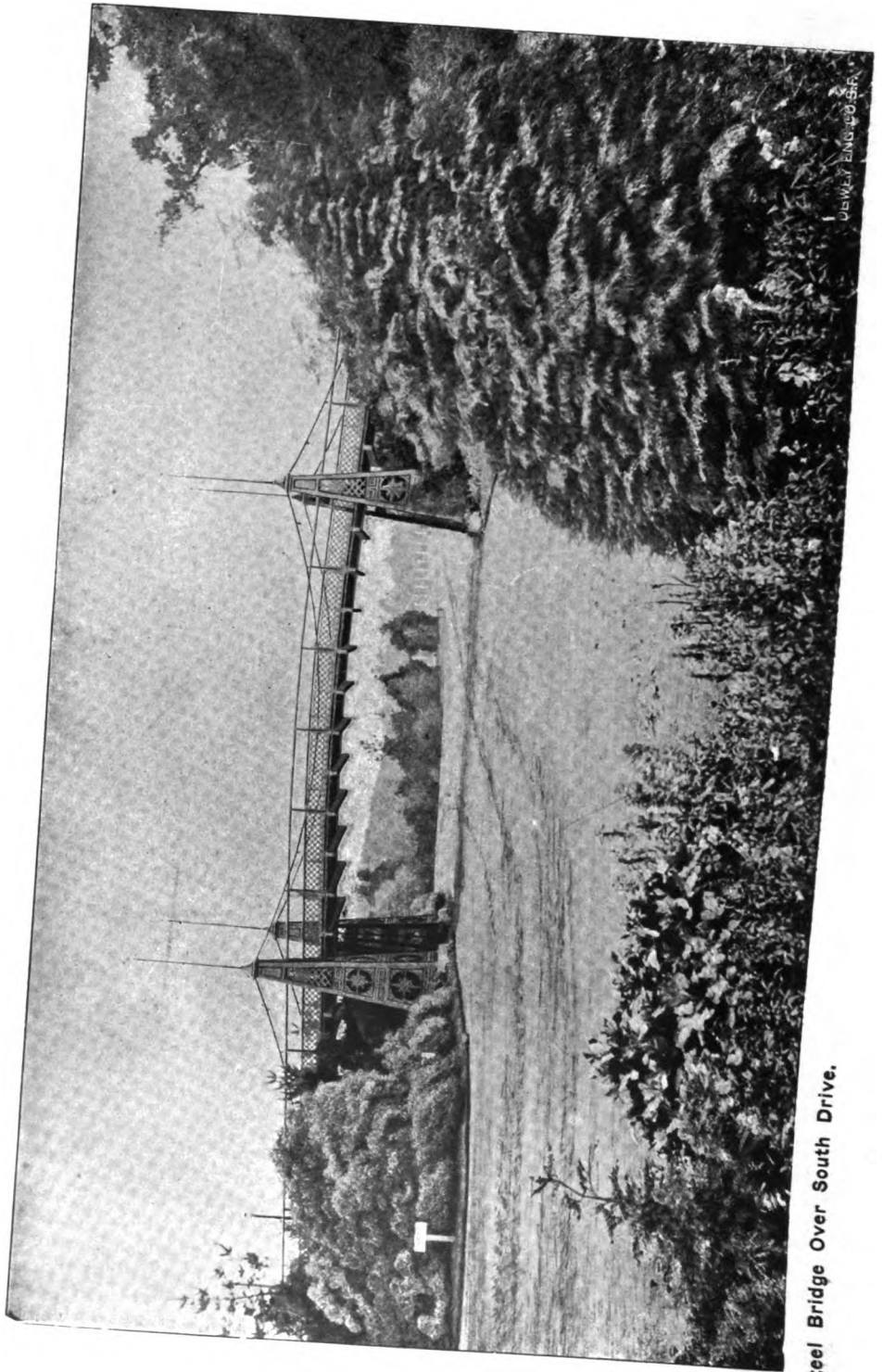
Conservatory.

specially turn with feelings of kindness and gratitude.

"Foremost among these were John Nightingale, E. Ewald, Abraham Seligman, Eugene L. Sullivan, Eugene Lies, Dr. Beverly Cole, and others whose names do not now occur to me, as Western Addition and Outside Land property-owners, and Frank McCoppin as Supervisor and in the Mayor's chair. Although

original champions of the truth we afterwards demonstrated. These were the six whose names I have just mentioned.

John Nightingale and E. Ewald, with that great counsellor and advocate, John B. Felton, were more than any others instrumental in bringing about the legislation, both Federal and State, which resulted in the settlement of the early Outside Land disputes and Squatter wars,



Steel Bridge Over South Drive.

DEWEY ENGINEERING



Natural Stone Steps.

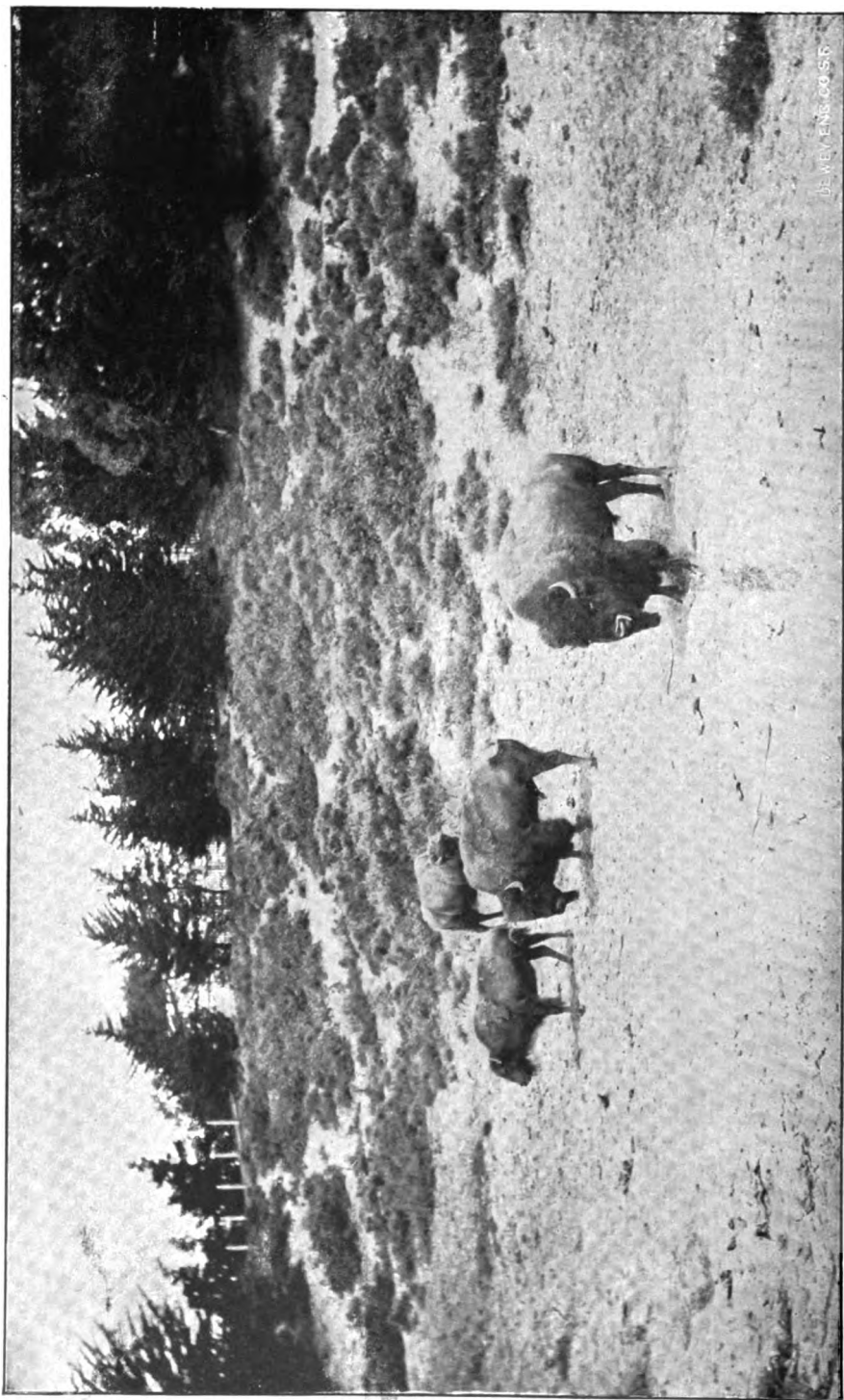
and in the acquirement of the Golden Gate Park site almost without cost to the city. Abraham Seligman, Dr. Cole and Eugene L. Sullivan, together with Eugene Lies as attorney for the latter, were foremost among those who pressed for the Park reservation feature being introduced in the settlement to be made. Paul Rousset, a Frenchman, who knew what had been accomplished by way of reclamation and foresting sand dunes in his own and other countries, was the well-informed champion of the suitability of the site, who tried the first experiments in establishing growths on our sands and provided the others with the arguments in favor of the place for a park. There ought to be a monument erected in honor of these men, for they waded through a slough of ridicule and abuse to give San Francisco her Park site. Doubtless there were others entitled to much credit, whom I did not so well know of.

The necessary legislation was finally enacted. Speaking of this compromise at the opening of the Sweeny Observatory, or Amphitheatre, on Strawberry Hill, twenty-three years later, Mr. Frank McCoppin said:

"And now, after a lapse of twenty-three years, looking at it dispassionately I do not know that I would change that settlement in any particular save one—I wish the Park could have been made larger than it is. But when we consider the time in which the thing was done, the absence of public sentiment upon the sub-



Exposition Statue



DEWEY ENNIS, 1908-1910

Buffalo Paddock,

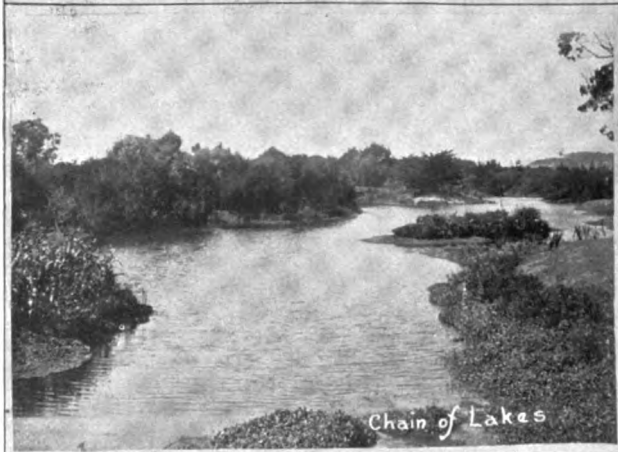
ject of parks, the greed of individuals and the general want of education among the people in regard to public grounds, it is really a matter of congratulation that so much was accomplished."

That covers the situation. No person can examine the Park to-day and not regret that the hills to the south of it, with their magnificent possibilities for sublime woodland and other scenic effects, are not included in its area; but upon the other hand, no student of San Francisco's history, who is intelligent enough to understand the conditions prevailing at the time of the compromise and settlement, can fail to realize how close we were to having no Park at all.

The Park site being acquired, the Legislature proceeded to pass a bill creating a Park Commission and authorizing the Supervisors to appropriate money for the reclamation of the land. In the thirty-two years that have since elapsed that work has been carried forward steadily and energetically. Mr. William Hammond Hall, the eminent engineer, laid out a broad plan of reclamation and designed an appropriate system of roadways for the Commissioners. While, of course, it has been elaborated in detail, to an extent and in ways that probably its designer never thought of, the general lines of Mr. Hall's plan have been carried out and the artistic and enduring nature of the scheme bears testimony to his judgment and taste. A picture of Mr. Hall accompanies this article. He was the Park's first Superintendent. At first the Commissioners were a good deal embarrassed for the want of funds commensurate with the extent of the undertaking for, as Mr. McCoppin said, there was at that time no public sentiment upon the subject of Parks, and there was a widespread ignorance among the masses as to the value of public recreation grounds, while, upon the other hand, the Supervisors were always anxious to have the appearance of giving a very economic administration. But as the Park work began to develop into picturesque lawns surrounded by fringes of forest, well-made drives, and walks running through exquisite gardens and charming landscapes, its importance was



Bridge at end of
Chain of Lakes

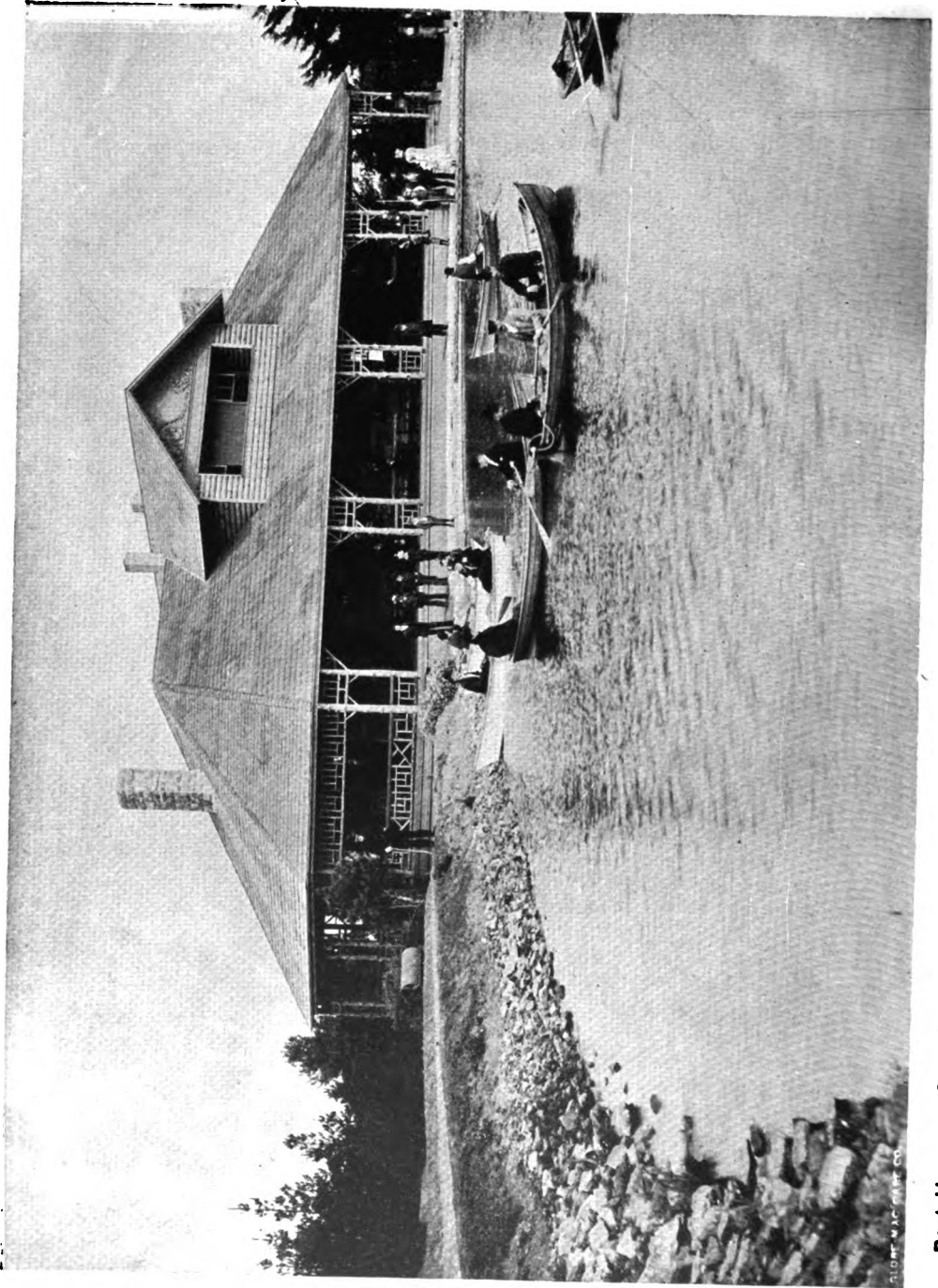


Chain of Lakes



Chain of Lakes

CHAIN OF LAKES Golden Gate Park



Boat House on Stow Lake.



accorded a growing recognition. Of late years, therefore, while the Commissioners could no doubt have usefully employed more money than has been set apart for them, they have, as a rule, been fairly well supplied. This has been especially so since the improved system of street railroad transportation brought the Park practically to every man's doorstep. Twenty-five years ago no one without a horse and buggy or other vehicle could reach the Park with any comfort; to-day nine or ten street car lines (with a five-cent fare) terminate there, and these lines transfer with nearly every other line in the city.

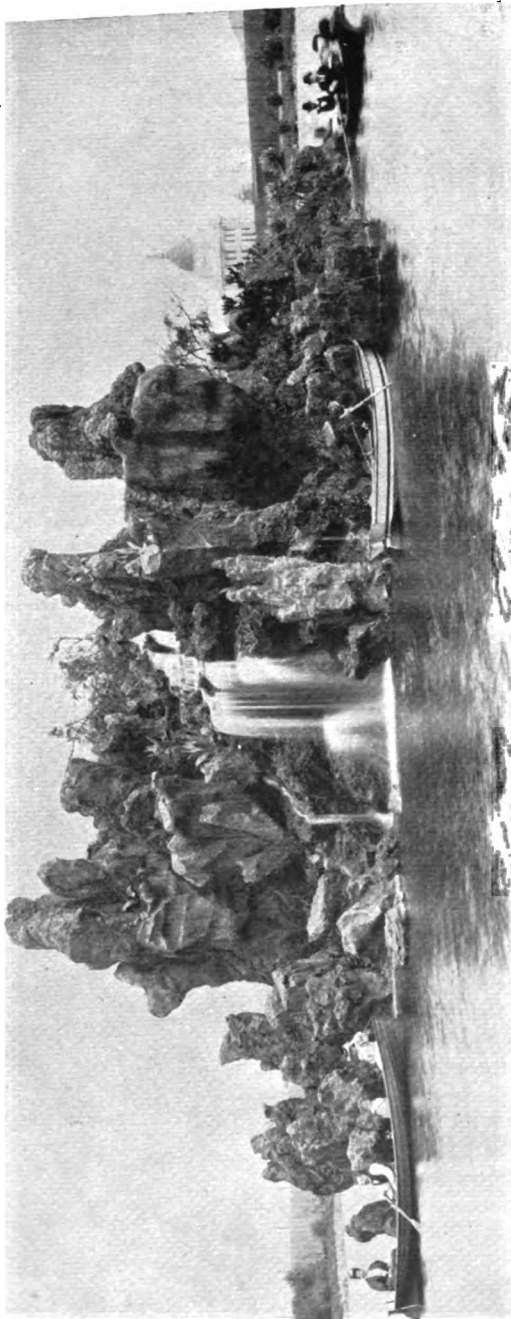
When the work of reclamation was first begun, the Park Commissioners were confronted with one of the most discouraging tasks that men have ever faced. Commencing with the eastern boundary line of the Panhandle and ending at the ocean beach, they had a territory four and a quarter miles long, by half a mile wide, and consisting mainly of dry, shifting sand dunes, to improve and make beautiful. The vastness of the undertaking was equalled by the apparently unsurmountable difficulties that had to be overcome. All sorts of devices were tried for the reclamation of the shifting sand dunes. Grain crops were put in and nearly all varieties of grass were cultivated with but little success. Yellow lupin was tried but did not fully produce the results desired. Finally the sea bent grass was experimented with, and its strong fibrous roots were found to accomplish the purposes desired. This grass held the sand in place, and under

its shelter stronger plants and shrubs were set out and grew up. After four years of effort that which had been a barren waste began to clothe itself in a rough and dingy verdure that inspired the hope of future and more perfect achievements. Subsoiling, tree planting, flower sowing, shrub setting, road making and water-pipe laying, were soon inaugurated, and in a little time the eastern end of the area up as far as the present Conservatory began to present a most attractive appearance. Writing of the difficulties of the early Park improvement, Mr. William Hammond Hall says:

"The first Board of Park Commission-

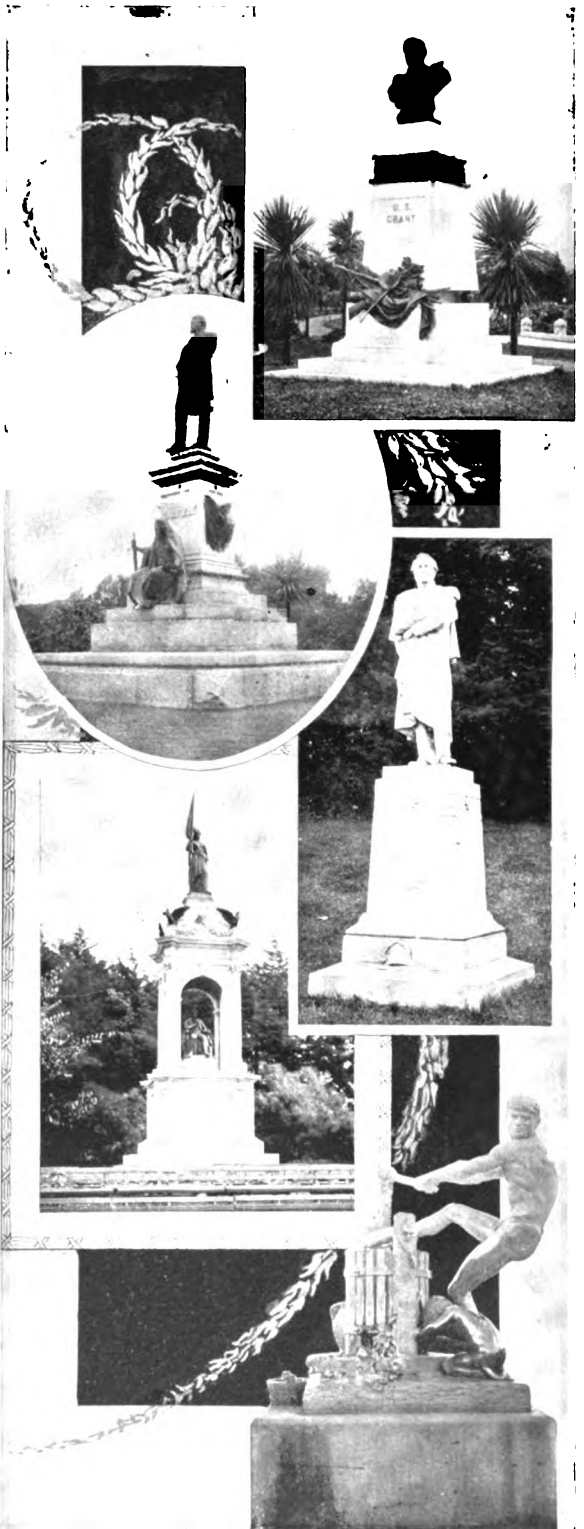


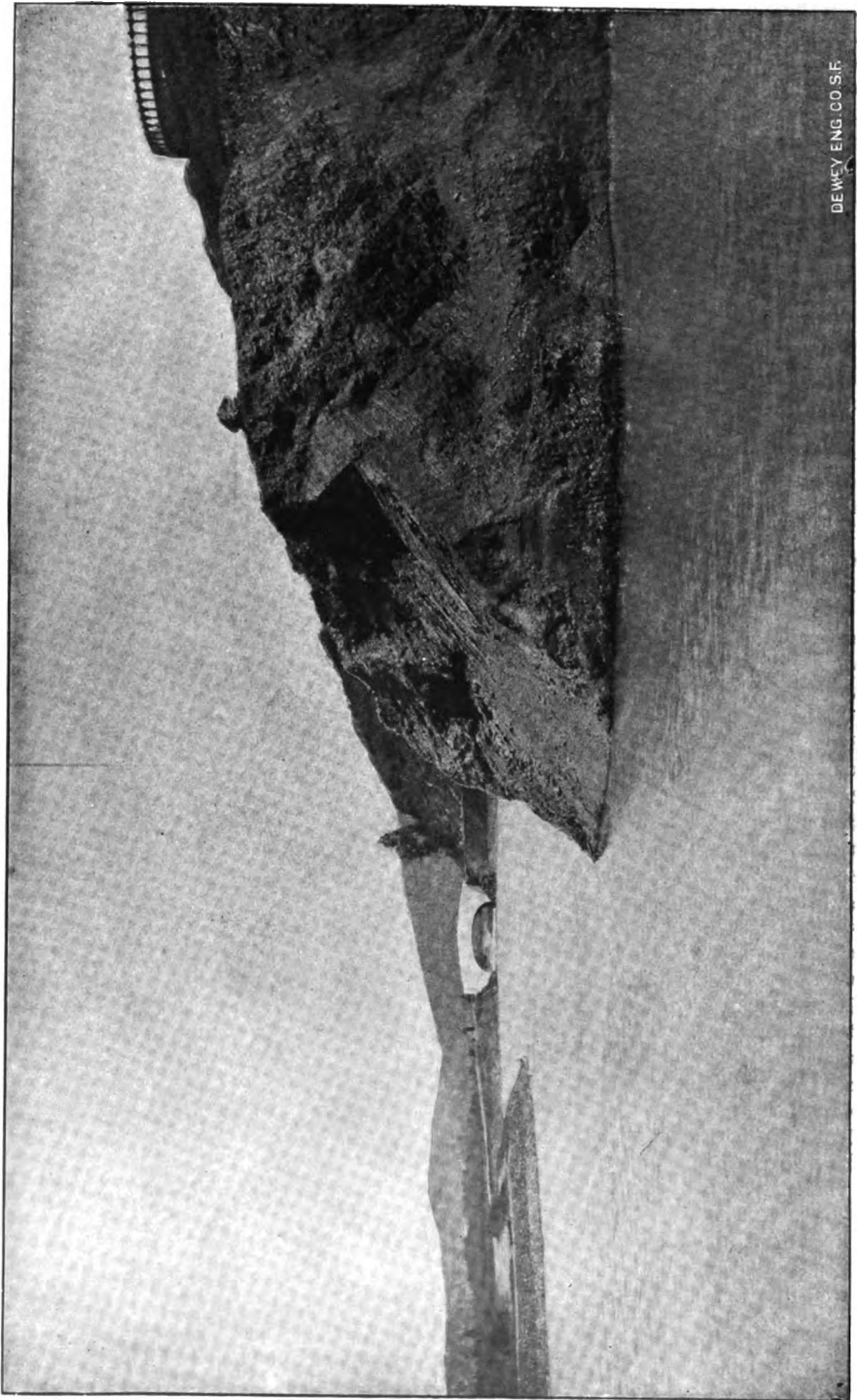
Strawberry Hill.



ers had a lot of trouble on its hands regarding the general character to be given the improvement and how the work was to be carried out. Many crude ideas were advanced and pressed upon the Commission, and many, I fear, from interested motives, sought to influence the Commission in these regards. A big grading company was then in existence, operating "steam paddys" in loading trains of railway cars from the sand-hills in the quarter east of the Park, and its tracks extended to the Mission Bay dumping grounds. There were rumors that the Golden Gate Park Improvement was to be a job in the interest of this company, whose paddys were to tear down the hills of the reservation at the city's expense and dump their sands onto bay lots at further cost to their owners. There certainly was opportunity for a job, as the Park grading would not have been embarrassed by official grade elevations previously fixed, and any quantity of spare sands could have been acquired by fixing grades low enough, thereby providing aoundance for the Mission flats filling.

"Within a month after I had been made Engineer and Superintendent a proposal came up informally to let a great contract to the grading company for the general grading of the Park. The idea was to cut things down to a plane like a public square. Hills, valleys, undulations, were to be done away with. There was a hot time in the inner circles. One of the Commission was an intimate friend of the President of the grading company. The Commission thought the plan of improvement was all right, and, innocently, was in favor of the contract, as it would relieve the Commission of much detail of administration work. Another person had different ideas, and confided the proposal to me, and I poured the account into General Alexander's ears. The old gentleman lost no time in putting himself in the way of members of the Commission, explaining that parks were not improved that way—that all the hills and valleys ought to be retained. I took the same ground when asked, and so the matter was killed before it ever got formally to the Board. But this action made trouble afterwards, and was a principal



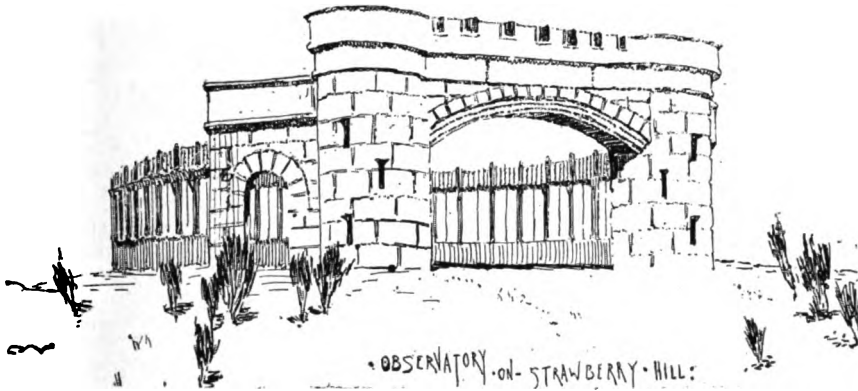


DEWEY ENG. CO. S.F.

Stow Lake.

cause for the trouble made over Park matters before the litigation several years later. Those who were disappointed never forgot nor forgave.

drives have been constructed which will soon be thrown open to the public, because to the pleasure-seeking public the approach is so inconvenient that it may



"Curiously enough there were extremists of the exact reverse idea of Park improvement—those who were opposed to almost any grading or opening up of the ground at all. These people were represented by members of a horticultural society, and by a horticultural journal. In February, 1872, an edition of this magazine roundly condemned the Commissioners and all engaged under them for having done any grading at all. Here are some extracts from the "Horticulturist":

"Unfortunately a piece of land has been forced upon the good people of San Francisco as a Park reservation, which nature had reserved for other purposes, the masses have not been consulted, and our authorities have exhibited no particular desire to obtain a popular expression on this and similar projects. If the people had been permitted to exercise their prerogative, there would certainly be no Park reservation under the ostentatious title of "Golden Gate Park."

"It is evident somebody wanted a Park there, and, the city owning the land, authority was obtained to expend a certain sum of money in the improvement of this desert.

"What we require for a Park are, trees, shelter, and some kind of vegetation to cover a barren and unsightly surface. It is sheer nonsense to tell us that

be said to be virtually inaccessible—and if reached, it possesses no attractions, nothing to induce a second visit, and a drive in that direction must result in



Dore Vase.

disappointment and disgust to anyone seeking park scenery. And we stoutly maintain, that no Park can ever be inaugurated on that site that will be worth seeing or having, without establishing in the first place a good and sufficient growth of trees and shrubs. There was really no necessity for grading, and the entire money should have been expended in covering the reservation with vegetation and such trees and shrubs as are adapted to the locality."

"The Horticultural Society appointed a committee to look into the matter, and the engineer who saved the Park (though

one could now suppose, and the material was used in filling a lot of frog ponds scattered over the area where now the greatest lawn is spread before the main entrance drive. This work was unqualifiedly condemned and a system of drives was advocated which would have been nowhere over thirty feet wide and located in tortuous windings under lea of the ridges and hills only. The Park could never have been a driving park under such a plan, but the engineer has seen his ideas upheld by the work of every Park Commission from that day to this, for each has opened wider and still more di-



A Glimpse of Stow Lake and Conservatory.

the public knew nothing of this), from the introduction of the steam paddy and the leveling process of the grading company, at the expense of incurring enmities which followed him for years, was by the Horticulturists roundly castigated in their reports, practically for having done any grading at all, and for laying out such wide and direct roads. The chief fault found was with several cuttings that were made in opening roads—notably that through the ridge just north of the Halleck monument, to get from the entrance valley to the conservatory valley. Much more of a cutting was made than

rect drives in modification of his original plans."

Soon after the work of improving the Park had begun to take shape and form men of means also began to assist the development by creating special features at their own expense. Mr. William Alvord, President of the Bank of California, led the way in this direction by presenting the lakelet, which bears his name, at the Haight street entrance, where the daily life of curious species of water fowl have for years past interested children as well as adults. Later on Mr. Alvord headed the syndicate which

erected the Conservatory. The material of which the Conservatory was originally constructed was brought to this coast by the late Mr. James Lick for the pur-



William Alvord.

pose, it is believed, of erecting a sanitarium at San Jose. Upon Mr. Lick's death Mr. Alvord saw the opportunity to get material for a Park Conservatory and he induced a number of others to join him in the project. As a result the Conservatory was soon built and stocked. In 1880 it was nearly destroyed by fire. After this catastrophe the late Mr. Chas. Crocker, one of the famous builders of the Central Pacific Railroad, stepped to the front and restored the structure at a cost to himself of about fourteen thousand dollars. Next in point of importance, if not in time, came the gift of the Observatory on Strawberry Hill by Mr. Thomas U. Sweeny. This Observatory now commands a natural panorama of views which for picturesque interest and soul-stirring grandeur have no superiors anywhere in the known world. Several of the illustrations which accompany this article present glimpses of the Observatory and views of its immediate surroundings. The creation of the Children's Playground with money left by the late Senator Sharon, was another individual contribution to the Park that adds much

to its completeness as a place for recreation.

The Huntington Water Fall on Strawberry Hill is, perhaps, the most important gift ever made to the Park. Its importance does not, however, grow out of itself so much as it does out of the improvements to which it has led—the creation of Stow Lake in its present form and of the innumerable scenic effects in the immediate neighborhood. The Huntington Water Fall was built with twenty-five thousand dollars contributed by the late Mr. C. P. Huntington at the solicitation of the late Mr. W. W. Stow. Strawberry Hill in its present condition is one of the most charming bits of park effect to be found in the world. Surrounded by a lake which makes it an elevated island, its sides present delightful bits of scenery no matter what point it is viewed from. While everything is artificial the visitor would never for a moment suspect that that which so delights his eye is not a creation of nature in one of her most generous moods. Amid rocks gracefully-drooping ferns thrive luxuriously, their delicate green colors forming a picturesque contrast to the darker shades of the pines and acacias with which the hill is covered. By a well-formed driveway that reminds one of some remark-



W. W. Stow.

ably nice piece of mountain road, as well as by numerous paths leading through delightful grottos and shady places, the summit is reached. And there is the Ob-

servatory. Below lies the Park, its winding drives and walks bordered with noble trees, its forests of pine and other trees, its undulating slopes covered with rich verdure, its lake glistening in the sunlight, and its romantic cascade. Away off to the west the great Pacific Ocean tosses in fretful impatience, while its waves break with a dull and ceaseless roar on the sandy beach. Still farther off, faintly outlined against the horizon, one can, on clear days, catch a glimpse of the Farallone Islands—twenty-one miles away. To the northwest lies the entrance

Mr. M. H. de Young and his associates in the Midwinter Fair enterprise, as a memorial of the success of that great undertaking. This is one of those improvements which grow with age. It is now one of the principal attractions in the Park. Near the Children's Playground at the entrance to what is known as Concert Valley, a magnificent statue to the memory of the author of the Star Spangled Banner has been erected by money provided by the late Mr. James Lick. Numerous other works of statuary, personal and allegorical, have been con-



Children's Playground.

to the bay of San Francisco, and its famous Golden Gate. Beyond are the light-houses on Points Bonita and Arena. To the east the quiet households of Sausalito can be seen nestling beneath the shadow of the rugged hills on the Marin shore, while Mount Tamalpais rises in colossal grimness toward the blue sky above. Across the lower bay are seen the towns of Oakland, Berkeley, and Alameda standing out in relief from the dark background of hills that rise in gradual undulations until they blend with the towering form of Mount Diablo.

Another gift of great value was that of the Museum which was erected, by

tributed by individuals and associations. Among these, are a statue of General Halleck, another of President Garfield, another of General Grant, and another of the Rev. Thomas Starr King. Further contributions of a like nature are expected from time to time. Some time before his death the late Mr. George W. Childs of the Philadelphia Ledger, contributed a Prayer Book Cross, in the Runic style of architecture, which is in commemoration of the first Episcopal prayer offered up on this coast. The prayer was uttered by the chaplain of Sir Francis Drake, when that famous leader landed on the shores of Drake's Bay, June 24, 1579.

Another generous gift that now constitutes one of the principal attractions of Golden Gate Park is that of the new Music Stand in the Musical Concourse. This was contributed by Mr. Claus Spreckels. It is designed in the Italian Renaissance style and executed in Colusa sandstone. In elevation, the new stand presents itself as a central feature, with a frontage of fifty-five feet and a height of seventy feet. This central feature is flanked on each side with Corinthian columns. Extending from these columns on each side are colonnades fifty-two feet long by fifteen feet wide, each of which supports sixteen Ionic columns. Taken as an entirety the structure is massive and artistic yet charmingly simple.

So far, in their work of improvement, the Park Commissioners have devoted their principal attention and expended their main resources on the eastern half of the Park, as far out as Strawberry Hill and Stow Lake, and they have created a magnificent series of broad lawns and delightful garden spots, embroidered, so to speak, with sufficient woodland and shrubbery to produce the most ornate effects from a scenic point of view. The whole of this territory has been thoroughly piped for irrigation, and presents a rich green appearance all the year round. As far as possible the natural undulations and general topography of the land has been followed. Artifice has simply been used to aid nature and give vitality and health to that which was barren and unproductive. An elaborate Aviary has been constructed on the hill across from and to the southwest of the Conservatory. It is stocked with a very large assortment of rare birds from all countries. Close to it an enclosure for squirrels has been created where the little animals can live just as they do when at large. Judging from the number of people who linger round these two places they constitute one of the most popular features in the Park. There is also a deer glen stocked with a goodly collection of representatives of the various species. This glen is unfailing as a centre of attraction. The animals are not caged but live as if wild (except that they are supplied with food), roam-



Claus Spreckels.

ing at will through a large enclosure. There is a buffalo paddock where a small herd of these almost extinct animals offer a chance to the curious to study the ways of those who were the principal inhabitants of Chicago before the pale-face came. A number of other strange animals and birds, including a grizzly bear, are scattered around in various suitable places. The menagerie feature is constantly being added to and made the subject of contributions. In a valley to the south of Strawberry Hill some five wells have been sunk and a complete plant of pumping machinery erected. It is believed that these wells tap a subterranean channel and that an inexhaustible supply of water is now assured for all time. The cost of pumping only amounts to about six thousand dollars a year. The entire water-works plant is enclosed in an artistic concrete building, in the Moorish style of architecture, and the valley surrounding it has been so ornately developed that it bears the appearance of an old time fairy dell rather than the home of an intricate twentieth century piece of steam machinery.

At the entrance to the Park a stone Lodge has been erected which furnishes the Commissioners with office accommodations, and the Superintendent, who needs to be always on the ground, with a residence. It is, comparatively speaking, a small and unpretentious building but it is elegant, artistic and refined in its appearance. Mr. John McLaren has been the Superintendent for a long stretch of years past, and it has been under his direction that the principal part of the reclamation that is now attracting our attention has been carried out.

into view to charm the eye and elevate the mind. There is an extensive speed track for horsemen and another for bicycle riders. The Commissioners are now seeking to make arrangements for the special accommodation of those who take pleasure in the automobile. Mr. Martin, one of the Commissioners, is a champion of the automobile cause. An Arboretum is being created a little to the southwest of the Musical Concourse. It is intended that this shall contain specimens of every species of tree to be found throughout the world that can possibly



Miles T. Baird's Road Cart.

He has shown himself to be a man of consummate judgment, as well as a landscape gardener of faultless taste.

The Park at present contains what may be roughly estimated at between twenty and thirty miles of roadway well built and as smooth as the proverbial billiard table. The extent of the walks and pathways designed for persons on foot can scarcely be computed. These pathways are full of delightful surprises; full of exquisite bits of coloring and scenic effects that unexpectedly come

be cultivated in our climate and soil. Already there are scattered throughout the Park trees and plants indigenous to many soils and many climates. There are, for instance, the Australian tea fern, the New Zealand tea tree and "toute" (the latter bearing a fruit the eating of which drives cattle crazy), the passion vine from Lebanon, the Norway spruce, the Scotch broom, the Eastern barberry, the Douglas fir, the juniper tree, the Oregon pine, Chinese trees, Eastern elms, maples and basswood, plants from Japan,



Reuben Lloyd, Commissioner.

South America, Chili, South Africa, Spain, various specimens of trees from the Pyrenees Mountains and the Alps, and varieties of the Kauri pine from New Zealand.

West of Strawberry Hill it is intended that an entirely different line of improvement and Park development shall be followed. Already the foundation of this has been laid. The land has been reclaimed and a hardy forest of trees planted. This forest is to be the main feature of the western end of the Park. The resources of the Commissioners are soon to be put forth in its improvement. Subsoiling is to be undertaken in a large way and irrigation appliances introduced. The trees are to be fed with appropriate fertilizing materials for the promotion of their growth. Winding pathways are to be constructed, and wherever nature suggests the creation of a picturesque grotto or dell, the suggestion will be aided. The general aim and purpose of the Commissioners will be to attain wild sylvan effects, coupled with luxuriance of foliage and fragrant aroma—to create, in short, such a forest as will be calculated to inspire the mind of a poet or an artist. Other and minor features may be added to this plan. For instance Mr. Jasper McDonald, one of the present

Park Commissioners, is an enthusiastic advocate of the creation of an Aquarium. If this idea is carried out, its appropriate location would be near the ocean beach. Mr. McDonald is an active and influential man and it is possible that before he leaves office he may induce some rich man to contribute seventy-five or a hundred thousand dollars to carry out this project. Mr. R. H. Lloyd, another of the Commissioners, would like to see about ten acres of the Park, near the ocean, turned into a place for real salt water bathing. Mr. Lloyd is also a man of energy and influence, and it is possible that he may induce some rich client to furnish the means of fructifying his idea. But these will be subsidiary attractions. Just as the chain of lakes which have already been constructed are subordinate to the general idea that the Park from Strawberry Hill to the beach is to be a grand forest. The Commissioners control the beach from the rocks at the foot of the Cliff House to the county line. No plan for its permanent improvement has yet been adopted, but it is scarcely possible that they will do



William Hammond Hall.

otherwise than grade it, subsoil it, and plant it with trees from the roadway down to the edge of the littoral. Indeed the only wonder is that they have not done so already, for it is an improvement that would produce a maximum of superb results for a minimum expenditure of money. The beach thus improved would be a glorious lounging place as well as a uniquely picturesque stretch of the shore line. Probably nothing like it could be found on the ocean shore of the world though many choice bits of that nature can be found on bay shores.

When this entire conception is carried out the Golden Gate Park will be the

smell of flowers and the eye is charmed with picturesque combinations of the physically beautiful in nature; passing on he may bury himself in a forest as dense as those which Fenimore Cooper has taken us all through and in solitude join the worship of nature at her own shrine, or he may pass on to the ocean beach where he may lie and listen to "the voice of the great Creator that speaks in that awful sound" as the long roll of the Pacific breaks with a mingled roar and moan on the sandy shore. Relieved, he may jump on board a passing electric car and in an hour's time be back again in the midst of the crush and hurry

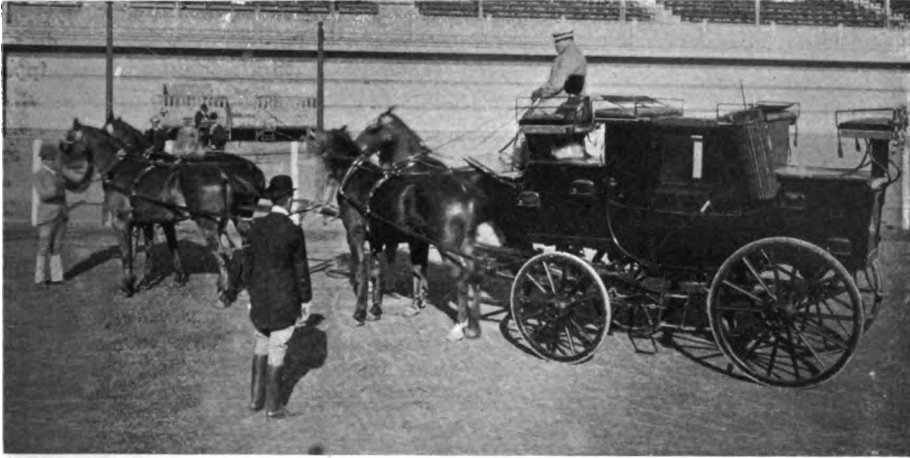


**Kelly & Sons' Four in Hands.
Pride, Prejudice, Pastime, Pleasure.**

grandest one thousand and forty acres of land ever seen outside of the Garden of Eden. The exception is made without prejudice to any claim of complete superiority that may be made for Golden Gate Park. When that time comes it will be possible for the worried man of business to tear himself away from the maddening throngs that crush and jostle and crowd through the heated streets in their wild worship of the modern god—Money—and in thirty minutes to enter upon a stretch of nearly two miles of rolling lawns, where the air is redolent with the

and confusion where the wild-eyed devotees of the god Money never cease throughout the livelong day from throwing themselves in front of his grinding Juggernaut.

Thus far this article has dealt principally with its subject from what may be termed the inanimate point of view. But there is an animate point of view from which it may be regarded that is, perhaps, even more interesting. The Park is now and has been for years past a center of attraction that is visited every day by hundreds of people. Probably there is no



Henry J. Crocker's 1st Prize Winners, Tanforan Horse Show.

pleasant day on which the visitors number less than a thousand. On Sundays and other holidays this number runs up to from ten to thirty thousand and upwards, according to the weather. A glimpse on a pleasant Sunday afternoon in the Park presents an impressive spectacle as well as a field for the thoughtful study of some phases of life in a great metropolitan city.

An exquisite and characteristic view of Park scenery and Park life is gained from the stairway overlooking the Conservatory. The wintry sun of February glistens on the glass conservatory, and around it in

every direction lie undulating lawns of green grass and artistic beds of flowers and shrubbery, while groves and fringes of trees relieve the landscape of any suggestion of monotony. Away off in the distance the Star Spangled Banner monument stands out in relief against an umbrageous background in which one can catch a glimpse of the solid Sharon Playground Building. Out in the open stands the Garfield monument, and well-kept pathways run in all directions. The main driveway passes through the center of this view, and both it and the surrounding pathways are alive with people mov-



George A. Newhall's Four-in-Hands.

ing briskly about. Teams of all kinds dash backward and forward, up and down the driveway. Passing by the Conservatory, not because its tropical contents are without an interest that justifies the steady procession of visitors that are passing in and out of it, but because time and space are going rapidly, let us take a position near the first music stand, and watch the equestrian procession rush past. First comes a man on horseback. His arms are spread out like the cropped wings of a barnyard fowl attempting to

afternoon. Mr. George A. Newhall, President of the Police Commission leads the procession with a magnificently equipped four-in-hands. Nothing more stylish can be seen in Central Park, New York, or Hyde Park, London, during the season. He is followed by Mr. Miles F. Baird of the Hotel Pleasanton, in a jaunty single-horse cart drawn by a well-set nag. Next comes a swell stranger, from the Palace, with a four-in-hands from the stables of Thomas Kelly & Sons, the California-street liverymen. This turn-out is as



J. C. Kirkpatrick's Our Dick: 2:10 $\frac{1}{4}$; Harvey Mack, 2:09 $\frac{1}{2}$.

fly. He rises briskly up and down in the saddle to the motion of an awkward-gaited horse. He is a clerk in an English insurance office, and labors under the delusion that he cuts a good figure on horseback. A sedate-looking German corner groceryman comes next. He is giving his family a Sunday airing in the wagonette which he uses for delivering his goods on week days. Then there comes a crowd of more stylish rigs. As a rule the real swell set do not turn out on Sundays, but some of them are here this

perfect in all its appointments and details as any private equipage could be. Then a fast-stepping trotter drawing a light buggy comes whirling past. It is driven by a handsome blonde who is accompanied by a female friend. The blonde is one of the mysteries of the city—a mystery of a type that is to be found in all great cities. She lives with her husband in a swagger hotel. He is a flash man-about-town, and has no known business nor source of income. Neither has she; but they both live well

and never seem short of money. There is a momentary pause in the cavalcade, and then comes one of John Nolan & Sons', the California-street livery stable keepers, well-appointed four-in-hands. It is driven by a down-town merchant and cuts a swell figure as it goes prancing by. Next comes Terence Mullaney. There is no pretense of style about his equipage. For the accommodation of his family he has just put a couple of extra seats into the express wagon with which he makes his daily bread. Next comes a spirited horse turned vicious through bad driving. Young Doppelkroutz, who is driving it, is a grocer's clerk with a salary of thirty dollars per month and board. He is only two years out from Germany, and is anxious to show people that he is a blood. The spectator heaves a sigh of relief as he passes from sight, and Mr. Henry J. Crocker's swagger four-in-hands comes clattering past, the coats of its well-groomed horses shining like a piece of finished velvet. This is one of the most stylish turn-outs on the Coast, and one watches with pleasure the skillful ease and grace with which its owner manages it, until it disappears from sight. Its place is taken by a quiet rockaway occupied by a young married couple who are so engrossed in each other that their team is a menace to the public safety.

One might watch this procession with interest and amusement all the afternoon, for it never ceases; but there are other sights to be seen, and if one would take in the salient features of a Sunday afternoon in the Park, one must be up and moving—moving across the driveway and up a romantic pathway to where a crowd of people are watching the squirrels in the large cage and the birds in the great aviary building. From here a short pathway leads down past the Starr King monument to the Musical Concourse. The harmony of discord is in the air to greet one's arrival at this place, but in a moment or two from out of these classical variations come the simpler notes, one might almost say words, of "Nearer My God to Thee." There are probably five or six thousand people sitting around listening to this open air sacred concert. They come from all classes of society,

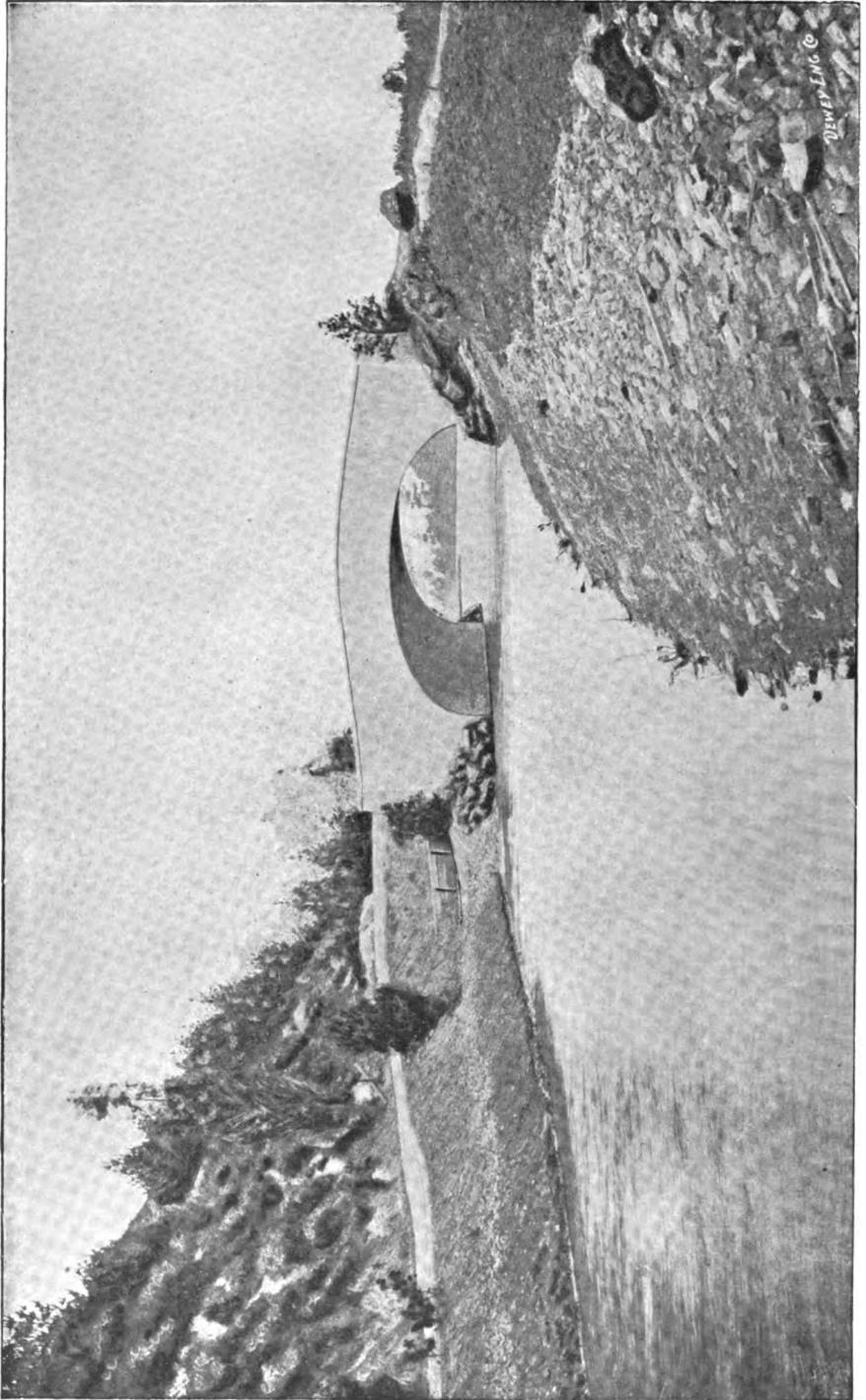


Adolph B. Spreckels,
President Board of Park Commissioners.

and are of all religions and of the religion of no religion. No city in the world could gather a better conducted or more genteel-appearing audience. But one must not linger even here, in this place of melody, for the afternoon is passing. A sharp turn to the right brings one to a well-made roadway, and a brisk five minutes' walk down this lands one in the Childrens' Playground. Here hundreds of



John McLaren, Superintendent.



Stone Bridge Over Stow Lake.

little ones are rushing about in all directions while mothers and nurses keep watch and ward. Some are riding on the docile donkeys' backs, and others are driving in goat carriages; some are in the swings and others are whirling about on the merry-go-round. All are enjoying themselves, and one watches their enjoyment with a pleasure that is perhaps even keener than theirs, until a wild shout a little way to the east arouses

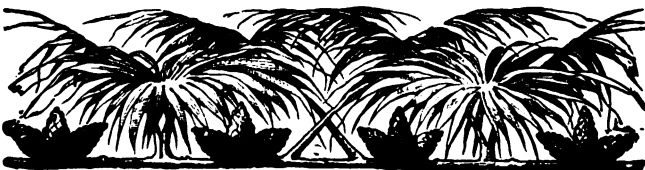
out, they have two men on bases, and a third batsman is just taking his place. It is a critical moment. The ball flies toward the plate and the striker makes a futile blow at it. "Strike one," cries the umpire. Again the ball flies toward the striker, who stands immovable. "Ball one!" calls the umpire. Again the ball flies toward the plate, and the striker's bat hits out strong and true. There is a sharp report as the ball goes flying into



J. C. Kirkpatrick with "Azalla," 2.22½.

a curiosity that must be gratified. That shout comes from the boys' baseball ground, where a champion match for six-bits a side is in progress between the Telegraph Hill nine and the Minna street nine. The game is in its ninth innings and the score is a tie. The Hill boys are all out, and the Minna street boys are at the bat. Two of them are

the outfield for a home run. Then another wild yell, a yell of exultation and victory, arises on the evening air. People begin moving toward the cars, a blue mist sweeps over the tree-tops into the lawns beneath, the lights of the city begin to glimmer and dance in the distance, and the Sunday afternoon in the Park is over. Yet one has not seen one-half of what was to be seen.





Old Indian Paintings at Los Angeles.

By ELIZABETH T. MILLS.



IN that historical old church, "Our Lady of the Angels," in the quaint Spanish section of the city of Los Angeles, are still preserved, a dozen interesting and in many ways remarkable native paintings done by Indian artists of the San Fernando Mission over one hundred years ago. Valueless, of course, as works of art, these pictures are yet remarkable studies for the historian and the ethnologist, presenting as they do rare examples of that blend of savagery and civilization, common in Assyrian and Egyptian paintings, and bas-reliefs, but remarkable in productions of so late a date. To the work of the Egyptian, indeed, these bear no little resemblance in pose, perspective, and color effect. One might, in fact, forget the sacred character of the subjects treated by these devoted converts, and imagine himself to be gazing upon a series of restorations from the halls of Thebes or Memphis.

The strange mixing of colors—colors which the Indians made from the wild herbs and roots around them—the

odd arrangement of figures on the canvas and their eccentric notions of securing the effect of distance, make their work a most interesting and profitable study. Added to this the idea that an untrained mind would have of the subject that they chose to represent; the notion that the Native Man would get of the life and work of Jesus Christ, and of his last days in particular; is a theme for most careful and thoughtful attention. In these paintings are revealed all the pent-up passion of sympathy, which both by training and nature lay concealed under the stolidity of a most dignified face and mien; all the hatred of injustice, and all the conception that the Indian had of the most mysterious relation of spiritual kinship between God and man.

The Indian had his own idea of how the work ought to look. He chose his colors to suit himself; and this fact, together with the large number of figures represented on the canvas, is the first one to impress the observer. Such a bright and "pastey" effect; every object stands out

rigidly by means of the strength and warmth of its colors. Men's faces are either a deep pink or a dark brown; women's almost white, that of the Savior also pale. Green, red, and brown predominate; and it is interesting to note how each figure is set over against the other by a difference in the color of garments.

Their ideas of perspective were also equally absurd; the persons who were supposed to be standing farthest from the observer were not smaller in size, nor diminished by shadow nor dimness, they stood out in bold relief, and were placed one above the other on the canvas, till they reached clear to the top thereof. A man standing by the side of a mountain

the equilibrium as to destroy that condition entirely.

There is a rich diversity shown in the management of facial expression; here the Indian tried to excel all his other efforts; such a variety in smiles, the placid, the hilarious, the ingenuous, and the scoffing—all grades from beneficent love down to that of the most vindictive malefactor—and all set in a line, ready for inspection. In some cases the smile is effected with a simple elevation of the upper lip, others with the mouth wide open; others, again, with both chin and lips drawn in as if tasting something good and about to smack the lips. In many cases these effects were almost



was taller than the mountain itself. The figure of the Christ was always represented as being smaller than the other men; and in some cases less than those of the women also. In one situation He is represented as lying dead across Mary's lap, and the image when compared with others standing near was only equal in size to that of a young boy of perhaps fourteen.

They had very peculiar notions about the anatomy of the body: an arm would be longer than a leg, or set at impossible angles to the rest of the body. Legs also were taken similar liberties with; and frequently set at such relations to

outrivaled by those of the expression given to the eyes: the round and wondering, the straight and cruel; both haughty and imploring; all were given with a fidelity that was most unexpected and startling to behold.

Horses were introduced on every possible occasion; and the animal always seemed to be a most interested and attentive spectator. His eyes and frequently his mouth, too, open: his face, with great breadth between the eyes—greater by far than is natural—turned always towards the center of action; and to add life and vivacity to the scene, regardless of the close proximity to spectators,

one foot was always raised a little above the other. Sometimes the color of the horse was brown and sometimes white, but he was always represented with a rider.

In all of the paintings there is action, immediate and interesting to all the figures concerned; this is strongly marked over the whole canvas. There is nothing hazy about that. They meant to make the pictures full of meaning, replete with life, and well worth the observer's attention; and in this last respect—with all due consideration made for their lack of artistic ability—they certainly have not failed.

In the scene before Pilate, the latter

washing his hands. His hair is black, and from the crown of thorns down all over His body there are streaks of blood. The attitude in which He stands is one of complete weariness and dejection; and bears a striking contrast to the firm upright bearing and haughty mien of those who stand about. The guardsmen stand with spears and whips, and hands upraised. In the appearance of those approaching Pilate there is painted what is unmistakably intended for reverential respect and awe. This is depicted by one man placing his finger at the side of his nose, and turning one eye in, showing much of the white; and in the other by a most impossible stretch of the



is represented as a fat, richly-clad Jew, with a shrimp-pink complexion; a heavy green and white turban or tiara; his legs crossed and his feet encased in brown slippers surmounted by white stockings. Added to, and completing this gorgeous costume, are a red waistcoat, a brown overcoat and blue trowsers. Over his head is a rich red canopy with a heavy cord and tassel. The chair in which he sits, on the side visible, seems to be pasted to the body of Pilate.

In the center, possibly nearer to the back, the Savior stands. He is represented as being much less of stature than those surrounding Him. He wears a white breech-cloth, and stands at the lavatory

anatomy in looking and pointing with both body and limbs toward Pilate in front of him, and at the Savior to the rear, both at the same time. Pilate's arm, hand, and index finger are extended. Action is especially strong in this scene.

In all the pictures the figures are numerous; men, women, and horses, all crowded together; to the Indian the more the better.

The bearing of the cross to Calvary was a favorite theme, forming a chief feature in the majority of the work. Everywhere is apparent deep sympathy and pity for the Sufferer; His wounds are always in evidence; His face pale with pain, hands in pitiful position, and head drooping

dejectedly. The smaller size of body shows the conception of injustice done to Him by those who, in complete contrast of brawny limb and dark-hued skin are ever leading the Lamb to the slaughter.

In nearly all of the scenes of the cross, however, there is generally one person—and this frequently a woman—who is represented as trying to lift the burden from His shoulders, trying to help carry the heavy load. In one she is of large size, with deep pink shoulders, bared in the back to the waist. She wears a light blue tiara, and a green shoulder-cape, which hangs loosely from her broad shoulders. She has taken a violent hold on the back of the cross, her facial ex-

pression being one of mingled resolution and sorrow. Even at the most inopportune moments, such as at the crucifixion of the Savior, this appearance of vanity is visible.

The scene at the Crucifixion is the best executed of any. The two thieves on either side are thrown into a good perspective by dimming their outlines, subdued to a very respectable degree; and there is something truly wonderful in the face of the Crucified Savior. The attitude is quite perfect; the body downward drawn, and the head drooping; the hair, face, expression and all are excellent; and more especially so when compared with some of the other work.

Yet it is the apparent incongruities and



pression being one of mingled resolution and sorrow. Another and smaller female figure stands in front of the bowed form of the Savior; a fragile creature, stretching out her hands in pity and love, as if to supply strength thereby to His faltering steps and tottering form.

Some of the figures bear marks of the Spanish Court, both in the tall and stately carriage of the men together with their long and well trimmed beards; the court dresses in which the ladies are arrayed also recall vividly the Spanish regime. These latter seem not at all unmindful of the beauty of their wearing apparel, if one may judge by the look of self-complacency on their faces and the marks

of genuine approval about their lips. Even at the most inopportune moments, such as at the crucifixion of the Savior, this appearance of vanity is visible. The scene at the Crucifixion is the best executed of any. The two thieves on either side are thrown into a good perspective by dimming their outlines, subdued to a very respectable degree; and there is something truly wonderful in the face of the Crucified Savior. The attitude is quite perfect; the body downward drawn, and the head drooping; the hair, face, expression and all are excellent; and more especially so when compared with some of the other work. Yet it is the apparent incongruities and

ludicrous phases of the work that gives the strongest evidence of the true state of mind of those who wrought their feelings upon the canvas. This fact is the one that makes the paintings of value to posterity. Greater works of art have come down to us, and from more ancient periods of time; yet there are none that more thoroughly reveal depth of sympathy, passion and pity, than do these. What could have given us a clearer idea of the red man's sense of the injustice of the occasion, the righteous indignation of feeling at the cruel wrongs heaped upon the Sorrowing One, as He bore his cross through the streets, than the looks and actions of the woman who

strove to remove the burden from His shoulders? It was, indeed, an indignation strong enough to have slain the persecutors on the spot—every one of them; and leaves no doubt of that intention in the portrayal.

In the pleased looks, on the other hand, of the female figures, we may see, no doubt, the satisfaction that it gave them to serve Him; no service is too great, no attire too splendid; and nothing can give them greater honor and glory than to be allowed the privilege of kneeling at His cross. It is possible, too, that there

of speech in the universal language of the world, and by every means of portrayal that lay within the Indian's power, all the brutish instinct of an unregenerate heart. As spectators they seem interested, but only in such manner as those of most savage natures in the baiting of the bull or bear. They long to see a disturbance, they are thirsting for a turbulent scene—and wanting this, their evil natures will be sated with nothing less than the torture of the unresisting and forsaken victim.

It was reserved, however, for the pic-



is a sense of their own importance to be shown necessarily in their looks and actions, and this with all due regard for the lack of perfect power of portrayal takes on the poise of self-admiration, reaching to the guise or appearance of an almost fulsome vanity.

The men, who were permitted to be near the Lord, are imbued with a similar spirit, though their looks are somewhat toned down, as, certainly, becomes the dignity of their personages. In this respect, however, their faces are in contrast to those of the hard-looking persecutors—upon these are written in the plainest

turing of the One Great Figure, the Lamb that was to be slain, that the San Fernando Indian has shown his greatest power of feeling. This is most realistic, pathetic, strangely attractive, and filled always with a dramatic sense of the dreadful tragedy that is about to be enacted. In it one can hear a great wail of pity, a deep sob of agony, going through every phase of the work; a wail that bowed their strong natures in pity to the very earth.

Their conception of Jesus was not great—not in the sense of His most wonderful and far-reaching power—it was only the personal attributes that moved them,

only the human being of His nature; it was the man, and not the Savior.

They were deeply sensed by His great forbearance, in showing no resentment at the cruel and unjust treatment that he received, as well as by the patient bearing of the cross, so frequently depicted. His great love, in making the sacrifice of Himself for all mankind is intensified with much stress by the ever present reminders of the pains that He bore. Always suffering, always blood-stained, the crown of thorns ever upon His brow; pale, thin, small of stature and borne to the ground with the weight of the cross—these are always and ever apparent. His head, hands, and whole attitude show deep mental anguish, as well as bodily suffering. He is the central theme of their work; He the great moving power of their imagination; upon Him all things are centered.

They are gone—yet the thoughts and feelings that moved them remain; and

he who reads upon the simple inscription in the old church vestry—"Stations of the Cross. Painted by the San Fernando Indians in the year 1800": and looks well upon their work, cannot fail to read the whole heart history of that noble nation—and read it more truly than ever he could by the word of any writer or historian.

Will there ever again be any such theme as this to move the breasts of men. Ages may come and go, yet the spectacle of the perfect revelation of the heart's best passion, shown so plainly to the world in these crude paintings, may never be repeated. Treasure them long; they will serve as deep wells in a dry and dusty theology, a religion of desert-like philanthropy yet to come; and will fill the hearts of a coming generation with sympathy for the wealth of feeling that they portray. Such pity, such longing; so much that transcends human reason; on these poor bits of rudely painted canvas.

THE RUNE OF THE RIVEN PINE.

BY ALDIS DUNBAR.

Here lies its carpet, soft and fine,
 Spread on the hillside that you may rest.
 High in the air is the mighty crest;
 Far beneath it the strong roots twine.

Stretching wide in the warm sunshine,
 Sway the branches to greet their guest.
 Turn your eyes to the golden west,
 And hear the rune of the riven pine.

'He who rests where the shadows fall,
 Under the boughs of deepening green,
 Loving their breath of incense pure,
 E'er to return his heart shall call.
 Charms that the pine trees weave unseen,
 Unto the end of Time endure.'

AN ADJOURNMENT SINE DIE.

By WILLIAM WASSELL.



HE day was one of May's loveliest. West Point, classic in scenery and association, and teeming with the memories of soldier heroes and soldier sweethearts, had never appeared more quaint, never more charming. But for all the wealth of history, despite the store of romance, in sheer disregard of the interwoven loves of war and women, three cadets' heads protruded from a barracks window, and gaped and stared wonderingly because on the stone sidewalk below were a brother first-classman and—a girl.

"Dickey Miner walking with a girl!" gasped one of the heads.

"Perhaps it's a sister," said Dickey's chum, extenuatingly.

"He hasn't a sister," answered the first head.

"Or an aunt, or a cousin."

"It isn't a relative," persisted the first head. "I tell you it's just a girl."

Then as Dickey and the girl, and the parasol, disappeared around the corner of the academic building, the three heads were withdrawn.

To outward appearances, Dickey should have been the surprised one, wondering to himself why his three most intimate friends were not following the good example he set them. But appearances are proverbially deceitful. Had Dickey seen the three heads he would have understood their astonished looks. Earlier in the afternoon he had given fleeting thoughts to what the three heads would think of his conduct. But as the walk lengthened, the last lingering qualms of conscience disappeared. He gave no more thought to the fact that his afternoon's pleasure was costing him his membership in the Bachelors' Club.

Back in the eighties, every self-respecting class at the military academy had its bachelors' club. The members swore the society of all girls. They never walked with them, nor talked with them,

nor danced with them, nor—horror of horrors! made love to them. Even to know a girl was sufficient to prevent a member from reaching high standing in his club.

Although the constant presence of girlish beauty made their martyrdom a hard one, the members were faithful to their vows. Works, as well as faith, were required; for at times a bachelor would be asked out to dinner—so strict were the club rules that at once he had to break some cadet regulation—go out with one button of his coat unbuttoned, pretend to fall asleep in church—in order to bring on a punishment that would confine him to barracks and prevent acceptance of the invitation.

They were weak numerically, but strong in principle. Disdainfully they looked upon the fellow who had a Sunday engagement to walk with a girl from twelve to one, a second engagement to walk with a second girl from four to five, a third engagement to walk with a third girl from seven to seven-thirty. *They* never worked for hours making out a hop card for a pretty girl. *They* never had jewelers' bills for bangles made from bell buttons. Oh, no; not *they*.

Therefore when Dickey Miner walked and talked in broad daylight with a girl to whom he was tied by no bond of relationship, and thus showed the whole corps of cadets that he preferred one smile from the girl's pretty lips to life membership in his club—then were the hearts of the three remaining members sad indeed.

As Dickey and the girl and the parasol disappeared from view, the faithful members withdrew from the open window.

"I bet he takes her to the hop to-night," said Blacky Tomlins.

"And to-morrow he'll walk with her after church," echoed Fresh Allen.

"And hereafter, every time he goes out," groaned Blinky Baker, the offend-

ing Dickey's room-mate, "he will ask me if his trousers hang evenly."

There was a long silence. The room gradually filled with smoke.

"We haven't enough for a little game," said a voice from the haze. "Three can't play."

More silence; more smoke.

"He was carrying her parasol like a base-ball bat."

More smoke, more silence.

From the clouded room came snatches of wisdom—the Bachelors' Club indulging in a day dream of the future.

"Girls are all right in their places. * * * But if a fellow runs with them, sooner or later he will be married to one of them. * * * And when a fellow is married, all his liberty is gone. * * * He has to do this and that just to please his wife. * * * And he has to stop this and that because this and that do not suit his wife * * * She objects to dogs * * * She objects if he smokes all over the house * * * And she gets mad if he stays out late at night * * * Ugh! I think that after graduation, when I'm sent to some western post, my house will be run by me and not by a woman. Then I'll do just what pleases me * * * You bet. You bet! * * * I'll have my rooms full of pipes and tobacco * * * I'll have three or four dogs * * * I'll have a little side-board * * * And a bottle or two on the mantel * * * And a shot-gun and foils and boxing gloves on the wall * * * And if I don't want the rooms swept, they won't be swept, they won't be dusted * * * I'll litter the floor with papers * * * That is my idea of happiness * * * And mine * * * and mine * * * mine, too * * * And there isn't a woman living who shall interfere * * * You bet there isn't * * * So say I!"

After painting this picture of future happiness, the mature, widely-experienced twenty-one year old minds declared the meeting adjourned.

* * * * *

In the army time passes quickly.

Dickey Miner and the girl with the parasol were married shortly after graduation, but the three bachelors, each at a different western post were happily living out realization of their cadet dreams.

Blacky Tomlins had his pack of hounds; Fresh Allen kept pipes all over his house; Blinky Baker stayed out late at nights—all of which is a round-about way of saying that the three members of the Bachelors' Club remained single. As the years rolled by, their regiments and the ladies of their regiments lost interest in them; they were regarded as confirmed bachelors.

* * * * *

San Juan—El Caney—July 1st—ah, the regular army of the United States will always remember the day of July 1st, eighteen hundred and ninety-eight. It is the red letter day for the regular army, because on that day the regular forces quietly, patiently and determinedly did what none save an Anglo-Saxon force can ever do, when, without artillery, they drove a strongly-intrenched, stubbornly fighting foe from its own strong earth-works.

The Bachelors' Club met at Caney. Not that they sat and smoked and talked of future plans—before the day closed it looked as though the future of the members was the future of the great hereafter. But they were made of strong stuff and three days later they met in the hospital at ghastly Siboney. They were weak and badly wounded, but they lay on their cots and laughed at the pain and put strength in each other's hearts. Of course they sailed homeward on the same transport.

On shipboard the club fell into its old habit of regular meetings. One night as they lay on the deck, a quietness fell upon them.

Finally Fresh Allen spoke.

"Let us have a regular meeting of our old Bachelors' Club," he said. "You, Blinky, are still President. Kindly take the chair."

There was a moment's silence.

"No," answered Blinky. "You take the chair; I want to make a speech. Fellows," continued he, "fellow class-mates, I mean, we had many a good time in the old days of the Bachelors' Club. I hope I made you a good president." Blinky was up in the air and talking in jerks. "I was always true to the club. I never worked in another fellow's sister as a cousin of

my own. I never stretched the aunt limit. I—I—but I can't take that chair. You will have to elect another president, because,—well, well—up in the north, you know—I met her last summer when I was on leave, and—Here's to Her. And you, Fresh, had better keep that chair. I can't be president, because I'm going to be married just as soon as this arm gets well."

In the darkness no one could see another's face. Blinky wondered why the two remaining members of the club did not speak.

"Yes, Fresh," at last said Blacky, "you keep that chair. In fact—that is—well, you will have to be president and members, too. For you see, I—that is—well, it will come hard on you, old man. For my leg will be well as soon as Blinky's arm; and when you buy Blinky a wedding

present, you will have to buy me one, too, and 'Here's to Her.' Yes, Fresh, you keep the chair, old man. You are the last president of the club."

"Gentlemen," said Fresh, "fellow classmates, fellow members of the Bachelors' Club, if you two idiots have tears to shed, get ready to shed them. An old, old friend is about to depart this life. Gentlemen," and his voice was mockingly sad, "gentlemen, the Bachelors' Club dies to-night. I, too, gentlemen,—Here's to Her."

And then three crippled warriors sat out in the darkness and laughed merrily at the ship, and at the sea, and at the moon. In fact, they laughed merrily at everything, because to them this little world was the happiest little world in the universe.

PRESENTED.

BY AMELIA W. TRUESDELL.

The earth is full of tears! "The Queen is dead!"

Ye men, with crape upon your kings' array,
Why make ye pageant over weary clay?

If ye have loved her, do the things she said.

She rests from strifes which broke her heart at last;

That heart—in love with peace—stunned by the roar
Which crashed upon the Imperial Island's shore;

She sees God's purpose now, with view more vast.

Sing hallelujah! let the requiems cease!

As angels are, all young of form and fair,
So she, to-day; half wondering to be where

War blazons not, and life abides in peace.

Tear off the purple bands! cast them away!

Hushed is love's parting sob—the years' refrain;
She who was widowed, walks in white again;

Stain not with grief, your Lady's nuptial day.

Hark ye! the angel of the Presence calls!

Love's crown is laid upon Victoria's brow;

The words "Well done," she bears for sceptre now,
And enters regally the upper halls.

Ye passing bells! a Jubilate ring!

Sound, bugles, sound! Ye heralds, cry the hour!

Your Queen approaches now the Gracious Power,
Received into the Presence of The King.

MARG.

By ALMA MARTIN ESTABROOK.

MARG was a piece of driftwood cast with other human wreckage upon the precarious shoals of a mining camp. A part of the nondescript mass had about it enough of the historical to save it from nonentity, but neither tradition nor romance quickened about Marg. She was an old woman, and no human being is of so little interest to her fellow creatures as she whose youth has fled and upon whom the gentle dignity of age has forgotten to descend. She had about her no lingering trace of charm or grace.

Before the panic she had had a little money and had lived at a cheap downtown boarding house, after it she had none, and pre-empted a deserted cabin on the mountain. She also possessed herself of Nan, a forsaken waif of large eyes and slim legs, who in the fruitless bobbing of the driftwood somehow got jostled against her.

"There is not a soul to give her a home, nor a chick nor child to put into mine, so we have struck a partnership," Marg explained to Dandy Bob, who ran a policy shop in the back of White's laundry.

Nan was young, with unformed ideas about most things, housekeeping in particular, but she was neither hindered, nor helped with suggestions from her mistress. Marg left her to do exactly as she pleased, so it followed that close upon those days when she was a fierce young zealot in her devotion to domesticity, there came long periods filled with dust and grease, and the perennial flow of Esther Lubby's neighborly gossip.

Marg had no time for her neighbors and their affairs—it took eight of the twenty-four hours for her to attend to business. She played policy for the Little Nugget district. When she was not trotting about gathering gigs or waiting at the shop back of the laundry for a drawing, she was busy over the dream

book that was as large a part of her stock in trade as her native shrewdness and her rare luck at playing. After the book was put away at night she would sit in front of the cabin for hours gazing at the mountains, but she never noticed their changes, although neither fatigue nor the nicotine of her pipe ever made her small sharp eyes grow heavy. The subject of these musings used to be one of the deepest speculation to little Nan.

The child came home one evening white and breathless—she had grown to be almost chronically so, a condition induced by the marvelous tales that dripped into her credulous ears from the ready fount of Lubby wisdom; but this was worse than usual. Marg instantly perceived it.

"Well, out with it," she said.

"We're goin' to be shut down," moaned Nan, sinking to the steps with a limpness indicative of the fact that the shutting down process, whatever it might be, had already been begun upon her.

"You've been to Lubby's again."

"But it's him said it. They told him in town. The mayor is goin' to stop everything—everything," the words trailed into a sob.

"Let him," said Marg with no emotion whatever.

Nan sat still and swung her legs; when she was busy in the absorption of an impression those slim members always dangled themselves frantically. The fearlessness of her mistress was not to be easily comprehended. After a few minutes she began to smile, and wriggling off the steps sped Lubby-ward, her eyes big with defiance.

The next evening Judge Romer, the philanthropic old gentleman who owned a good slice of the Little Nugget, and who took an active interest in the morals of the camp, came to see Marg. She was sitting at the front door smoking and she did not rise to greet him. Nan

had cooked cabbage for supper, and in a fit of devotion to the Maharry baby had fled to it immediately after partaking of that loud-smelling vegetable, leaving the remains to simmer on the stove. A smell of burned cabbage, therefore, hung heavily about the place. The Judge stood before Marg. He had a good deal to say to her, and he said it gently in a firm but altogether reasonable way. He talked of the responsibility of age, and the influence it exerted merely because it was age. He dwelt on the harmfulness of policy-playing, and he appealed to her in the name of the wives and children of the men to give up her avocation.

"It's not a matter of sentiment with me. I can't afford to make it that. When I can I will be ready to give it up," she said.

The decision was final; he understood that. Marg minced no words. And he went away. Several days after she met him on the path to the mine. She would have passed by without speaking to him, but he stopped her.

"I was going to see you later in the day, ma'am," he said. "Steps have been taken to suppress vice in the camp. This means that an immediate end will be put to gambling in every form. I understand you have no other means or a livelihood than from your gig gathering, and I have been trying to formulate some plan by which you can support yourself legitimately and comfortably."

She waited—aside from that there was no indication of interest in her attitude.

"So many of the men in the camp are wifeless and buttonless," the old gentleman continued pleasantly, "that you would be serving them as well as yourself if you would tidy them up a bit. They are liberal fellows who would pay well for the service."

Her shoulders lifted themselves out of their habitual droop with something pathetically like pride, and her fingers in tipless old gloves fluttered in their clasp of the dream book: "Some women were brought up to mend, and scrub, and drudge. I was not. And I will not begin now on miners' dirty rags. As for their morals, they are in worse tatters than their clothes, but one old woman

going out of their lives won't mend them."

Marg went on her way.

There followed a month of enforced idleness among "chance operators," during which Nan chafed and stinted, and Marg smoked more than usual. Then the city election occurred and immediately after, as the old gig gatherer had foreseen, the wide-open policy again prevailed with all its feverish activity. As if from the effects of their involuntary virtue Marg's patrons displayed a universal eagerness to cast themselves again into the vortex of exciting uncertainty that policy playing afforded them, and she and the dream book were in immense favor.

Nan, relieved that the end had come to the bread and butter regime, yielded herself to housewifery with unswerving favor. She wrestled with an old cook book Esther Lubby loaned her with startling results. One night she made crumpets for supper, but they withered in their moulds like blighted crocuses before her mistress came home to eat them.

It was snowing when Marg came out of the little shop back of the laundry. The first snow of the winter is gentle and insidious in the valley, but on the backbone of the Rockies it buffets mercilessly: one must be strong-lunged and firm-sinewed with something of the instinct of the primeval pathfinder to make his way against it. Marg was none of these things and she promptly tumbled off a high board sidewalk into the ditch, and lay there, after the first stunned moment, trying to centralize her pain.

A man who had seen her fall came to her rescue and led her to a cottage near, for relief. She knew before the light fell on him that it was Judge Romer. Her arm was injured, but when they would have ripped back the sleeve to care for it, she protested vigorously, insisting upon waiting until the doctor arrived to have it touched. She was as sharp in her insistence as she was about everything else, so they let her have her way. Little Mrs. Kamp insisted on giving her a steaming toddy, and Marg accepted it without a protest. Then she lay back in her chair and waited.

After a little the figures before the fire faded slowly, the pain dulling her senses temporarily, but they were there when she came back to herself and gradually what they said became intelligible to her. They were speaking of an accident that had happened to some friend of the Judge's. An accident different in its nature but with similar results. The old Judge said:

"We were having a race in the moonlight down what was called Echo Canyon. We should have known better, but we were young, and the night and our mounts were fine. She was ahead when her horse fell, with her beneath him. I never knew how she was spared. It seemed nothing could save her. But only her arm was injured. That, however, was fearfully mangled. It has been forty years now, but I can see those scars yet. I have always felt the blame for them."

"And she—the woman?"

"She married the other man the year following. I never saw her afterward. It is probable I shall not now. If I did——" He paused, his eyes on the fire.

"Yes."

"I should yield her the homage I yielded her then," he declared with his fine old-fashioned fervor.

"But the years change women so cruelly——"

"Not the perfect woman, my dear; they neither take from nor add to her graces."

The doctor stamped the snow off on the front step, and the Judge moved toward the door to admit him.

"The doctor has come," Mrs. Kamp said gently.

Marg got to her feet. "I'm going," she said, and without explanation she stumbled through a door into an inner room. Mrs. Kamp followed, and the door swung between them and the men just entering the front room.

"You must come back. The doctor is very gentle. Don't be afraid. Come, please." She laid a hand on the other's uninjured arm.

Marg flung herself about. "Leave go," she entreated, but the hold tightened; Mrs. Kamp had faced the delirium of pain before.

The old woman hesitated a moment; sounds of surprise came from the other room, and a step approached the door. She made a sudden movement and thrust something scarred and maimed before the younger woman's eyes. "Now you understand, don't you?" she cried. "In mercy's name let me go."

And having seen, Mrs. Kamp stood irresolute, with pity upon her face, and let her go.

A WINTER SUNSET AT SANTA BARBARA.

BY S. E. A. HIGGINS.

Where sky and sea and mountain meet
 In one enrapt embrace,
 Old ocean kisses Rincon's feet
 Till blushes hide its face.

The crimson tide then flushes slow
 Each spur and mountain crest,
 Till Capitan in indigo
 Invites it there to rest.

Thence brightly down the western slope
 That stretches out to sea,
 The golden hues of sunset glow
 And linger lovingly.



"In the light of a hundred lanterns stroking Kamako."

KAMAKO.

By HESTER A. BENEDICT.

HE wheels of a jinrikisha crunched the gravel at the side entrance of the Captain's compound, and simultaneously the Captain's cat, Kamako, crept from among the silken cushions in the shadiest corner of the veranda, stretched himself, blinked knowingly at his master, and then with a few quick bounds was sitting upright on the velvet seat of the jinrikisha, ready to be trundled back, as was his daily wont.

Once, just beyond the azaleas and under the sleeping tree that hid him from the house and the sunshine, Jiro, the Captain's kurumaya (jinrikisha man) stopped for a moment, dried his forehead, and eyeing the cat viciously, shook a brown fist at him, muttering:

"Hi, hi—you long-haired foreign devil! You bring good to the master, eh? Always heap good, plenty ships, plenty houses—but Onigasan never! My Onigasan never!—You—*beast!*" which was the nearest to an oath of any word in his vocabulary.

Then again he dried his forehead and his wrists and trotted on, the soles of his straw sandals striking his loin-cloth vigorously at every step—a feat attained only after much practice—bringing the small carriage in short order under the asagaos that sheltered the veranda.

The Captain lighted a fresh Manila, and boarding the jinrikisha, with Kamako in his arms, was whirled down the road leading from the Bluff to the Settlement beyond which lay the Bund with ship-ping full in sight.

For six years Captain Gluck had lived upon the Bluff overlooking the Yokohama Settlement, and though it is said a sailor likes not the shore, the handsome Captain seemed always content. Each year he had added, none but himself and the Compradore knew, how many yen to his bank account; his houses were the best upon the Bluff; his compound boasted the finest shade and flora of the em-

pire; and though only his widowed sister, Augusta, lived with him in the big square house whose upper veranda looked upon snow-clad Fujiyama and the mountain range of which it forms a part, its appointments and service were in strict accord with the most fastidious European taste, and his frequent entertainments were lavish in the extreme.

Whatever might have been the Captain's expressed opinion, in his secret heart all his good luck, and the uncommon serenity and happiness of his life, were attributed to his ownership of Kamako. The cat had been given to him by a Persian whom he had saved from shipwreck in the Indian Ocean, and to whom he had ministered with his own hands, caring for him as if he had been a brother, until his complete recovery and transference to a home-bound ship.

"He will bring you good, and warn you of evil," the Persian had said at parting, "for such is the spirit of his kind toward those who are beloved. I had warning on board our fated ship, and though it was ill-fortune to be wrecked, it was good to be saved—and by you. And I knew we were to be rescued, for, on the morning of the day you found us, Kamako climbed upon my shoulder and thrice tapped my cheek with his velvet paw, his eyes a-gleam with superhuman intelligence; while before the storm he had thrice tapped each cheek, crying piteously. Such has been the habit of his breed since the time of the poet Djami, back to whose possession tradition traces the direct progenitor of Kamako. His life and mine I owe to you. Mine belongs to a little woman who prays for me beyond the hills of Laristan, but his I give into your keeping, and may Mahomet of Iran, O Captain the Merciful—deal with thee as thou dost with my good Kamako!

"Draw a little blood upon your hand," continued the Persian. "Let the cat but

taste it, and ever after he will be your faithful servant. Such is the usage in my country, adopted from India centuries ago."

The Captain did so. The Persian pressed Kamako's lips upon the bright red drop, which the cat licked softly, then climbing to his new owner's shoulder thrice tapped his paw against the bronzed cheek of the master, nestling down then contentedly in his arms.

There were tears in the Persian's eyes as he waved a quick adieu, passing out toward the "hills of Laristan."

A year later Captain Gluck gave up his sea-faring life, and in the Land of the Rising Sun made for his sister and himself the only home they had ever known. And the years passed all too swiftly. If ever a longing for the free life of the sea came back to him he made no mention of it, even to his sister. He looked after his rapidly increasing property with the vigilance of a miser—which he was not; was bountiful to the poor; found the same god to pray to in Buddhist temple as in Mission church; and wherever he went, there, too, went Kamako, his presence in holy places always ignored because of the Captain's gold.

Everybody loved Captain Gluck, though many there were who envied him and marveled that no bride had ever been taken to his house to be mistress of his heart and mother of his kind. There were, too, in the settlement, some who were beginning to say that the Captain had his little secret as well as they, and that Onigasan, the handsomest geisha that ever led a foreign heart astray, knew more of the Captain's plans than even his stately sister. No rumor of all this ever reached Augusta's beautiful seclusion, nor would she have believed anything of the kind unless the Captain's own lips had said it, his honest eyes looking straight and fondly into hers.

All the same in the dreams of the excellent Captain a fair young bride in soft kimono and silken zori—a bride with scented hair and voice like sweetest samisen—shone, star-like, in his home and made the whole world radiant.

The Captain's call in Honchodoro had been very brief that soft June morning

of which I write. The geisha of his dreams, in silken crepe so fine that her kimono could easily have been drawn through the ring upon her finger, fluttered smilingly about, practicing all beguiling arts of which her class is mistress, for the Captain's swift enthrallment, but Kamako was so unusually restless, and growled so belligerently at Onigasan, that his master deeming discretion the better part of valor, took the cat in his big, strong arms, where Onigasan had never been, and hurried laughingly away.

He did not notice the anxious look in his kurumaya's eyes—whoever thinks of a coolie?—a look which deepened to anger and then to wickedness as in answer to the Captain's "Jicky, jicky" he hurried down the street.

For Jiro, too, loved Onigasan. For years, with her dear approval, he had hoarded his small wages to build her a little house that should be her very own—a little house with mats exceedingly fine and white; a kakemono bordered with cloth of gold and beautiful with storks; a little garden fair with flowers, where at least one little stone bridge should arch above a fairy stream. Poor Jiro! But a coolie may have his dreams.

And all this for Onigasan, who smiled upon the Captain as she had never smiled for him. No wonder his heart grew heavier day by day. Even his well-filled charm-bag embroidered with gold braid and hidden in his obi (girdle) availed him nothing. Tradition had lied! His teaching had been false! O, if he but owned Kamako: If he could but own or kill him! Curse the cat and his master! Poor Jiro! He was desolate, despairing, desperate.

Never had the Captain had so wild a ride as upon that day long to be remembered. Little children with babies on their backs, blind beggars who were supposed to see with their ears, kurumayas lightly or heavily tasked, everything, every one, made room for the wild-eyed runner who heeded nothing—not even his master's "Sukocha mata! Jiro! Jiro!" until he stopped breathlessly at the shop of an old dealer in curios at the far end of Isezakicho, or Main street.

"What the devil do you mean?" shouted

the Captain, picking himself up from the itama where he had fallen when the jinrikisha came to so sudden a halt. "Are you mad!"

But Jiro made no answer; and when his master had passed out of sight behind the screens at the rear end of the room where choicest bric-a-brac and Satsuma were hoarded, he entered a tea-house a few yards distant and fell half-fainting against a fusuma (screen), breaking it to atoms.

Five minutes later, in answer to his master's cail, he was again on duty, apparently the same quiet, well-behaved fellow that for six years had served faithfully the most envied man in Yokohama, perhaps the best-beloved.

"To-night at nine, then?" inquired the Captain. "You are very sure, are you?"

"Yes, sure," answered the dealer, bowing profoundly before his wealthy customer. "From the sacred go-downs in Tokyo a messenger came this morning. The fine Satsuma vases and the silks from Nishigin will be for honorable Captain Gluck at nine o'clock, and the Captain's honorable sister shall have good day to-morrow."

To-morrow will be the birthday of his adored Augusta, the only living human being in whose veins flowed his own good blood, and he meant to make it the happiest of all her happy life. For though a widow at sixteen, Augusta had not grieved o'erlong, and a little later was rather pleased than otherwise that she was to belong only and always to her brother. With him she had visited strange countries, learned to like strange peoples, led altogether a happy, care-free life, and loved the sea, as, later, she loved her home upon the Bluff in the Land of the Rising Sun.

To-morrow will be her birthday, God bless her. But Kamako, ill at ease, climbed to the Captain's breast, and with his velvet paw struck each cheek thrice, crying piteously.

* * * * *

At nine o'clock precisely Captain Gluck received from the dealer in curios at No. 1 Isezakicho, the coveted and costly treasures that were to be his sister's on the morrow. He had an important engagement with his consul for ten that

evening, and so hurried away, leaving the merchant behind the screen, bending low over a box of filmy things which, with one knee upon the floor, he was re-arranging carefully. So solicitous was he for these that he forgot his customary courtesy, and allowed Captain Gluck to pass out unattended, followed only by a half-heard "Sayonari" (good-night). No one else was in the room.

Out on the itama the Captain blew his whistle, but as the kurumaya did not appear he stood in the light of a hundred lanterns stroking Kamako, who was struggling to reach his shoulder and moaning low, as one who has not learned endurance.

Once he thought he heard a faint cry from somewhere in the building, but turning quickly saw only the face of the merchant's wife, Okusan, against the half-closed shutters, her almond eyes fixed full upon the cat that still cried humanly and would not be comforted. Then, from round a corner, came the coolie, breathing heavily as if from long running, but needing not the Captain's command to "hurry" as he whirled the jinrikisha along the Honchidori, across the bridge, and up the steep hill leading to the Bluff.

Two hours later Captain Henri Gluck was arrested, charged with the attempted murder of Miyano, curio merchant at No. 1 Isezakicho. At 9.10 Okusan, wife of Miyano, had found him lying half-dead in the rear room, his face pressed in among the silks that lay in a glittering heap upon the floor, and a hara-kiri knife still sticking in the wound in his side. Upon examination the knife was found to have, in finest engraving upon its two-edged blade,

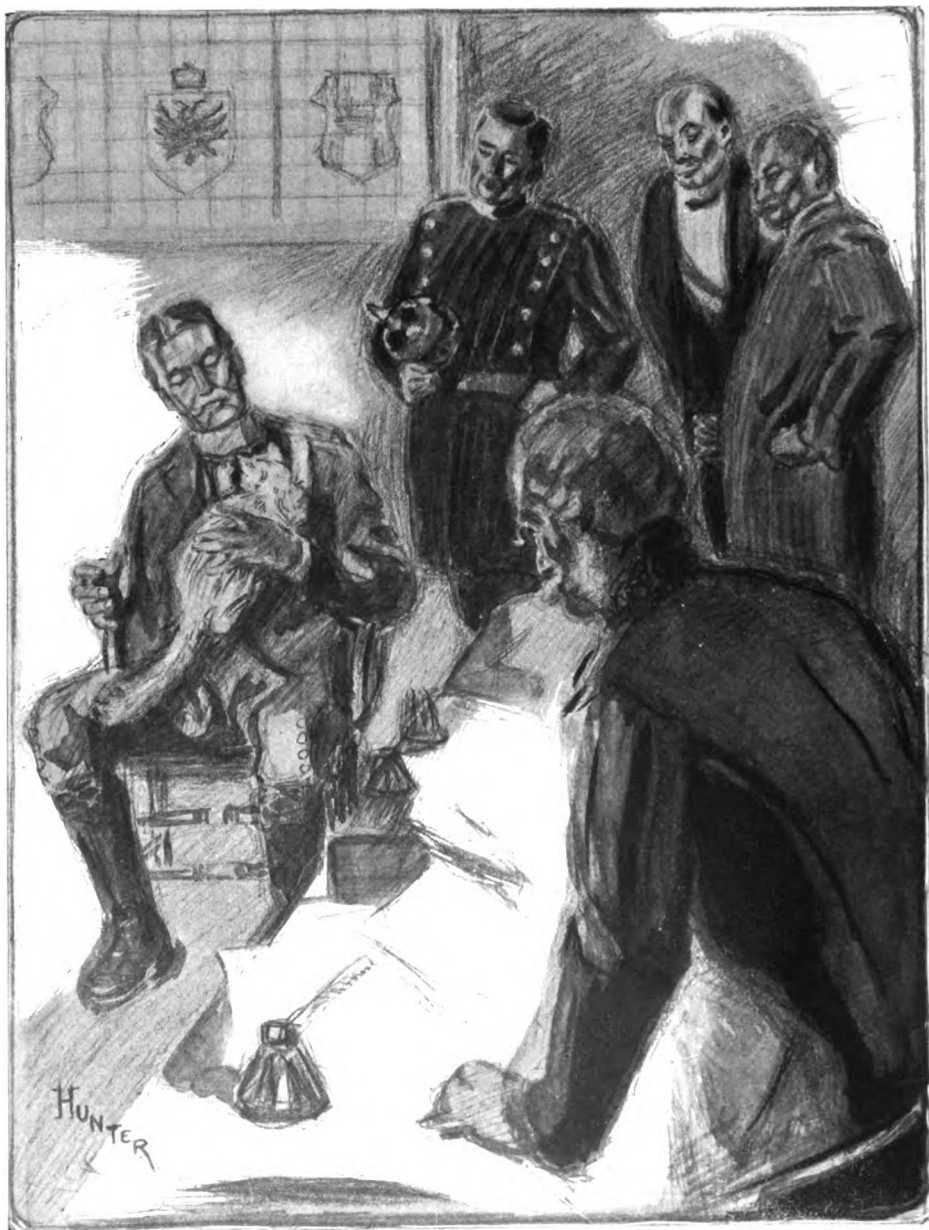
Presented to Captain Henri Gluck
By his friend Toyoda.

The knife, together with the fact of the Captain's presence in the shop at about nine o'clock, once in the possession of the police, the Captain's arrest followed and he was confined in the consulate with guards.

That night Kamako disappeared.

* * * * *

Under the special provisions of the extra-territorial clause in the Japanese Treaty with Foreign Nations, first demand-



"Into the breast of the prisoner flew Kamako."

ed and enforced by Great Britain and afterwards accorded to other Governments, Captain Gluck, being a German subject, could only be tried by the German Consul-General, whose decision was irrevocable, except by the German Emperor.

Under this arrangement Captain Gluck being charged with the crime of assault with intent to murder, was brought before the German Consul-General, acting as Judge.

The excitement was intense. The Japanese merchant was a great favorite among his people, and his possible taking off had aroused the natives to a high pitch of excitement, while the great popularity of the prisoner brought him the sympathy and moral support of the foreign element, not one of whom, especially among the Germans, believed that aught but the shadow of Somebody's crime rested temporarily upon their favorite.

The newspapers, native and foreign, fanned the flame of excitement to furious heat, and long before the hour set for the examination hundreds crowded the space in and about the court room; a motley, clamorous, half-mad throng filling the streets as far as eye could see.

Augusta, the Captain's sister, occupied a seat close to the prisoner's, and when he entered, proudly erect, between his guards she half rose from her chair with a smile upon her lips that seemed to say, "Though all the world condemn thee yet will not I," and when he had taken his seat she nestled close up to the railing and slid her small hand into his with soft, assuring pressure.

The principal witness at the examination was Okusan, the merchant's wife.

"I saw the prisoner's face distinctly," Okusan testified. "I was by the window. I saw the cat; all Japanese know the cat of the honorable Captain. He waited for the kuruma-runner, Jiro. I heard the voice of my husband—I thought 'that' was his voice, and he sometimes talks just to himself alone. Yes, the honorable Captain stood on the itama when I think I hear my *teishiu* (husband). Soon he got away in the kuruma. He often buy beautiful things."

"How soon after Captain Gluck went away in the kuruma did you go to your

teishiu?" asked the Judge.

"Only a few minutes."

"Had anything been taken from the room—anything stolen, I mean?"

"No, oh, no!" Here the witness broke down and was excused.

The police officer who had been called into No. 1 by the cry of Okusan testified to the position of the wounded man upon the floor, and to the finding of the *hara-kiri* knife still sticking in his side.

"Is this the knife?" lifting the small sword from the desk, and handing it to the witness.

"It is."

"Do you recognize this knife, Captain Gluck?" turning suddenly upon the prisoner.

"I should like to examine the knife before answering, if your Honor will permit."

"Certainly," and the knife was passed to the prisoner's hand.

"Yes, it is mine," he said.

"You recognize your name upon the blade?"

"Yes, your Honor, it is my name. The knife has been in my cabinet for three years. There can be no doubt about it; the knife is mine."

"Where were you at nine o'clock last evening?"

"At No. 1 Isezakicho."

"Why were you there?"

The accused told his story quietly, in a stillness that was as death is.

"Did you, while waiting, hear any sound unusual from the room you had left?" continued the Judge.

"I thought I heard a faint cry, but when I turned to listen everything was quiet. I had left no one in the room but Miyano, the merchant."

"And then——?"

"My *jinrikisha* came almost immediately, and I rode at once to the Consulate, where I remained for an hour."

"And thence to your home, where you were taken into custody?"

"That is all as it occurred."

"Now, Captain Gluck, how do you account for your knife—for the presence of your *hara-kiri* knife in the wounded side of Miyano at No. 1 Isezakicho, a few minutes after you left there?"

"I cannot account for it, your Honor. It



"Among the silks * * * and a hara-kiri knife * * * sticking in his side."

might have been stolen long ago. I do not recall having seen it lately."

At this juncture there was a little stir near the street entrance to the courtroom, a quick parting to right and left of the eager, panting crowd, and straight up the narrow aisle—up the platform steps, across the knees of Augusta and into the breast of the prisoner, like a wild thing, flew Kamako.

For an instant no one seemed to breathe. The beautiful creature touched thrice with his delicate paw the pale cheek of his master, then made of his own lithe body a glittering boa that coiled and curled and crept about the beloved neck and over the breast where his home was, his cries of delight like music in the stillness, and minding nothing save the one presence that was all of earth to him.

Suddenly out of the Somewhere, and before the Judge, stood Jiro, while behind the coole—her forehead in the dust—lay—could it be?—Onigasan!

No, no! Not Onigasan of the Captain's dreams. *She* was a darling, dainty girl, bewitching in the grace of her manner, her beauty, her soft, sweet gentleness. Her kimonos were of delicate silken crepe, their wide sleeves falling to her little feet—always flowing, dancing, shining, like things of mist or fantasy. Oh, this could not be she! This woman in cotton kimono and sandals of straw—this woman so apparently of the kurumaya's class and so prostrate with sorrow and shame.

"Courage, Jiro!" whispered the girl behind him, and almost in the same breath the kurumaya cried:

"It was I—it was I, O Judge most honorable! Your mercy for my master—it was I!"

"Rise, both of you," commanded his Honor. The crowd swayed as one man toward the prostrate pair. "Rise immediately. Now, what is it that you wish?"

"Courage, Jiro—teishiu," whispered the girl, lifting her drowned eyes once, not to the Judge but to the prisoner as in prayer for pardon and for pity.

God! They were indeed the eyes of Onigasan.

"It was I, Jiro the debased. My master is innocent. Let him go, O Judge most merciful, let him go!"

A cheer started, but was silenced. The prisoner clutching the hand of Augusta, and white to the lips leaned toward the witness, his eyes on Onigasan.

The cat purred audibly.

"Tell us about it," his Honor commanded.

"Yes, yes. I have promised. I do not lie. Years, many, I love Onigasan. She would be my wife. The honorable Captain, my master, he too—well, I do not know. It was Kamako, I think—Kamako, the Buddha-cat. He knows all things. I want him——" The coolie's voice faltered.

"Courage, courage, my teishiu. 'Twill soon be over," whispered Onigasan.

"Yes," he went on, "I took the harakiri—I was mad. I would be avenged. I quick crept in through the rear amado and struck Miyano once, but I did not mean so hard. I would be avenged."

Jiro paused and looked imploringly at his master.

"Have you anything more to say?" asked the Judge.

"Yes, I have promised," bowing low. "I stole the cat; he would give me plenty fortune, all the same as the master's. I take him to Onigasan. I tell her all. She cry and cry. By'n by she say: 'You tell all this to the honorable Judge!

You free your master. You will find punishment, little while, but we shall tomorrow drink from the kettle two-spouted and I will be faithful always.' So I promised. I now will give myself to Japanese officer. I know I shall be punished, but for punishment I care nothing. Onigasan is my wife, and I am happy."

"The case against Captain Gluck is dismissed," quietly said the Judge.

The Captain's friends thronged around him eager to press his hand, and they who did so noticed how cold it was, and that his lips had no color.

* * * * *

Owing to the quick recovery of Miyano—for he had indeed been little hurt, and had fainted wholly from fear—possibly, because of a wholesome foreign influence judiciously exerted, Jiro's crime was visited with but fifty days' penal servitude—without penalties. And the little house with fine white mats, a kake-mono bordered with cloth of gold and bright with many storks; a garden with flowing stream and arched bridge of stone—with more than all, a wife with smiling lips and a heart that held its secret faithfully—a little house that had been Augusta's gift to Onigasan, welcomed Jiro not only at the close of his prison term, but through years and years that followed.





"Temples, towers, and battlements of red which burst here and there above the thunder clouds."

A NEW WONDER OF THE WORLD.

By JOAQUIN MILLER.

IT IS old, old, this Grande Canyon, and yet so new it seems almost to smell of paint, red paint, pink, scarlet. Left and right up and down, more than half a mile deep in the earth, every shade and hue of red, as far as eye can compass. It is a scene of death-like silence, a dead land of red, a burning world. We had Arroyo Grande in California, the Yosemite canyon also. Idaho, Washington, Montana, New Mexico, Utah, each and all have their grand canyon, yet there is only one Grande Canyon on the globe, Cañon Grande de Colorado, the burning hues of which gave name to a great river and, centuries later, to a great State.

It is written that the Spanish cavalier and explorer, in quest of the seven cities of gold, pushed the prow of his boat so far into the waters of this fearful chasm of colors that on looking up at midday he could see the stars; and it is

written that, overcome with religious awe, fearing, perhaps, that he was daring to approach the gates of Paradise before his time, he raised the cross, bared his head, gave this color world its name and drew back and away, to come again no more. But still the tradition was that at least one of the cities of gold lay within and under the protection of these fearful walls of flaming red.

And strange as it may seem, the tradition still lives. Only last summer the stage driver told me, as we rolled through the knee-deep dust that he knew almost to a certainty where lay the ruins of a great city in the red canyon, and that so soon as the weather grew cool enough to make life tolerable in the blazing gorge he and his partner were going to find it.

Now this driver is a man of good character, of repute for truth, was one of Roosevelt's Rough Riders, has honorable mention in Colonel Roosevelt's re-

ports and certainly believes in the existence of the lost city; and although I do not believe anything of the sort, I set this down to show that the story has credence in the minds of good men even to this day, and not all without evidence. There is scarce a canyon to be found, great or small, for days of travel round about but has ruins of ancient battlements hanging from its cliffs; and we pillage these, when accessible to the approach of the seeker, for curios for tourists, much as the tombs and temples of the Nile have been pillaged. But I must not wander too far from the grand canyon of color, Colorado.

This canyon, or sabre thrust in the rich red bosom of Mother Earth, is about eighty miles long and more than 5,000 feet deep. It is very tortuous and of almost uniform splendor—glory, terror, as you please to term it. A National Reserve, sixty by sixty miles, covers the major part of its magnificence.

I first looked down into this then comparatively inaccessible wonder world of color in the early seventies, when a party of us were trying to learn something of the Moqui (pronounced Moke-i) Indians said at that time to be worshippers of the rattlesnake. We approached the precipitous red sides from the south, where the narrow granite gorge of the smaller river is more narrow, yet almost as deep, and is comparatively colorless as I remember it. Yet the absence of sunlight in its fearful and narrow depths may have much to do with the absence of color. We were fortunate enough to find a storm raging at sudden intervals at our feet, in the greater canyon, fifteen miles wide, perhaps, and more than half a mile deep. The interrupted battles of the elements roared far below us, and all the time, as far as eye could reach, the white clouds curled, drifted, drooped, died then arose again.

We were covered with the dust of the descent, our horses suffered from heat and thirst, and we could not share our scant supply of water, yet far down yonder a mighty river thundered through its granite walls and the wide open red lips above the gurgling throat of granite drank a deluge from broken cloud-bursts at our feet. The thunder, at intervals,

was fearfully impressive. We felt, at one time, that the temples, towers, and battlements of red which burst here and there above the thunder clouds must be crumpled to dust, so terrible was the tumult. The lightning almost continually wrote the autograph of God on and through the clouds at our feet. But when the clouds would part and pass for a time and stillness and sunlight come again, all would be as before.

Here, at a dozen times that day, and for the first time in my life, I saw a rainbow in a circle, a complete and perfect circle. Years later I saw the phenomenon in the Hawaiian Islands, where, I was told, it is counted nothing so very strange. On inquiry here at the red lips of the Grande Canyon, in these early days of June, I find that the circular rainbow is no new thing. Indeed, dozens have been here with their cameras, watching for a storm, in the hope of photographing this halo of the heavens. The nearest I have been able to get to this wonder is a few white clouds resting lazily in the red world below. Yet it is not all red here. The dim ruin of the remote side of the canyon is a perpendicular wall of about a thousand feet of cream-colored limestone. The walls of Jerusalem, Gates of Gaza, Solomon's temple—pick them out in the picture, if you please and where you please, and magnify them ten thousand times, and all in red. The tower of Solomon's temple at sunset is red with the redness of blood.

The river here rolls in its narrow bed of granite quite a thousand feet out of sight. Water, water, a world of water away down there. Yet the water here at the hotel, the terminus of the new railroad, is hauled nearly two hundred miles. Five hundred men and more than a thousand horses at work, and all the water must be hauled all that distance. What a man is the American!

Looking down more than half a mile into this fifteen by eighty mile paint pot I continually ask, is any fifteen miles of Mother Earth that I have known as fearful, or any part as fearful, as full of glory, as full of God? And one constantly questions, how did it happen that earth opened right here in this inaccessible and savage land of savages, her wide red lips

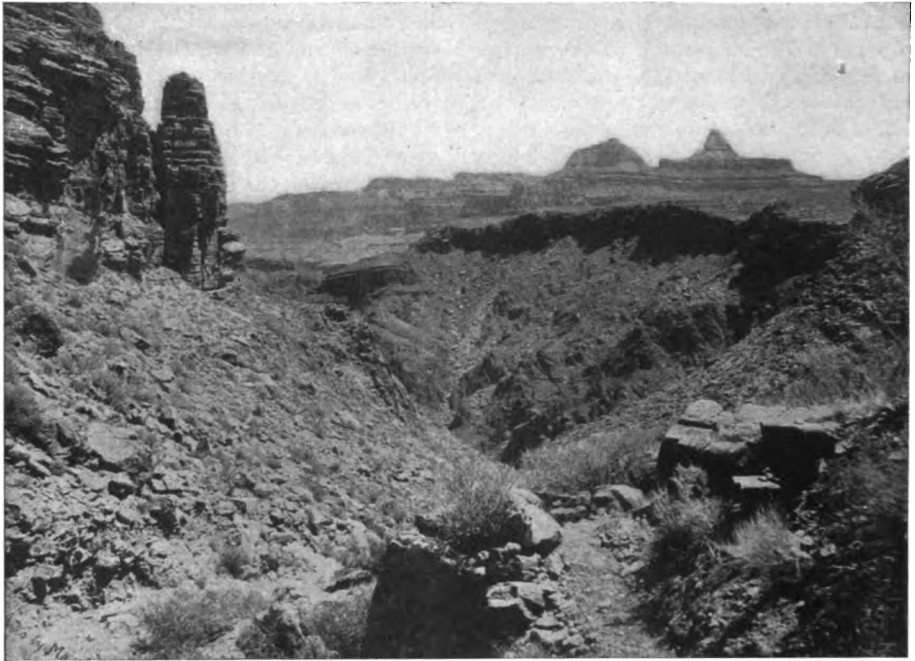


Photo by Maude, Los Angeles.

Grand Canyon. On Bright Angel Trail to River. Temple of Buddha and Zoroaster. Cliff Dwellings to the Left.

to tell of the marvels forever under our feet?

I think it came about in this way. There was an under or buried river. Take the limestone river in the Mammoth Cave as a feeble illustration. You know the story was for centuries that the Colorado river flowed in part underground. We never knew certainly the tradition or fiction of the Indian story that the river entirely disappeared in places till the intrepid Lieutenant Powell, the first, and now that the matter is cleared up, let us hope that he may be the last to set out to descend into this wonderful river. What divine sanctity! The wonder is not that he lost half his force, but that he saved even himself to modestly tell the story!

The tradition of an underground river is no wonder at all, even though there never had been such things. For, standing almost where you will, on either side of the eighty miles of canyon, you will find places where the river as entirely and suddenly disappears, apparently, as if

it was a train of cars passing into a tunnel.

But we know that this wonder was not made from the surface, because the river has made its way through the highest place. Standing on either bank, you can see that the surface of the land recedes gradually back and down. If the work had been done from the surface the water would have made its course down the lower places.

It is clear that here was a crack in the earth, an upheaval, breaking a long crack toward the west in the earth below, breaking it right and left, as breaking a looking glass, opening the Little Colorado, and cross canyons and arroyos, and so on. And thus the waters find their course to the sea away down under the earth for ages, drying up empires, leaving populous cities, hundreds of little cities of little brown tillers of the soil, hanging on the inaccessible hillsides where the unchronicled little cliff-dweller sits to-day in his sealed-up home of

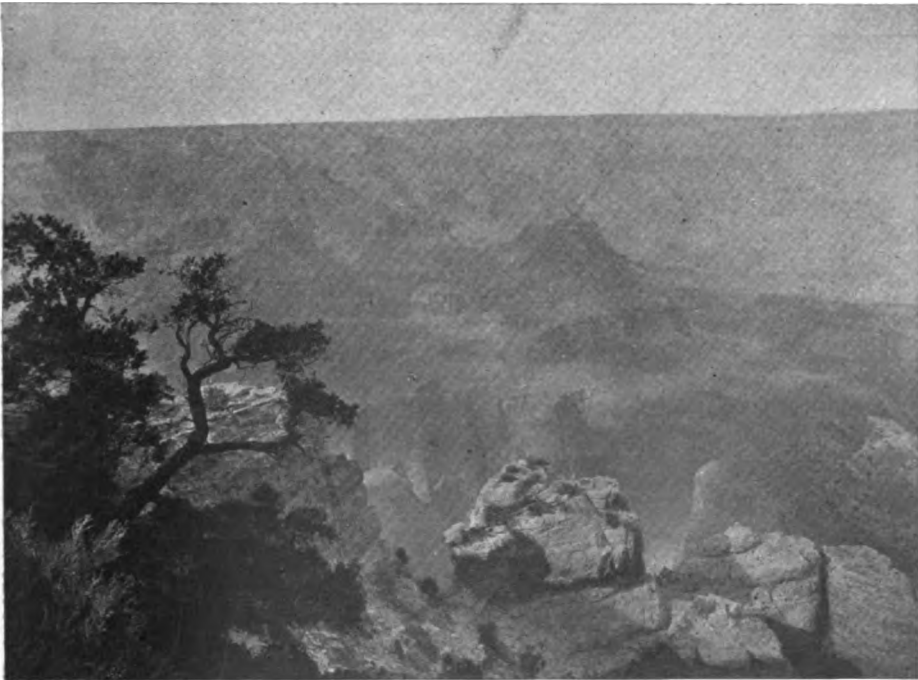
stone, with his simple story unwritten, awaiting the Judgment Day.

We can well understand that after ages on ages rolled by, after a desert of sand had been built at the head of the Sea of Cortez, from the debris of the underground river, from this crack in the crust of earth made in some mad upheaval and confusion, the surface gradually fell in and the buried river at last lay bare to the sun. But the symmetry, the fashioning of the walls, the towers, the temples, the pagodas, so like as done by the hand of man, who can dare try to account for the perfect forms? We only know from the deserted cities and dried-up water ways, irrigating ditches, that the land was once densely populated. We also may guess from the petrified forests that great trees once grew where now we find only sand and dust, horned toads, and Gila monsters.

Even here in the aperture of the Grande Canyon hanging on the side of the Chinese pagoda over against the Temple of Buddha twenty miles away,

you can, with the aid of a glass, count the stones, neat bits of masonry, in a few of these silent and inaccessible dwellings. But these must be new, comparatively new, the little people coming like the martlet, to hang on this wall of vantage, long after the water had dried up in the canyon of his fathers; long after this grand canyon had opened its red lips to welcome them.

The one most startling yet most pleasing thing, as Grande Canyon bursts upon you, or rather, as you burst upon it, and look down, is the sympathetic symmetry, let me say the homogeneity of it all. Putting aside the soft, flesh-and-blood color, you cannot help a sudden and glowing heart-beat at the human fashioning of it all. Here is a photograph from what may be called Panorama Point. Here, there, almost everywhere, you see the symmetry, the form, the fashioning, as perfect as a growing flower; and it takes no imagination at all to see the hand of man, the mind of man here in this grandest work of God that I have yet seen



View from Panorama Point.

under the path of the sun. And this is to say nothing of the color, which is also as perfect as the color of the most highly and perfectly-colored flower ever considered.

Bear in mind, as said before, that this eighty miles of color and grandeur has no special points of view, as a rule. A thousand views would, perhaps, have nearly as many prominent points of view. Every famous temple, tower, or place in history or song or story seems to have its counterpart here, only a thousand or ten thousand times magnified.

The heat is oppressive, away down deep. Despite the roaring river, the water is warm, and the color of the Nile. But all life is absent from it. Spending a night here, to get the soft moonlight, as if in some cathedral fashioned when "there were giants in the land," I found the heat and silence fearful. Here in the depths of the canyon is neither tree nor shrub, but trees and flowers of a strange, wild kind drawn from the rocky ruins. Yet here in the deepest deeps is at least some life. I heard a whip-poor-will away up in the wilderness on a little trout stream that tumbles from the opposite wall. And then a bat came, snapping its

little breath in my very ears, as he busily gathered the mosquitoes that had begun to torment me. Even here, in all this majesty, this weight of silence, this riot, this orderly riot of color, the battle for life goes on; the mosquito and the bat, both after blood; but the bat has it all his own way—the survival of the fittest.

And now a little, pretty, pathetic fact, a touch of tenderness, humanity. All the red colors of the flower-kind in Christendom, and they are many, seem to come here and look down from the dusty brick of the canyon, with this riotous yet most orderly world of red. The scarlet cactus, the Indian pink, the Painter's brush, the red currant, indeed, about a dozen bits, dots and dashes of red that I cannot name, look down, away yonder, into that mighty arena of red, as if surely a part of it all; as one life may be a part of the Infinite.

Color is king here. Take the grandest, sublimest thing the world has ever seen, fashion it as if the master minds from the "beginning" had wrought here, paint it as only the masters of old could paint, and you have El Cañon Grande del Colorado.

TO THE MONA LISA OF DA VINCI.

BY PARK BARNITZ.

Anguish and Mourning are as gold to her;
 She weareth Pain upon her as a gem,
 And on her head Grief like a diadem;
 And as with frankincense and tropic myrrh,
 Her face is fragrant made with utter Woe;
 And on her purple gorgeous garment's hem,
 Madness and Death and all the ways of them
 Emblazoned in strange carroussel show.

Within her delicate face are all things met,
 And all the sad years and the dolorous days
 Are but as jewels round her forehead set;
 Add but a little glory to her face,
 A little langour to her half-closed eyes,
 That smile so strangely under the far skies.

The War Correspondents of To-Day.

By JAMES F. J. ARCHIBALD.

WAR correspondents are an essential part of every army in active service, and consequently every Government makes regular provision to facilitate their accompanying the force in the field, and they are given credentials allowing them to accompany any column when their presence is not incompatible with military operations. It is almost as difficult for a correspondent to obtain his first credentials to follow a European army as it would be to secure a commission as an officer in the same force, but once having been recognized as a war correspondent the future is easy. The British war-office is particularly careful never to send a man to the front, to criticise or report the operations, who has not had considerable previous experience in military matters. A man who has held a commission in some military organization and who has, therefore, some technical knowledge, is generally favored. In fact, war-correspondence is as distinct a profession in Europe as medicine, law, or any other of the professions of ancient memory. A man's character and standing are all considered just the same as that of an officer of the service, and should he overstep the bounds of propriety in any manner he would be held to account just as rigidly as though he held a commission, and once proven guilty of ungentlemanly conduct or breach of faith he could never accompany that army in the field again. Where the British are continually in the field in active service, they can control this matter much better than could a Government like our own, where a war is only the matter of two or three times in a century.

During the war with Spain our Government issued innumerable passes to correspondents, and in consequence there were all sorts and conditions of writers gathered at Tampa, when the Fifth Corps

embarked for Santiago. Only about one hundred and sixty-five really went to Cuba, and although this was an enor-



James F. J. Archibald.

mous number it was really a small portion of those who had the proper author-

ity from the Secretary of War. Every paper in the country and many European journals seemed to be represented, and I remember seeing the "special" for a monthly agricultural paper. Correspondents for religious weeklies were quite common.

Hardly a score in the entire lot knew a spare wheel from a cavalry-brigade, and yet they were, in many cases, the best writers from their respective journals. But it hardly seems just to the military authorities to send bright writers with no military knowledge, to criticise the opera-

how interesting it might be to follow some cavalry advance or particular expedition. If he represents a weekly or monthly he is more at liberty to go as he pleases and watch only the interesting features of the campaign. In this manner of following the dictates of his fancy he sees much more of the action and more of the real work. He is not hampered with lists of dead and wounded, nor of small detail, but looks upon the whole as a great picture to be described from a general point of view.

Some of the most clever work sent



James Barnes Bennett Burleigh Lord Roberts.

tions. This would not have been allowed with European armies.

The same men go year after year, and on their blouses are seen the ribbons of all the campaign medals worn by the soldiers of the different nations.

The most difficult problem to be solved by the war-correspondent is that of where he shall go and with what particular command he shall cast his lot. Of course, this depends, to a great extent, upon the character of his work, and upon the journal he is representing.

If he is doing cable work he must keep in touch with the wire no matter

to London journals was done by a man who rarely left his comfortable quarters in the Mt. Nelson Hotel in Cape Town, but who simply used what information came back over the line of communication. Men who work for London dailies never have the worry of looking out for illustrations, as those journals publish no pictures; but the weekly and magazine writers must be actually at the very advance to make their sketches and take their photographs.

All telephone lines, railways and supply stations for miles about the theatre of war are certain to be under the control of



A London Correspondent's Outfit.

the military authorities, so whatever is done regarding the distribution of news or the gathering of supplies for personal subsistence must be done through the officers in charge. The difficulty, therefore, experienced in obtaining privileges depends entirely upon the good nature of the officer in immediate command. If a correspondent is agreeable and of good presence he is generally asked to join the

mess of some General in command, and really becomes his companion throughout the campaign, and is, in this manner, given an opportunity for comfort and a source of news that would be obtainable in no other way.

Many correspondents, however, prefer to mess themselves, and not be attached to any particular headquarters. They buy a wagon or two, three or four horses,



Correspondent's Camp and Wagons.

hire a couple of servants, and follow the army independently. They live with their own outfit when it is convenient, making expeditions to the front when necessary. A representative of the London Chronicle during the Boer war lived in a baker's wagon. It was a large wooden affair with doors at the back. The occupant had cut a hole in the top for the stove pipe and cooked and slept inside in a most comfortable manner in all kinds of weather.

its value. If there are plenty of mounts in the command the officers always mount a correspondent; but in actual war horses are generally very scarce. A couple of good mounts are as essential to a correspondent as the very food he eats. Much time must be spent in obtaining sufficient forage for all his animals, and at times it is a very serious problem to keep them supplied. When the column is near the base of supplies, or near the line of communication, it is a simple matter. Not



Hugh Sutherland. Mr. Atkins. Baden-Powell.

General Baden-Powell Arriving at Pretoria.

Many of the writers used the two-wheeled "Cape cart" to carry their extra baggage, these vehicles being made for just such work, and formerly used on the veldt by the Boers or Cape colonists. The cart is a light, handy affair, and well suited to the character of the country.

The matter of horses is no small item during a war, for the army takes all animals to be found, and when an individual wishes to purchase a mount he is generally compelled to pay many times

so at the head of a rapid advance of a flying cavalry column or a wide flanking infantry division, when every ounce of forage is worth its weight in gold.

All war-correspondents are attached to an army as part of it, liable to the commanding officer for their acts, just as much as though they were actually enlisted in the fighting force and subject to all the rules and articles of war. They are entitled to draw officers' rations, and in the British service are also allowed ra-

tions for one servant and forage for three horses. It is more difficult when with an irregular force like that of the Boers, who have no regular commissary.

The cost of maintaining a special correspondent at the front is very great, and newspapers never welcome the prospect of a war. Many times a single dispatch will cost from one thousand to five thousand dollars. The correspondent must have sufficient funds for any emergency, he must be able to hire assistance, charter a train, and in fact be ready for any contingency. In some campaigns the value of money to the correspondent is



Burr McIntosh. Harrison Fisher.
War Correspondent and Artist.

a country where there was plenty to be had, although at times we were compelled to pay very high prices. Afterwards, when I was with the British force, the matter of supplies was very simple. Their Army



Winston Spencer Churchill.

greater than in others, as in the Japanese and Chinese war, when money was of very little use except to the "cable correspondents." During the Santiago campaign I did not have an opportunity of spending any money after arriving on Cuban soil, but in South Africa plenty of cash was absolutely essential to the maintenance of life. All of the correspondents and attaches who cast their lot with the Boer forces were compelled to skirmish for their own food and forage. We, however, were continually in



James O'Shaughnessy, Jr., Correspondent.

Service Corps is, fortunately for them, the most efficient branch of their service.

Most of the correspondents in the field carry their funds in cash, in a belt. A letter of credit or drafts are as worthless as so much paper. Even though the column may be quartered in a town or city the chances are that the banks have all suspended operations.

There are a few regular war-correspondents who are almost sure to meet in every campaign. New faces join the

of the leaders of all the civilized armies of the world.

One of the younger men who has made a great success is Winston Churchill. I do not suppose there are many men with as few years to their credit who have experienced more than this young man, who is still under twenty-five. He served with the Spanish army in Cuba, in the Soudan with Kitchener, in China, in India, in Africa, and is now a Member of Parliament. It took this last war in the



Hugh Sutherland Writing Dispatches.

ranks and disappear, but a few of the veterans are always there, and are well acquainted with every army of the world. The dean of the corps is at present Benet Burleigh of the London Daily Telegraph. He began his service in our civil war, during which he held a commission in the Confederate army. Since then he has participated in every campaign that has been fought. He has the confidence of the English people and the friendship

Cape to bring him before the public. When he was captured and taken into Pretoria a prisoner, it looked as though his career had been checked for the time being, but instead, it was apparently just opening. He had not been confined in the Staats Model Schoolhouse but a short time when he made his escape, and then made his way through to Delagoa Bay, a distance of many hundred miles, really without food of any sort except a little



Dr. Conan Doyle and five other correspondents on board the transport Briton. Dr. Doyle on the extreme right.

chocolate. When it is considered that Mr. Churchill was the only one of over eight hundred officers to make his escape it certainly reflects great credit on his nerve and courage. Many papers tried to show that the Boer authorities allowed Churchill to escape, but I myself made careful inquiry, and I do not believe that such was the case, but that he escaped purely on his own nerve. There was little hope of escape by exchange, for the only prisoner who, to my knowledge, was exchanged, was Lady Sarah Wilson, the special correspondent of the London Graphic.

I think the most typical war-correspondents I have ever met are Frederick Villiers, Richard Harding Davis, George W. Stevens, John T. McCutcheon, Bennett Burleigh, Winston Churchill. George W. Stevens gave his life to his work, but the rest are all still active and

are sure to be in the field at every call to arms. Every one of these men "look the part," and that means everything. A war correspondent must keep himself well-groomed at all times in the field, because his good appearance means much to him when he wishes to talk to any officer of high rank. I knew one American correspondent in South Africa who went about unshaven, with a slovenly-looking suit of khaki, a blue flannel shirt, and a most disreputable felt hat. He never could understand why he was always met with rebuffs from the British Generals. It was all due to his appearance. A man must appear as a gentleman would anywhere, and even though it is a great deal of trouble, it pays in the long run.

British, and in fact, all European officers, look much better groomed in the field than do our American officers of



Richard Harding Davis.

No. 123.

United States of America,

WAR DEPARTMENT.

This is to certify that Jas. F. J. Archibald has been duly accredited to the War Department as a correspondent of the San Francisco Post.

Military commanders are requested to permit him to pass freely, so far as in their judgment it is proper and expedient to do so, and to extend to him such aid and protection, not incompatible with the interests of the service, as he may require.

Given at the War Department, City of Washington, this 3d day of

May, A. D. 1898.

CORRESPONDENT'S SIGNATURE

Jas. F. J. Archibald

*Mr. M. Brown
Major Genl. U.S.A.
Comd. Troops Lake Park*

Arthur A. Dugles
Secretary of War.

H. S. Dugles
Brig Genl. U.S.A.
Comd. Troops Sacramento

Alson S. Miles
Major General
Comd. U.S. Army
J. D. Wiley and Province, Volante
1st Lieut. 5th City
A.D.C. to Brig Genl. Shafter

American Army Credentials for a War Correspondent.

like rank. It is of course a fact that they also carry about five times the amount of baggage, and are therefore able to make an elaborate toilet; but it is a fact, nevertheless, that a correspondent who does not keep well shaven and clean does not receive any cordial attention.

Julian Ralph is the one American who has become so British that even the English people make fun of him. He started

for his account of Cronje's surrender. Instead of seeing the noble side of that twelve day's stand of less than three thousand, including men and women, against over forty thousand British troops, with a couple of hundred guns, he viciously attacked them for being dirty. Not a single English correspondent saw that dirt, but only saw the noble helplessness of their fight—and saw only



American District Messenger, James Smith, who carried the message of sympathy from 30,000 Philadelphia school boys to President Krueger...Taken in front of the Presidential residence, Pretoria.

out for a London paper, writing an American's views of the war, but he is by far more vicious in his accounts than the most prejudiced Englishman, and he has incurred the disgust of all the English people. He was most severely criticised

enough to praise—but it remained to this one American to cast slurs upon these people for their uncleanly appearance. Ralph devoted a large part of his space to ridiculing Mrs. Cronje because, forsooth, she wore a false switch in her hair!



Col. Lee Brittinattader, Richard Harding Davis, Mr. Akers, Poultney Bigelow.

Correspondents at Tampa.

Almost immediately after the occupation of Pretoria the foreign attaches and correspondents were informed that the war was over, and that they could leave. In substance it was a command. Some

did not care to leave, but they were told that they would not be allowed to send any matter. Even the mail was subject to the approval of Lord Stanley, the chief censor of Lord Roberts' staff.



In the party are: Duke of Norfolk, Sir Chas. Ross, Capt. Ford Barclay, Lord Talbot Mr. Battersby, Lady Arthur Grosvenor, Lady Sarah Wilson.

Going Home from South Africa.

Nearly all of the correspondents came out at this time.

I came up the West Coast on the "Briton," and there were many of the correspondents on board. Among them were Dr. Conan Doyle, Mr. Battersley of the Daily Mail, Mr. Johnson of the Express, Mr. Nevison of the Chronicle, Mr. Hartford Hartland of the Army & Navy, and Mr. Atkins of the Manchester Guar-

sonally Mr. Doyle is a most agreeable man, ever ready for any entertainment for others. He went to the war as a surgeon, but has given some of his best writings to the public on the subject of the campaign. Dr. Doyle is a strange contrast to Kipling, who is intensely unpopular with the officers and cordially hated by the men of the entire British service. His writings about the soldiers



Lady Sarah Wilson,
War Correspondent—London Graphic.

dian, who was in Cuba with the Fifth Army Corps.

It was very pleasant to have this opportunity of reviewing the various parts of the campaign in the Cape. Conan Doyle's severe criticisms of the British officers has caused a great deal of comment, but it will undoubtedly do the service an immense amount of good. Per-

are seemingly taken as personal insults by every man in the British service. His crude personality is undoubtedly in part responsible for his unpopularity.

Hartford Hartland is one of the younger writers who went to the front at the commencement of the war and witnessed the horrors of Spion Kop, Colenso, and the crossing of the Tugela River.

Among the American correspondents on the Boer side in South Africa, Allan Sangere of Ainsley's Magazine, Hugh Sutherland of the Philadelphia North American, who accompanied Jimmie Smith, the messenger boy, Howard Hillegas, and Richard Harding Davis, were among the most prominent. Even Jimmie Smith, who carried the message of sympathy to President Kruger from the Philadelphia schoolboys, did some correspondence, and wrote some description from his own standpoint that was exceedingly interesting. Now, he says, his one ambition in life is to go to West Point and be an army officer, or, failing in that, to be a war correspondent.

mean that it takes the special writer to bring their deeds and value before the public. If it depended upon the official dispatches and reports to make them famous they would go to their last rest without any special reward. Sheridan's ride would have been given to posterity as, "I arrived on the field at Cedar Creek at 10 a. m." There would be few Medals of Honor or Victoria Crosses won, were it not for the correspondents. During the war with Spain, Lieutenant Henry Ward of the navy was sent into Spain to secure some important information, and for many weeks that brave officer faced death at every turn; the smallest mistake would have betrayed him into the hands of the



Lord Roberts.

Lord Kitchener. Bennett Burleigh. Lord Stanley.

Lord Roberts' Entry into Pretoria.

It is only through the medium of the correspondents' dispatches that the public gathers its knowledge and makes its estimate of the worth of the officers in command, and consequently it is in the power of any correspondent to make or mar the professional reputation of them. Most of the newly appointed general officers of the American army owe their advance to the reports of the correspondents. They could not have received the appointment without the ability, but I

enemy, to have shared a fate like that of Nathan Hale. On the official roll of the Navy Department, Lieutenant Ward's war record would simply show him as "on special duty." The public never heard of his deeds of daring, simply because there was no correspondent to tell the story; he received no reward because the wise men at Washington have not seen his name flaring in the headlines as the hero of the hour. Lieutenant Ward was not advanced any ten numbers as Hobson



Lady Arthur Grosvenor.

Mr. Battersby—Dally Mail.

Duke of Marlborough.

Returning from the Cape.

was, although he risked his life to a far greater extent. He succeeded in the task set before him, where Hobson practically failed. The dangers around him were like poison lurking in a cup, while the work of his brother officer was carried with the dash of fire and shell. The one officer fêted, lionized, and promoted, all because a few correspondents happened to see him do an act of duty; the other forgotten.

All this to show the part war-correspondents play in making national heroes.

No better explanation of the dangers incurred by war correspondents can be given than to simply state that in this present campaign in South Africa thirty-

three per cent of the correspondents have been killed or wounded, or have died of disease incurred in the line of their duty. This is many times greater than the death rate among officers or men, and merely shows that these men who go into the battles at their own volition stand the same chances of losing their lives as do the men who wear a uniform. They are in more battles than any one officer or man, they suffer the same privations, and when the readers of the daily papers glance at that little line at the head of a dispatch "from our own correspondents at the front," they rarely consider what it costs in privations and perseverance to get that dispatch into print.



A Matter of Opinion

The Mother Queen of Britain.

Great Britain and her friends mourn a dead Queen and a dead song. Victoria is no more and "God Save the Queen" is only a memory until another woman monarch shall recall it. There is a King, Edward VII, whose wild oats are supposed to have been planted these several years; but his greatness is yet to be adjudged by the invincible opinion of the people. The dead Queen leaves a record that is without equal in the history of Great Britain. She was not great, she had no personal ambitions, but she was good—and never before in the history of the world has one woman for so long a time and with such good results maintained an influence over so many millions of intelligent, law-abiding subjects. Victoria was first of all an ideal mother—then an ideal wife and an ideal widow. It was she, who, with the simplicity of a true heart, wrote to a dead soldier's wife, "From a widow to a widow." The utter ingenuousness and humanness of Victoria endeared her to many Americans, who by all natural token were opposed to Monarchs, Monarchies, and a Throne. Victoria made her throne a simple bit of the furniture of office. She gave sympathy always, for that was in her nature; she gave counsel when it was within her wisdom, and when, as was more frequently the case, she needed counsel, then it was her habit to ask of those wiser heads whom a Government had appointed to advise her. But it is after all the memory of the Woman rather than the Queen that the English-speaking peoples will treasure—a simple-minded, plain, honest-hearted gentlewoman, who, when in error, always erred in favor of Honesty and Vir-

tue. She had a mother's tears for every soldier of her's that fell fighting for her; and she had the woman's tear for every sincere foe man whose bones bordered the path of Imperialism. England's Mother Queen lived a long, honorable life, and all civilization is the sadder for her loss.

CREMATION as at present practiced is surrounded by so much misrepresentation that a few facts in connection with the custom may be of interest to those who believe in that method of disposal of the dead. A visit to the crematories of San Francisco, and also to a number of those located in the Eastern States, and a close inspection of the various methods in use at different places leads to only one conclusion, and that is, that very few, if any cremationists, realize what cremation really is.

The Cruelty of Cremation.

In the attractive literature published by the crematories we are told "that after the funeral services, the body or casket is wrapped in a sheet soaked in alum water and put in a retort, heated to a cherry red, and that the stored heat absorbs the moisture of the body, which is 95 per cent of the whole, and leaves the balance, 5 per cent, in a clear and beautiful pearly white ash, and that every particle is gathered and put in a receptacle, sealed and given to the relatives to dispose of as they see fit."

A visit to seven different crematories demonstrates the real facts, however, to be as follows: The body or casket is wrapped in a cloth, saturated with alum water to prevent the body from taking fire before the eyes of the relatives, before the furnace could be closed. The furnace is heated to about 2000 degrees

Fahrenheit, and this heat is so intense that it causes the body to immediately ignite and burn and sizzle in the same manner as a piece of fat thrown in a red hot fire. Imagine this of some loved one! In most of the crematories the actual flame that heats the retort is turned on the body, making the process, if possible, still more horrible.

Now, as to the pearly white ash. It is a fact that the flesh is consumed and the bones calcined, and most of the smaller ones crumble quite easily; but the larger ones have either to be ground in a machine made for that purpose, or crushed in a mortar. Could you, reader, permit this to be done to any one for whom you had the slightest feeling of affection? Better by far let us lay our dead ones back in mother earth from whence they came, and where, amidst trees and flowers, and covered by a beautiful mantle of God's green earth they may forever rest. We often hear people say that they do not see any difference between decaying in the ground or having the body destroyed by fire, accomplishing in a few hours by burning what it takes years to do by earth burial. We will illustrate the difference by asking you to think of the most beautiful bit of landscape you ever saw. In the center there is a noble oak surrounded by beautiful shrubs and flowers. Perchance at one side there is sugar maple and at the other a sumac or dogwood which, in the fall of the year have delighted every passer-by with their brilliant coloring, before the leaves die and fall to the ground. If left there to decay in the natural way these leaves will enrich the soil and make the next year's growth lovelier than ever before. Instead of following nature's way, apply the torch and the result is the complete destruction of all those tender shrubs and flowers, and even the old oak itself is burned and scarred beyond recognition. So it is with the human body. If it is buried, and in nature's own way allowed to decay, the softening, refining and comforting influence of the grave of a loved one will be felt by all who are left behind. Those of us who have been separated from our loved ones know the sweet pleasure of a visit to the

cemetery and the placing of a flower on that sacred grave. The communion with the beloved dead has enriched us and made us better people, better fathers, better mothers, better children. Many a son can attribute his finer conception of life and duty to a visit to his mother's grave. But cremation is the complete destruction of all the sweet memories of the departed, the total annihilation of reverence for the sacred plot in the cemetery where our beloved dead and revered ancestors have been buried, some of them for ages; the searing as with fire of that ever present wish to do something for the one that has left us.

In lieu of all this, cremation gives us a can containing a *part* of the crushed bones of child, or mother, together with the ashes of the coffin, which we place in a depository devoted to the purpose, yet by no effort of imagination can we realize that our loved ones are there. Perchance we take this ghastly can home, and see if we can bring ourselves to believe its contents are all the mortal remains of our departed. In a very short time it becomes an object of jest, and after a time finds its way to the ash barrel as if the violence of the method, or the sudden change in a few short hours of a form we love, into a handful of meaningless ashes by means of a furnace, severed forever the bonds of affection. The entire lack of solemnity which surrounds cremation is frequently remarked. Instead of a feeling of respect or affection, we find instead an air of levity or cold indifference. In fact it is not unusual to hear in the "Ash-room" of any of the crematories such remarks as "It is better to take the old man's ashes home and use them to clean the kitchen tinware than to leave him rot in the ground," or "the kid's ashes will make good tooth-powder," or "well we have got her where she can't kick now." You no doubt will say that the people who would say such things would speak as grossly of their own dead. No, they would not! The hardest criminal or the most worldly woman is affected at the solemn moment when the casket containing the remains of one loved in life is being lowered in

the grave; and forever after, that grave is held in reverence.

The practice of cremation is degrading and deprives us of all that is beautiful in life and reduces us to the level of the Animal Kingdom. In making this statement we are aware that very few will credit it until they have made a study of the effects of cremation upon those who have had their dead cremated, and have seen the moral degeneracy of those that are left behind. Cremation destroys all sentiment, and what is there in life that keeps us above the brute creation but sentiment? What is sentiment? "Those complex determinations of the mind which result from the co-operation of our rational powers and our moral feelings." The love of God, the love of country, the love of home, parents and children, the love of honor, virtue, and all that makes life beautiful, but the most holy of them all is the love and respect for the dead, which cremation completely destroys, and by so doing in a measure affects every other sentiment.

It should be opposed by those of the Jewish race, as the old Hebrew law prescribes the mode of burial in the earth, and the Jew that favors cremation is not faithful to the traditions of his race, for it has been the consistent observance of their ancient customs, sustained by sentiment, that has preserved the integrity of the Jewish people, and cremation annihilates this sentiment. It is the sentiment of the universal brotherhood of man that is the corner-stone of the noble order of Masonry, with its lodges in every part of the habitable globe, and whose origin dates back to the building of King Solomon's Temple. The wise men of discretion in this great order have wisely foreseen that the practice of cremation would be the destruction of their organization, and many of the grand lodges have forbidden the Masonic rites at a cremation, as it is not a Christian burial, and detracts from the sacredness of the ceremony.

As an aid to crime and a means of destroying evidence in criminal practice, cremation is perfect. It became so apparent to the officers of one of San Fran-

cisco's crematories that cremation was being used to cover up the evidence of criminal operations, that the Board of Health was induced to pass a law prohibiting cremation within forty-eight hours after death, and that there should be an inspection as to the cause of death, etc., by an officer of the Board. This law, however, is only partially observed as to the time limit, but not as to the inspection.

In the interest of justice, and as an additional precaution against criminal practices, which are all too common, it should be the duty of all citizens to have such legislation adopted and enforced as will prevent the destruction of evidence in the case of murder. Let the officers of the law have every opportunity to prove crime and not place a premium on its commission by the encouragement of cremation. Let every clergyman from the pulpit preach against cremation as it tends to destroy the good influences the clergy tries to inculcate. It would be well if they would even refuse to officiate at a cremation, as the beautiful services of the church over a body to be committed to the flames seems inconsistent and out of place. Let every Christian be firmly against this relic of paganism. Let the press investigate the process and the effects of cremation, and they will soon convince the public that it is only a "fad"! Let every good citizen speak against this relic of barbarism and cremation would be abandoned for all time.

In "California's Transition Period" Samuel H. Willey has written an interesting work on the early history of the State. By "The Transition Period," the author means that stage in the State's growth when the Mexican flag came down in California, and the American colors took its place. The building up of a great commonwealth, the substitution of the more progressive American customs and the more just American laws for those of mediæval Mexico, make a fascinating story, not alone to the Californian. Such history it is necessary for the world to know. Mr. Willey is a thorough student of the State's history, and he has given us a useful book.





H. LESLIE MOYER

The girl from Noumea was the only one who had anything to leave behind.

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THE GIRL FROM NOUMEA.

BY J. F. ROSE-SOLEY.

WHEN she came on board our steamer we thought at first it was a wedding party, and had it not been for the conspicuous absence of a bridegroom, the supposition would have been tenable. There was the Mamma, portly and well faring, the stout sister, already a matron, and the slim young sister whose turn at matrimony had yet to come. They bustled down to the wharf with much ceremony, and the crowd of black boys, gathered together from all parts of the Pacific, gazed delightfully as they passed. For were they not clad in the gayest of colors which man—or rather woman—taking the rainbow as a guide, could devise, and does not the soul of the Kanaka delight in brilliant hues? If he can get nothing better, he sticks a gaudy parrot's feather in his hair, and this, with a bright red sulu or waist cloth, constitutes his principal clothing. Half the population of the little French settlement, male and female, was down to see us tread our way out of the reef-enclosed harbor, but none could compare in attire with the girl and her weeping relatives.

We, the privileged passengers on the poop, watched the new arrivals with a natural feeling of jealousy. We had already, by living a week or so on the steamer, acquired a sense of possession; we all knew each other's names and business, and gossiped freely, behind their backs of course, about our fellow passengers' affairs. Therefore the girl was necessarily an intruder, an uninvited ad-

dition to our little community, and it became our duty to consider whether we would accept her on a footing of equality. So we leaned lazily over the rail, and watched the almost perpendicular rays of the mid-day sun waking up the little striped fish which darted hither and thither amid the branching coral at the bottom.

Our time was nearly up, the steam whistle was doing its best to arouse the sleepy echoes of the town, and to recall the passengers who were finishing their dejeuner at the café ashore. The edge of the wharf was lined with a row of grinning, laughing natives, who were waiting, with child-like curiosity, to see the screw go round. Therefore the parting between the girl from Noumea and her female relatives was something hurried. There were dozens of au revoirs, and as much sobbing and weeping as the discussion of a parting bottle of wine would permit. Male friends crowded around, and one Frenchman, more venturesome than the rest, tried to snatch a parting kiss. She shook him off with a light gesture and a laughing: "Call this time tomorrow." Then the steamer gently drew away from the wharf, we felt the breath of the fresh trade-wind on our faces as we cleared the point, and a chaos of waving handkerchiefs and fluttering gauzy skirts was the last we saw of the crowd on the quay.

The girl from Noumea was the only one amongst us who had anything to leave behind. We had done the little town thoroughly in two days, we had ex-

hausted the Cathedral, and the flagstaff, whilst the sight of the grey clad convicts working in the street had grown wearisome to us. So we were glad to get away from the heat and the dust, to be once more on the cool tree Pacific. But the girl lingered aft, leaning over the poop rail near the cabin ladder, heedless of the fact that the fat pantryman was already extracting various cold joints for the mid-day luncheon. To the other passengers this was a good omen, a sign which betokened the pleasantest meal of the day. The girl, with her embroidered handkerchief still in her hand, never moved, though we had cleared the entrance to the harbor, and the rocky peaks of the Island were beginning to lose their distinctness of outline. Then we went down to luncheon, and when we came up half an hour later, I was pleased to note that the girl from Noumea, who declined to eat below, had got through a goodly slice of chicken wing, as well as a small bottle of Lafitte. And with characteristic French vim she recovered her spirits from that hour, the gaudy shore dress was exchanged for a neat blue serge yachting costume, and she was formally welcomed as a fellow passenger by the old hands.

Of course the reader, noticing the attention I have bestowed upon this little personage, will at once assume that she was a most beautiful angelic creature and I am loth to disappoint him. I cannot, in strict truth, say that she was beautiful or even pretty. But she was petite, and had the ineffable charm of chic, a gift which only Parisian women possess in perfection. Thus, in less than half an hour all the single men had fallen violently in love with her, and the married ones, had it not been for the restraining presence of their spouses, would have liked to do the same. The stout commercial traveler and the dapper little civil servant vied in paying her attention, and before the afternoon was over she was the recognized Queen of the quarter-deck.

Two days' experience sufficed to convince us that the commercial was—to use his own phraseology—the only one able to make the running. All the rest

of the passengers, the doctor, and even the handsome chief officer, were hopelessly out of it. Henry D. Moran, representing Messrs. Software and Hardgoods, as he styled himself on his business cards, was a genuine specimen of the genus *Bagman Australiensis*, fluent, much-jeweled, and by reason of good living, over-fat. Hardly a chair on the ship would bear his weight as he lolled lazily on the quarter-deck. His brains varied in inverse ratio to his bulk, and yet he, though his conversation betrayed no trace of intellectual development, was counted a good business man by those who knew. It may have been his ready tongue which did it: certainly it was not his looks, but in the space of two days it befell that if he ever occupied the chair by the girl's side, all other rivals had to keep their distance. It was ill trifling with a man of his size and determination.

The three days of our passage before the breezy trade-wind and the ever-following sea passed smoothly enough, and we neared the little savage isle to which the girl was bound. There was a mystery about her voyage. Some said she was going to seek out and wed an absent lover; others that she was after an errant husband, who had married only to desert her. Whatever the object of her traveling, she took none of us into her confidence, unless it were the commercial traveler, and he, though talking freely and not over respectfully about her in the smoking room, was discreetly silent on this one point. It was not like him to be silent about anything; the little he knew he always blurted out, and therefore his reticence was all the more surprising.

At night, in the little steward's room, which served as a bar, office and sleeping berth combined, the male passengers would meet after the ladies had gone to bed, and while the portly steward served out the whisky, discuss the events of the day. This topic, being somewhat limited in extent, the conversation naturally turned on the little girl from Noumea, and the mystery which attached to her. For we had all made up our minds that there was a mystery, though there



"Au revoir," she laughed. "Call this time to-morrow."

was no apparent justification for the assumption. Passengers at sea are very apt to fall into the evil ways of idle gossip.

A little dried-up Frenchman was the only person who refrained from expressing an opinion as to the reason of his compatriot's presence. "C'est une vraie Parisienne, elle connaît les hommes comme sa poche," was all he would say when appealed to for advice, in the best French we could muster among us. He would sit quietly sipping his vermouth for an hour, pretending that he did not understand English. Then, exactly as six bells sounded from the bridge, he would get up, politely make his bow, and disappear with a "bon soir, Messieurs." There was quite as much mystery about him as about the girl, no one knew the reason of his journeying to the Savage Isles, but then, as he was only a man, we did not care to be curious.

It was hot, below, on the last night of our voyage, and the glories of the tropical moon tempted me on deck long after the other passengers had gone to their berths. Contrary to all rules and regulations, which on board ship are only made to be broken, I took my cigar with me on the poop, and presently found a comfortable lounge on the skylight. It was one of those old-fashioned flat-topped affairs, which lift up at each end, and we had long since discovered that the movable part, inclined at the proper angle, made a luxurious resting place. As we were nearing land, they were steering the ship from the bridge, so there was no helmsman to take into consideration, and there was not a soul in sight to disturb my meditations. I lay and smoked calmly with my face to the stern, dreamily watching the curling glistening wake of white foaming water, which grew ever as we went along, only to vanish in the hazy distance.

Perhaps I went to sleep; I don't know, but I must have been there a long time when the sound of voices awoke me, for I felt quite chilled with the night air. They were behind the raised sky-light, the pair, and had evidently not seen me in the darkness of the awning-shrouded deck. I knew their voices well, and did

not need to look around. Had I done so, my eavesdropping must have been detected, and I did not care, single-handed, to face the mighty commercial traveler's wrath.

"Why did you bring me up here at this hour of the night?" said the young girl from Noumea; "it is not proper, you know."

"Then why did you come?" responded Moran impertinently. "You know I don't care a scrap for propriety when I've got you with me."

There was a slight scrimmage, two or three angry "Don'ts" and something which sounded audibly, though it was neither a word nor a blow.

"Well, what do you want?" the girl went on, as calmly as if nothing had happened.

"You know very well what I want—it's you," was the blunt reply.

"Listen," she continued quietly, evading the direct question. "I will tell you something. I am not used to many words like you men who talk much to make the business. Will you swear to help me and to keep the secret?"

"Swear, I should think so!" replied the Colonial, "I'd swear the leg off an iron pot if it would bring me any nearer to you."

She laughed. "No, no, that would be too awful. Just listen quietly. You wonder why I am on board this ship, why I am all alone making the passage to the Savage Isles? Well, it is this way. I go in search of my brother. He was always a good brother to me, and I love him much. But he is French, and too much given to the politics. My father keeps a hotel in Noumea, and my brother and myself helped him. But my brother would always, when talking to the customers, be after one political agitation or the other, and at last he got up a plan for turning New Caledonia into an independent commune; he had talked much with the exiles who came from Paris. It was a beautiful plot. There were lots of big men in it, and I think it would have succeeded, had it not been found out. You know the little gray man who is on board? Well, he is a detective, but he pretended to be one of the conspirators, and then denounced my brother to the

Governor. They did not dare to try him; it would have made too much scandal. So the Governor sent him away quietly to the Isle of Pines, and nobody in Noumea but ourselves knew anything about it. The detective used to come much to our hotel, and made love to me across the bar, and because I refused to be his mistress he had my brother arrested."

"The brute," exclaimed the traveler. "I'd like to punch his head!"

"So you shall, if you will only help me. Well, to make a long story short, my brother escaped. I need not tell you how we managed it, but we got him away in a boat to the Savage Isles. He is there now, and the detective has found out."

"So that's what he's after! But how can the detective arrest him there? Why, there's no government to give him up."

"It is all arranged. There's a French man-of-war in the harbor, and the detective has a letter to the captain, ordering him to bring the fugitive a prisoner to Noumea. Then my brother will be locked up safely on the Isle Nou, and I do not believe he will ever be able to escape again. Now you know all, will you help me to get my brother away?"

"Of course I will, but how?"

"I have a plan. To-morrow I will tell you."

"And my reward?"

"All in good time, Monsieur; let us first succeed."

She glided away silently, and I only knew of her absence through a sotto-voce remark of the travelers, who was left alone with his cigar. "Fine girl that; blest if I don't believe I'm in love with her."

The next day all was bustle and excitement on board. The sailors were busy getting the ship ready for the discharge and receipt of Savage Isles cargo, and the few passengers who were leaving us had packing to do. But the girl from Noumea did not pack, and at luncheon she took the opportunity of ostentatiously asserting that she was not going to get off at the Savage Isles after all; she had decided, since the voyage had done her health so much good, to go on to the next port of call at Fiji.

The commercial traveler also amazed

us, in the smoking room, by telling a long story about an elderly invalid, the wife of a planter on the group, whom he had promised to escort to Samoa, and to see safely stowed on board the steamer for New Zealand. "Nice job, isn't it," he said, "having to take charge of an old party like that, who's got to go to the colonies for her health? Now, if she was a young and pretty girl I would not mind. Might do a mash then."

I marveled secretly why he hadn't mentioned the matter earlier in the voyage, though I kept my own counsel, understanding something, but not all, of the little comedy which was being played out.

It was dark when we got into the little port, the one harbor, worthy of the name, which the Savage Isles can boast of. With only a single light ashore for our guidance, we treaded our way through the dangerous reefs which guard the entrance. The people of the village, who had not seen a ship for months, flocked to greet us, the native outrigger canoes bustled hither and thither on the smooth water, and a huge raft-like vessel, laden with native laborers, came toward us, lighting up the harbor with bundles of flaring torches, and attracting shoals of gay-colored fish.

We soon had a score of people, planters, merchants, and agents, on board, demanding the latest news from Australia, and telling us all about the splendid banana crop which was to make the fortune of the Islands. It was a great night for the residents on this lonely spot; the steward's cabin became the scene of a symposium which lasted far into the early morning hours. The commercial traveler seemed wonderfully popular amongst these men. One and all they greeted him effusively, and sought to detain him to take part in their revels. Their blandishments were, however, thrown away; the young man indicated that the path of duty lay elsewhere. He had become a reformed character, and armed with a large valise, he insisted on going ashore as soon as the anchor was down. He had, he explained, to travel far and fast to fetch the old lady who had been placed under his care. She



The conversation naturally turned to the little girl from Noumea.

was on a distant plantation, and as the steamer sailed at noon on the morrow, there was no time to be lost.

The girl from Noumea, leaning gracefully over the rail, waved him a careless adieu, just as if he were a new acquaintance passing out of sight for a few hours. And then his canoe, with its couple of native paddlers, vanished into the zone of darkness which surrounded the ship.

There was little sleep that night for anyone on board. Through the long hours the rattle of the steam winches went on unceasingly, to the accompaniment of shrill native cries and broad English oaths. For the copra was there, the local trading vessels were full of the greasy ill-smelling stuff, and come what would, the whole of it must be on board by the next mid-day. The detective, after satisfying himself that the girl from Noumea was not going ashore, went off in a boat to the French man-of-war which lay a few cable-lengths away. Apparently he found much to interest him there for we saw no more of him until just before we sailed.

All through the night the girl walked anxiously up and down the poop deck, assuring the stewardess that she could not possibly sleep, and would sooner remain on deck. But now and again she cast longing glances toward the shore.

With the dawn the expected came. The commercial traveler had evidently made quick work of his journey, for there he was in a canoe, and squatting by his side on the reed platform was an elderly lady. She certainly was elderly; I could tell by her feeble walk and nervous hands even though her face was thickly veiled. The girl from Noumea smiled, but not too eagerly, as she came up the ladder, darting a quick anxious glance at the French gun-boat, whose spars were now visible in the rapidly growing light. The introduction which followed was quite perfectly formal, Mrs. and Mademoiselle. The girl only bowed slightly, and said how happy she would be to help Mr. Moran's friend.

She certainly kept her word, and at noon, when our steamer shook the cluster of trading boats from her sides, and headed for the open sea, the girl was talking

quite affably to the old lady. Still closely veiled, the elderly woman leaned helplessly on her young companion's arm, and somehow, as they moved slowly up and down the deck, the pressure seemed mutual. Moran skirmished round in the rear, and strove now and again to get in a word with his inamorata. The girl only smiled cheerfully, and said loudly, so that the other passengers might hear: "Poor dear old lady, how weak she is; she needs help, and I really cannot leave her alone."

We were just clearing the harbor when we noticed we were pursued. A smartly manned gig from the gunboat was coming toward us with all the speed which five oars and ten strong arms could give her. Naturally we wondered what it was all about, and the situation was excitedly discussed on the poop, to the visible annoyance of the commercial traveler, who looked anxious and worried. Our obliging skipper slowed down to let the boat come alongside, and then we saw the little detective in the stern sheets, accompanied by a much-gold-laced French lieutenant.

"Want to come on board?" asked the captain from the bridge.

"No," replied the detective in perfect English; "got any new passengers?"

"Yes, an old lady from Smith's plantation. There she is on the poop."

The old lady, still closely veiled, leaned calmly over the rail and gazed down at the detective, whilst a little farther on, the girl from Noumea watched the scene with a half-formed smile on her lips. The detective was apparently satisfied, the lieutenant shouted something in French, and the men bent to their oars. The electric bell rang in the engine room, and away we went into the long even swell of the Pacific. The commercial traveler executed a kind of subdued hornpipe on the deck, and invited us all down to have drinks at his expense.

The girl, for the rest of the voyage, watched over the old lady like a daughter. We were all rather glad, for though we fully recognized that the young commercial traveler had hopelessly outdistanced us in the matter of love-making, still we were secretly jealous of his suc-

cess. And now the girl, with a patience worthy of an angel, gave her whole attention to the old lady. It was rarely that the commercial could get a five minutes' tete-a-tete. The old lady was sure to come up and interrupt the conversation. Fortunately she never appeared at meals, but at table, of course, the talk was strictly conventional in its character. A week of this treatment visibly lessened the bulk of the young man, the jokes with which he used to enlighten the smoking room grew fewer and more circumspect in their tone, and he only brightened up when we entered Suva harbor, and he had before him the prospect of an uninterrupted interview with his lady love.

It was all, as I found out afterwards, carefully planned. The mail steamer for Auckland was to sail on the day of our arrival, and as the old lady was too weak and ill to be trusted ashore, the captain was induced to transfer her directly to the New Zealand boat. The girl from Noumea went also, as well as the commercial traveler, and myself. Personally, I did not go from motives of curiosity, for I had no idea of the things which were to happen, but simply because the skipper of the outgoing boat was an old friend of mine, and I wanted to have a chat with him before I left. On board the steamer the old lady at once disappeared into her cabin, accompanied by her young and inseparable companion. This was the last glimpse I had of the mysterious and much veiled person. I had a quiet hour's talk with the captain in his cabin, but our recountal of old time experiences on the diggings was suddenly checked by the appearance of the first officer at the doorway "Mails on board, sir," he said.

"All right, get the anchor up."

The dull rumble of the capstan, forward, showed us that his orders were being obeyed.

Alongside I found the boat waiting patiently to take us back to our own ship. The commercial traveler was already seated in the stern.

"Where's the girl from Noumea?" I asked, as I joined him.

"She's still with the old woman," he growled. "Can't get her to leave till the last moment."

"Wonderfully kind of her," I said somewhat mischievously.

"Too fond altogether," he angrily asserted.

Then the whistle blew its farewell blast. "Can't wait any longer, sir," said the coxswain of our boat. "Shove that boat off there," came the gruff order from the bridge, "and haul up the companion!"

Half a dozen strong arms brought the heavy ladder up to its davits, the screw began to revolve, and the great ship slowly forged ahead. As we dropped astern, we saw, right over our heads, the smiling face of the girl from Noumea. The old lady was no longer there, but the girl leaned familiarly on the arm of a bronzed young Frenchman.

"Come back," shouted the traveler angrily, forgetting the space of water which divided him from his love.

The girl waved her handkerchief airily. "Au revoir," she laughed, "call this time to-morrow."

The commercial traveler gazed gloomily after the fast disappearing ship and muttered:

"Blessed if I believe he was her brother after all!"





Crowd Awaiting the Procession

THE MEXICAN INDIAN PASSION PLAY.

BY L. M. TERRY.

NEARLY four hundred years ago, the Franciscan monks crossed the ocean to the land of "New Spain," for the purpose of converting and preaching to the idolatrous savages found there by Cortes, and whom, for want of a better name, we have always known as "Aztecs."

Christianity, as preached by the friars, did not "take" with these idol-worshipping savages; it was too tame, and the spectacular effects were not sufficiently striking. Far above all things, the savage must have color, and plenty of it, in his religious and civil rites. So that the Dominicans and Franciscans had their work cut out for them in civilizing and Christianizing these tawny children of the sun.

Many of them, as was natural, distrusted the white man; more of them were, like Ephraim, joined to their idols, and would have none of the religion of

Christ. And it was only after years of patient labor, and the grafting on, as it were, of Romanist features to their own idolatrous rites, that the Indians of Old New Spain were won over to the Church.

Of these crude and oftentimes grotesque ceremonials, many still survive in Mexico, even in these days of railroads and Protestant missionaries. And of these certainly the quaintest, most grotesque, and at the same time terrible, is the representation given yearly, during Holy Week, of the Passion Play, or the "Three Falls of Christ."

Originally given by the old friars in all spirit of reverence and sanctity, with the object of presenting the Passion and suffering of our Lord, so that the skeptical Indians might see, and seeing, believe, the Passion Play of to-day has degenerated into a semi-religious, semi-rowdy occasion, which the present year will see

for the very last time—that is to say, in and near the City of Mexico. Already the Archbishop has ordered its cessation, on the ground that it is sacrilegious, as nowadays presented; and it is certain that to-day's Passion Play, to be given at Coyoacan and Ixtacalco, is the last one that will ever be seen in the old Valley of Tenochtitlan, where it has been known for over 350 years.

For many days, elaborate preparations have been going on among the faithful, looking to the successful carrying-out of the *Tres Caidas* (or "Three Falls") of to-day. Magnificent old walls and but-

sandals, and is newly garlanded with flowers, while the many small saints and cherubs are resplendent in white and blue, picked out in places with many bits of lace, gilt, and whatever else in the way of adornment the "Varnishing and Decorating Committee" could lay their hands upon.

Therefore, it is in the fear of seeing many sacrilegious things, and the sure certainty of witnessing many droll and comical sights, that we, very early on the morning of Good Friday, trust ourselves to the tender mercies of the unwashed who are making their way toward Coyoac-



In the Ixtacalco Churchyard.

tresses of the Moorish-domed churches, which date back to the days of Cortes, have been white-washed and perhaps painted rose-pink, or Nile green, according to the individual taste of the Indian who handles the paint-pot. Priceless screens and bits of wood carving have been rubbed and scrubbed, if not totally cast out of the sanctum, and few are the Saints and images who do not flaunt themselves in gay new attire. "San Pedro," otherwise Saint Peter, has a new red robe, and even the cock clasped under his arm has been rubbed up and seemingly varnished, so boldly do his feathers shine; San Juan (St. John) wears new

can, where one ceremony is to be held; and to the fine old church of Ixtacalco, on the Viga Canal, where especially good ceremonies are to be given—according to the decrepid, toothless, yet rejoicing old Indian, who sits uncomfortably near one in the Viga car.

At the head of La Viga—otherwise known as the "Embarcadero" or embarking-point—the scene beggars description. So thick is the crowd of Indians, Mexicans, and foreigners, that one can barely get through to the boats, which, lined up along the banks of the canal, will do a thriving business to-day, even though there is plenty of tram-car competition.



An Overflow During Holy Week.

Double prices are ruling: the peon boatman, in his clean white manta garments and gay sombrero, is in the zenith of his glory, and great is the fleecing of the wily tourist, who, armed with lunch-basket, note-book, and camera, is abroad in the land, and fairly clamoring to be fleeced.

Not being tourists, and being blessed moreover with a certain knowledge of the Spanish tongue, we finally secure unto ourselves a flat-bottomed boat, the which is gaily festooned with red, white and green (Mexico's national colors), our Charon gives a few vigorous pushes with the long pole which serves him for an



Following the Procession.

oar, and off we go.

On all sides of us are other well-laden boats, carrying out numerous passengers to Ixtacalco, while various empty craft are racing back to secure new customers. Whole families fill some of the boats to overflowing: there is feasting and music-making galore, with the twang of guitars and mandolins, while all along the banks of the canal, Good Friday is being gaily, if not riotously, observed.

Many are the booths wherein various fiesta commodities are displayed; many monte and roulette places are in full blast, and *decimos* and quarters by the dozen are changing hands—mostly into

high-pitched sound of the lottery-ticket vender:

"Seis Cientos pesos para la tarde! Para la tarde Seis Cientos pesos!"

(Every one who has ever been to Mexico will remember the cry, one is sure: and few (alack!) there are who have not endeavored with might and main to strike the lucky number entitling him or her to the loudly-advertised *Seis Cientos*, (six hundred.)

So occupied do we become watching these sights of fiesta-time that we have forgotten all about the Passion Play and the Three Falls; it is with both a mental and physical bump, therefore, that we

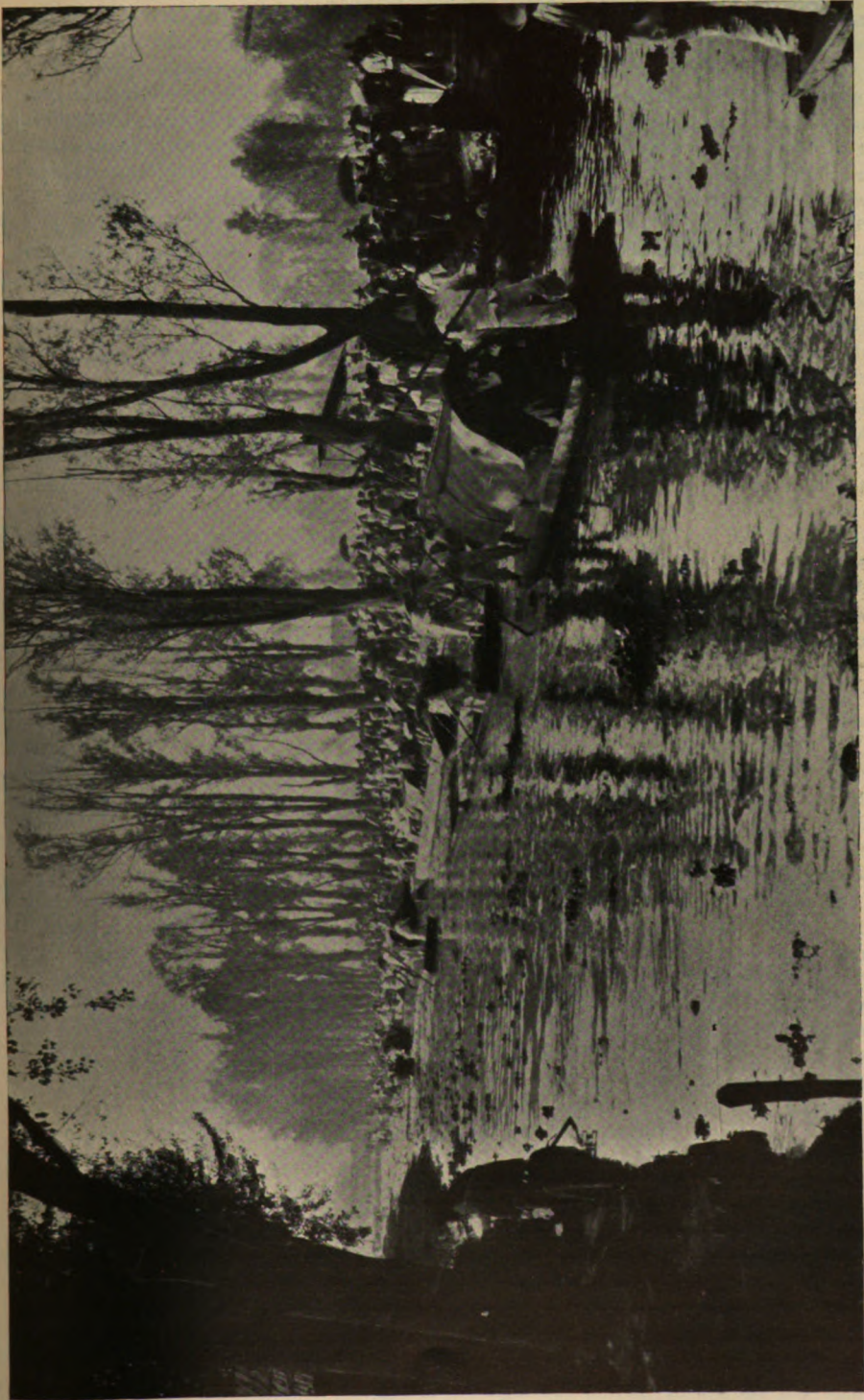


"The car containing the stooped velvet-clad figure of the Christ."

the hands of the "bank," needless to say! All sorts of good things to eat can be found here: "baked or boiled or stewed in rum," from the festive tamale down to queerly and wonderfully made dulces (or sweetmeats) the coloring matter of which one will find it perilous to inquire into. There are poppies and forget-me-nots, and everywhere you see incredibly large red and white radishes, cut and curled into quaint and pretty shapes, and looking for all the world like big rose-pink orchids! In and out of these various booths and gambling places, surge the holiday makers, while high above the other voices is raised the monotonous,

finally bring up at the crowded landing place at Ixtacalco.

From there we are not long in making our way to the fine old church, from which the procession will start. So densely packed is the crowd that it is more or less difficult to get through it, and into a coign of vantage in the huge churchyard, which is also thoroughly filled with the fiesta observers. Yet perhaps one is not warranted in calling these people "holiday-makers," for there, now, is no levity to be seen about them. Very little talking are they doing: all are quiet and orderly, many very grave, while the great majority, who are telling their



"Feasting and Rioting the crowd returns from the Play at Ixtacalco."

boads and reciting quiet and seemingly devout "Padre Nuestrós," are evidently in thorough earnest. Many of them are kneeling, with faces hidden in *rebosos* and *tílmás*, until the procession shall come out of the church; others, whose ragged garments, bruised and trembling forms, and crowns of thorns, proclaim them as Penitentes who have travelled for many weary miles, occupy themselves also in devout prayer; while we, more lucky, pass the intervening hour of waiting comfortably seated on the high old Spanish wall, whence we have a thoroughly good view of all that goes on.

Fully two hours past the time set for the moving of the procession comes the quiet steady pressing forward which denotes that at last it is on the move; as we cast a quick glance over the crowd we see that all of the men stand bare-headed, the women with heads covered and hands crossed on their bosoms, while even the numerous children and dogs are preternaturally quiet, for the passing of the "Cristo."

Now, there is a sudden shrill yet sweet piping of the Indian flute or *chirimía*, which, joined in a moment, by loud trumpet blasts, and the dull pounding of a rude native drum, denotes that the procession is on the point of issuing from the church. Everyone presses forward, elbowing for room, while the great door of the church is opened, and the car which holds the Christ and His Cross-bearer, passes out. There is utter silence, save for the piping of the *chirimía*; no one speaks, though many of the people kneel and cover their faces as the great heavy car lumbers along, and the silence is intense. No one speaks—no one seems to breathe as a queerly attired, motley procession of men, women and people on horseback pour out of the church and follow close behind the car; the silence, broken only by the quiet shrill Indian music, becomes oppressive, and one begins to feel nervous. It is a relief, and yet not a relief, to turn the eyes away from this silence-stricken crowd of kneeling Indians to the heavy car, drawn by bareheaded men, which is now very near us—the car on which stands the figure of Christ, and the peon who acts as St. Simon of Cyrene.

Up to the last year or so, living Indians have taken the part of the Christ, many of whom never survived the terrible and too realistic nailing of spikes through their hands; now, Church rules have prohibited people from taking this part in the Passion Play, and images of Our Lord are always used instead.

This one, (of which our picture is very poor), is a pallid weary-faced representation; clad in a long robe of red velvet, trimmed with much gilt and lace, a crown of sharp thorns transfixes the white brow, over which hangs matted black hair. The eyes, in their sad mournful gaze, fairly make one's heart ache, while the blood-stained hands and feet, and the bent figure, under its heavy cross, thrills one through and through with memories of that Great Tragedy, acted two thousand years ago, on Calvary. It is awful; crude as the representation is, there is something terrible in it, and one understands now why the Friars of old sought through the giving of this same Passion Play to bring home the sufferings of Our Crucified Lord to an unknowing and unbelieving people!

Behind the stooping Figure, bearing its heavy wooden cross, stands the young peon who is taking the part of St. Simon. He is a good-looking boy of perhaps twenty, and the serious expression of his face leads one to believe that he, at least, is going through his part with only reverent and non-sacrilegious feeling. Yet his attire is so grotesque that one hardly knows whether to laugh or weep. His coat and trowsers of bright red cotton cloth are topped off with white lace cuffs, collar and veil, while quaint and primitive white lace pantalettes dangle from his knees, and a flat red turban surmounts his very solemn countenance. For a St. Simon of Cyrene, it is certainly an original and unsuitable get-up!

Behind this car,—which we are glad not to look at again,—follow various women, Centurions, Scribes, Pharisees, Roman soldiers, and others, and a passing wonderful collection they are, at that.

The women, in long black robes, follow close to the car, their faces muffled in *rebosos* or scarfs; then come the musicians, piping and drumming with all

their might, while prancing about in the rear (when their poor horses have a prance left them) come the "Noble Romans" and Centurions.

In their motley garments of vivid red and purple, with helmets of tin, and garrisoned with peacocks' feathers, these soldiers no doubt fancy themselves more Roman than the noblest Roman of them all, and after all, "where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise!" Yet their tout ensemble, and above all their gravely satisfied faces, provoke one's risibility to an almost uncontrollable pitch.

Soon the intense quiet is broken; there is a murmuring of voices; people cease their press forward, and the Centurions back their horses into the mass of people who may be blocking the path of the car. Ah, the first of the "*Tres Caidas!*"

Under a small tree the car is halted, carried forward to meet it is a large image of the Virgin Mary, clothed all in black; it is placed at the feet of the Christ, and, in a circle about the group, kneeling Indians place themselves, holding lighted candles, rosaries and other sacred emblems in their hands. Then, just before the priest in lace cotta ascends the small tree, in which a queer thing in the order of a bird cage, being really a pulpit, awaits him, the first of Christ's three falls occurs. This is brought about by attendants so working on ropes wound about the figure that it suddenly falls forward prone in the car, and so lies while the padre begins a short and very earnest discourse. This finished, St. Simon, (who needs to be a man of muscle) lifts the heavy cross and the figure of Christ; the bearers of the car once more resume their places; the *chirimia* and the drum once more sound forth; the image of the Virgin is brought into line, and the whole procession moves forward again for perhaps fifty yards, where the Second Fall occurs.

And so on, until the first, second and third Falls have all been accomplished, the priest accompanying the procession, and giving at the place of each Fall a discourse upon the Passion and Crucifixion of the Lord. In many places, the procession is finally directed to a small knoll, whereon the Cross is erected and

the image of Christ placed; then the Crucifixion, with all its accompanying terrible scenes, is crudely represented, after which the Passion Play is pronounced at an end.

As the scene, comical, yet wonderfully grotesque and terrible, approaches its end, one cannot fail to see the strange picturesqueness of it all. The Cross itself has been placed under the old gnarled, wide-spreading olive tree, planted here four hundred years ago by Spanish monks; in the background towers the old gray, broken, stone church, builded by those same devout men, the last rays of the setting sun glinting on its Moorish tiles; the great churchyard itself is full to overflowing with subdued, serious-faced people, who listen intently to their priest's address, while the flat roofs of neighboring houses, the tops of walls, and even the surrounding trees, are occupied by spectators who could not find room in a crowded churchyard.

But soon the priest's outspread hands pronounce a benediction; the car once more is ready to move: the Marys, Disciples, Pharisees, and Soldiers, fall into somewhat disorderly line; the galloping Centurions charge about in the crowd until room is made for the car and its attendants, while once more the music strikes up. The padre, struggling out of his cotta, disappears into the church, and we are left to watch the rapidly retreating procession on its way to shelter and disbandment.

Half an hour later we ourselves are on our way back to the city in the same boat of the morning. But the spirit of things has meanwhile changed. You see now no serious faces—no one is subdued, and no one tells beads, or says *Padre Nuestros*. To the contrary, men, women, and children are talking eagerly and gaily, if not loudly, while the omnipresent pariah cur barks and leaps and yaps to the fullest extent of his always powerful lungs. Hundreds of people trail homeward, on foot, along the banks of the canal, discussing as they go the day's "Passion" and to-morrow's "Bursting of Judas"; others travel back in the cars that run from Ixtalapa to the city, while many more "take a boat and go to sea," in approved "Little Billee" style.

From these boats, as they glide along in the soft dusk, come the tinkling of stringed instruments; the sound of laughing voices and now and then some queer barbaric Indian song is half chanted, half sung, in its queer, lazy, droning accompaniment. Also there is, I grieve to say, opening and imbibing of pulque and tequila, not to mention the wily and far too potent *catalan* and *mescal*, while torchlights from the canal banks show many roulette and monte booths in full sway. From many of the small *cantinas* (drinking places) along our route the sound of dancing feet is heard; there are many Indian youths and maidens feasting and making love gaily in their fiesta garments and heads poppy-crowned. In short, it is all pure Indian—the Indian of three hundred or four hundred years ago—

and you feel a queer, half-superstitious thrill, as you see it from your boat. For so were those Indians of Cortes' time—who, while they did not hold a so-called "Christian" Passion Play, nevertheless maybe celebrated in this same manner the death or sainthood of their own pagan gods and idols—"who knows?"

However this may be, we are glad when our boat grates against the boards of the Embarcadero, and we see the welcome city lights in the distance. For, as an old writer of by-gone days has said, "there is nothing comic or light in these Indian representations of the Passion, but rather something terrible." One would not wish to see more than one Passion Play, methinks. Which is well, since the Archbishop has forbidden the giving of another one in the valley of Mexico.

EASTER LILIES.

BY BLANCHE M. BURBANK.

Early on Easter morn the Father woke,
 And, in the Mission garden, where the dew
 Lay soft upon the flowers opening new,
 He walked, God's holy blessing to invoke;
 And mused what message to his simple folk
 Would be most meet. When lo! upon his view
 A theme inspired, rose where the lilies grew,
 And later from the chancel thus he spoke:

"Gracious the season when each wakening clod
 Thrills with new life that blindly upward gropes
 Toward the sweet light. Then let our larger hopes
 New courage take, and, reaching up to God,
 Send forth the lilies of our faith and love,
 The soul's white blossom in worlds we know not of."



THE BIG YELLOW STAG

BY
R. B. TOWNSEND
AUTHOR OF
"LONE PINE."

quire of Jimmy at their first meeting. Shaps were a sort of cowhide armour that all cowboys were compelled to wear in Texas to protect them from the terrible mesquite thorn, a defence which seemed hardly necessary on our treeless plains.

"What for?" retorted Jimmy scornfully. "Why, to keep me from freezing to death in a climate where it's nine months winter and three months very late in the Fall."

Bill Means had wilted right there, and after that none of us wondered that Jimmy Murray should look so pleased over the prospect of bringing the branding job to an end as soon as Charley and the boys fetched up the last lot of steers. Tall, gaunt, long-horned brutes the Strong & Starbuck steers were, bred in the thickets of the Nueces and the Palo Verde. They had been wild as hawks when they first started, but the long journey had tamed those wild hearts of theirs a little, and a horseman could drive them now readily enough anywhere on the open prairie; yet the inside of a corral was strange and alarming to them; some of them had never seen the inside of a corral but once before in their lives when they were run in from the brush to endure the branding iron and the knife before starting over the trail.

Hunched close together in their fear, excited and snorting, the last lot were brought up to the bars, Jimmy Murray on the buckskin pony circling round behind them to assist Charley and the others. Under pressure from the horsemen in their rear they were squeezed

O H—H—H, Charley. Fetch up that last lot of steers for the crush-pen, will you!" shouted Jimmy Murray making a speaking trumpet of his hands as he sat there on his buckskin pony outside the bars of my big corral. The buckskin pony was a yellow dun with black bars on his legs and a broad black stripe down his back.

We were just finishing off the job of branding the Strong & Starbuck herd of Texas cattle, and Jimmy Murray the foreman of the herd bossed the job. He had brought the herd all the long three months journey over the Goodnight trail from Texas, and now he and his weary cowpunchers were keen to make an end of their labors and find their way back to their beloved sunny South before snow began to fly on the bleak plains of Colorado.

The Texas men didn't like Colorado.

"What do you wear shaps for in this country?" I heard Bill Means, my youthful Colorado cowpuncher, innocently en-

through the entrance; the bars were nastily put in place, and we had the last lot of steers safe in the corral, the horse-men entering with them.

The next move was to draft them from the big corral through a gate into the ante-chamber of the crush pen.

The wild, scarey creatures, finding themselves trapped in the big corral, ran blindly in a circle, smelling at the fence and feeling for a way out, until they came to the open gate. There they paused, snorting once more their distrust. Was this really a way out?—or was it the entrance to a second trap?

Close on their heels with shouts and cries the horsemen pressed; with a leap and a bound the leading steer, hardening his heart, sprang through the opening, and after him sprang the rest, all but one who roared an angry refusal and broke resolutely back; he was a big bull-necked "stag," the terror of the herd. Stag is the Texas name for a steer who has escaped the attentions of the cow-boys during his youth, and this particular one had run wild as a bull in the Nueces thickets till he was six or seven years old; his sides still showed the scars of many a pitched battle with his rivals, and he had the heart of a warrior in him still. He was built for a warrior too. He stood fully seventeen hands to the top of his huge buffalo-like shoulders while his formidable horns were as thick as a man's arm and as sharp as daggers. When the stag whirled and broke back Jimmy Murray whirled too, and chased him round the big corral, sending the buckskin pony flying up to his quarter and calmly slashing the fugitive across the loins with the end of his lasso.

It was a treat to see Jimmy Murray ride. The easy seat, a little far back in the saddle, with the body perfectly upright but giving freely to every motion of the quick-twisting cowpony, was simply the perfection of balance. The pony, guided by hand and heel turned and twisted, stopped or started, exactly as if it was a part of him. One might almost have been looking at a Centaur, the man and horse were so completely one.

Centaur-like though they were, I fully expected to see the big yellow stag turn on them when he felt the blow of the

lasso and send the pair of them flying together through the air with a toss of those tremendous horns; but no, he was not fighting mad yet; his most pressing desire so far was only to find a way of escape. He found none, however, though twice he made the circle of the big corral; and then, as he caught sight once more of his fellows in the little corral, gregarious instinct got the better of his fears and he suddenly bolted in after them. In, too, along with him went Jimmy Murray and the pony, the gate was shut behind them, and the last act began.

The other horsemen brought their steeds out of the big corral and quickly hitching them ran to the side of the crush-pen into which Jimmy with voice and lasso end was forcing as many of the reluctant steers as it would hold. As soon as it was jammed full, strong poles were stuck across it behind the last animal so that none could back out; then the branding irons were fetched, and in another minute there arose a strong odor of burnt hide and of frizzling hair, and the air rang with frantic bellowings, until finally the end-gate of the crush-pen was opened and the tortured beasts were suffered one by one to escape. Colonel Strong and I sat up on some boards laid across the top of the pen, carefully tallying each animal as it emerged.

No sooner were they all tallied than the door of the crush-pen was closed, and Jimmy Murray shoved the other half of the bunch in to share the fate of their predecessors, a fate to which all went gaily in but the big yellow stag. That gentleman's suspicions had been aroused by the odor of the branding process and the bellowings of the sufferers. He hung back.

Round and round the little corral he hurried, his head close to the ground, as if he were smelling at the bottom of the fence to find a weak place to burst out at, and from his throat there came a succession of low, short, ominous roars. He blew from his nostrils such strong blasts upon the ground that the pulverized dung which formed the floor of the corral sprang up in jets before him as he went.



The End of the Yellow Stag.

Quite unmoved, Jimmy and the buckskin pony jogged round close behind his tail, Jimmy gently swinging his lariat and cheerfully chirruping to the monster. Jimmy's head was carried the least thing more proudly than ever; caged in here with this savage brute, alongside which his pony looked like a toy horse, and almost within arm's length of those tremendous horns, one stab from which could have impaled horse and rider, Jimmy did not deign to show the faintest trace of anxiety. There was something almost ostentatious in the way in which his eye seemed to disregard the threatening terror just before him, and to be busily engaged in overseeing the whole business of the branding, as he took careful note how far each of the hands was doing his work just right.

"Look out there, Jimmy," cried Colonel Strong, "that big stag 'll fight in a holy minute."

Jimmy, whose steady chirrup never ceased as he jogged round, whether his eye were on the stag or not, at last condescended to intermit his watch on the branders and observe his adversary closer.

"I reckon he's not red-hot yet," he remarked carelessly, "he's only blowing off steam a bit," and he touched up the stag lightly with a swing of the lariat, at which the big brute bounded forward and flung his head round threateningly; but though he threatened he did not charge.

"Just fly around there and open that gate," called out Colonel Strong to the branders; "hurry up, one of you, and let him back into the big corral."

He spoke loudly, but the branders, conscious that Jimmy Murray's eye was on them, and intent each man on keeping his hot iron steadily pressed upon his particular victim so as to avoid making a blotch instead of a brand, seemed not to hear. The stag had once more resumed his sulky circuit of the fence, but those ominous short roars were coming quicker and quicker. Jimmy's face was as impassable as ever.

"Hi there, you, Charlie," shouted Colonel Strong again, "don't stand there like a wooden man. Jump, will you!"

"Don't you talk like that to me, Colonel Strong, 'cos I ain't a-goin' to stand

it," retorted Charlie sharply, removing his iron from a steer and looking up. "I'm a white man, I am, and I don't allow no man to talk to me like I was anybody's dog-goned nigger."

Jim Murray's chirrup ceased for a moment, and his cool voice turned the insipient dispute aside.

"Dry up, Charlie," said he, "that'll keep. Best thing you can do is to let some of them branded ones out in the front of the crushpen, and make a bit more room, so as to give me the chance to cram this joker in behind the others."

But to me it looked as if before all this could be done, the big yellow stag would surely be spilling Jimmy Murray's heart's blood on the floor of that corral. The Colonel's plan seemed the quickest. I jumped down and ran and opened the gate between the two corrals. The big stag instantly went through with a bound, turning his head and giving a snort like a fog-horn as he detected me where I stood behind the gate.

"That's a warrior, Jimmy," I called out to him as I climbed back to my exalted perch so as to be ready to help to tally out the branded lot. "You're mighty well quit of him."

Jimmy's firm-set mouth relaxed as he looked up at me with a friendly smile. "He'll likely fight now," said he; "I doubt if we'll get him so near the branding pen again; but we'll fix him yet one way or another; we're bound to get him branded and tallied, and if he won't come to the crushpen, I'd like jes' to show you for once the way we set about tackling such fellers as him down in Texas."

It proved to be as Jimmy said. No persuasion now could induce him to enter the little corral a second time. As soon as some of us tried to go around him on foot he turned to fight in an instant, and hunted us to the fence and then stood at bay on the far side of the big corral.

By this time the last lot in the crushpen had been duly branded and tallied, and there remained only the big stag. We all gathered at the bars of the big corral, and the Coloradans looked forward with interest to see how the Texas man would work it. All this took place in the early seventies, and the Texans were

the crack cowboys of that day. We hoped to see a really scientific display of lassoing, an art at which they were past masters.

"Your cow-punching 's done, little buckskin," said Jimmy Murray to his horse, as he dismounted outside and slackened the cinch. "'Rah for the back-trail to Texas is what you can sing now. No more dry old bunch-grass in yours. 'Rah for growing fat again on pea vines and mesquite." The sweating pony shook himself all over as if he understood his master. It was the first time I had heard Jimmy speak caressingly to a horse. He was as brave as they make them, but he was as hard as the nether mill-stone.

Bill Means felt disappointed to see the cinch being slackened.

"Why, ain't you going to try and rope that stag on the little buckskin?" said he to Murray, who was standing with his lariat coiled over his arm. "Or was you meaning to rope him on foot? I guess when you get to trying to hold him it'll be like snubbing an iron-clad."

"I'll see if I can't show you a trick worth two of that," said Jimmy, and leaving his horse to stand he walked round the outside of the corral, till he was in sight of Colonel Strong's wagon, which was encamped a little way off down by the creek. He put his hands funnel-wise to his mouth and called aloud in high musical notes, "Yo—i, yo—i, yo—i, there! Smiler, Sweetlips, 'Possum, you 'Possum! Come along then, come along!"

With a joyful chorus of answering cries all the dogs of the Texas camp came rushing over to his well-known voice. They were a motley pack, tykes of all sorts, black and tan foxhounds mostly, with a fierce bloodhound cross in some of them, and there was one, a mighty, deep-jowled, half-bred Cuban mastiff, old 'Possum, the champion of them all. They crowded around Jimmy's leather-guarded legs, their red mouths and slavering lips welcoming the summons, their eager muzzles snuffing the fray; at his call they seemed game to go at anything from a rabbit to a man-hunt; we Coloradans wondered if they were really used for hunting negroes in Texas.

Rope in hand, Jimmy stepped through the bars into the corral, his pack crowd-

ing in alongside. "S—sick him then," he cried, pointing to the big stag over by the far fence. Full speed across the corral streamed the pack, giving tongue in short joyous yelps, and with one thundering roar the great brute lowered his head and rushed headlong to meet them. As they encountered I saw Jimmy dart forward, single-handed, to take part in the *melée*. The dogs divided as they met the stag, who, with rapid lunges of his powerful horns struck out at them to right and left; but the pack were too nimble for him; his fierce thrusts missed their aim, and the next instant they were hanging on him in festoons, and 'Possum's, old 'Possum's, jaws were fastened like a vice in the very tenderest part of his flank. At that sharp pinch and the mastiff's mighty pull, the great stag's loins sagged and gave, and in a moment Sweetlips had him by the ear, and Smiler by the cheek; he yielded to their united strain, and, with a resounding thump, came sidelong to the ground; the dogs had fairly pulled him down. In a second Jimmy was alongside and slipped the noose around his hindlegs, and then the other herders came up and tied him fast, dragging off as quickly as they could the infuriated hounds.

Gasping, roaring, and struggling, but all in vain, the terror of the herd lay helpless as a newly-born calf; the hot iron was brought and pressed upon his hide, an outrage to which he could only reply by a bellow of impotent rage. Then he was duly ticked off the list and tallied, and the transfer of the whole Strong & Starbuck herd was complete. Now at last Jimmy Murray's task was ended, or at the least it was all but ended, for only one thing remained to make it complete; the bound and prostrate stag had yet to be turned loose.

Jimmy stood by the back of his fallen foe with one foot planted on his heaving side. "Look out there," he cried, "you 'd better clear out of the corral all of you. And don't forget to put up them bars, somebody."

The man who was carrying the branding iron retired at a run and put up the bars; the rest of us climbed the high corral fence and sat on top to see what the stag would do.

With the end of his rope Jimmie bent a clove hitch round the stag's hind fetlocks and pulled it taut. Then stooping cautiously over him he untied and slackened the rest of his bonds till they were all loose; the stag lay quiet but breathing hard till he suddenly became aware that the cords had been relaxed, whereupon he made a violent convulsive effort that half raised him from the ground. Lightly Jimmy rose up and with rapid strides, reached the fence and laid his hand on the top of it just beside where I was perched; then he stood a moment looking back to see if the stag needed further aid in getting clear.

Not much aid did he require. Balancing himself with his forefeet straddled well apart but his hind feet still in the grip of the clove hitch, by a few hard kicks he loosened the hitch until it dropped off, and instantly with a savage roar he rushed at Jimmy tail up and head down. But Jimmy vaulted lightly up beside me and the baffled monster vainly vented his fury below. From our vantage we mocked at the shattering blasts that came from his throat like blares from a trumpet, while his hot breath seemed to scorch our hands; unable to reach us he lowered his head and pawed the ground in impotent fury till the dust and dirt rained back in showers both on himself and on the mockers above.

"He'd be the boy to clear the plaza at a Mexican bull-fight," cried Charley, who was squatted up on the top rail of the fence on the other side, and with that he dropped monkey-like to the ground inside the corral, waving in his hand an old gunny sack "*para llamar el toro*"—"to call the bull"—as the Spanish phrase has it.

"Oh, quit your monkeying," called out Jimmy angrily; "leave him alone to cool off." But the infuriated stag had spotted the intruder and he went for him on the instant like a tiger.

Back flew Charley like lightning on to the top rail, turning there to mock at his pursuer as we had done. But the stag had got up steam in his charge across the corral; as he neared the fence we saw him collect himself for a spring, then his great body rose grandly at the leap, and though he hit the top rail hard

with both hind legs he alighted fair and square on his feet on the outside.

"Look out for your horses," yelled Jimmy, springing to the ground, also on the outside, and starting for the buckskin pony who was standing in the open.

Alas, the big yellow stag had started for him too. Burning to wreak his vengeance on something, he chose for his victim the horse rather than the man. I saw Jimmy's hand go down to his belt for the ever handy revolver, but even as he did so those awful horns were thrust half a yard into the body of the pony and the great stag flung him over his back ten feet into the air. The death-stricken horse screamed as the horns went in; the life was out of him, I hope, before he hit the ground.

The stag whirled round with his head aloft, and still breathing slaughter looked for another victim. Jimmy Murray was within five yards of him with levelled pistol.

Crack! a jet of smoke burst from the muzzle; the knees of the stag bent suddenly under him; then the solid earth shook with the thud of his fall as he dropped in his tracks and lay kicking convulsively. The ball had taken him in the butt of the ear and found the brain.

Out flashed Jimmy's long gleaming knife, and catching hold of one of those red-dyed horns in his left hand he stooped and drove the double-edged point deep into the base of the throat. Swiftly he rose again and planted his left foot on the heaving flank of the carcase and stood erect, aiding with regular rythmical pushes the pulses of the streaming blood as it pumped itself from the heart through the severed arteries.

Charley came up to mumble some apology for having unwittingly brought about the death of the buckskin pony.

"Can't be helped," said Jimmy grimly. "No use now to cry over spilt blood. You run over to the wagon and tell the cook to make a roaring fire and get out the spits. We'll have a real old-time barbecue to-night before we hit the trail for Texas in the morning."

And that was the end of the big yellow stag, but the buckskin pony never saw Texas again.



Indian Hut.

THE CALIFORNIA INDIAN.

BY ALFRED V. LA MOTTE.

THE tourist who views from the window of his Pullman the groups of Indians squatting on the platforms of the railway stations along the route of his travels in California, forms but a limited idea of the indigenous article in his primitive state.

The bucks clad in flannel shirts and overalls, and the squaws in bright-colored calicos (more or less soiled, but generally the former) present to his mind a new type of life with which he is not familiar, and thus far create a new interest. But could he go back a few years and familiarize himself with the genuine article "in puris naturalibus," he would open up a field of interesting investigation that is rapidly passing away under the march of civilization, and will

in the near future be so totally obliterated and lost as to be but a memory of the past.

Their tribal legends, handed down from generation to generation beside their camp fires and their tribal councils, are becoming lost and obscure, even amongst themselves; as the coming and present generations will assume the conditions of their semi-civilized surroundings, and lose their aboriginal identity.

In years gone by, when the Indian was wholly dependent on his own resources to keep body and soul together, it developed in him the ingenuity necessary to gain a precarious living. But as none of the primitive peoples of the world were noted for a display of energy greater than was necessary to gain a liveli-

hood, they invariably accommodated themselves to their surroundings, especially when they could escape physical exertion by so doing. Thus we see, day by day, that their old arts are dying out, as they find it possible to adopt a substitute with less exertion. This is observable in the manufacture of their baskets, which they make in great variety to answer all purposes of domestic use, and of all shapes and sizes; many of them beautifully decorated with interwoven feathers of all colors, and pendants of abalone shell and wampum beads; some no larger around than a half dollar, and others as much as a yard across. The finest weave and the greatest variety were made by the Indians of Mendocino County, California—who undoubtedly excelled in the art of basket making. At the present day, tourists are offered baskets made by the Indians woven in high colors, by the use of diamond or analine dyes, but they are poor substitutes for the original article, in manufacture, utility, and appearance. They possessed the art of making baskets (so closely woven as to hold water) in which to cook their food—

not (as many writers have asserted) by putting them on the fire, but by placing them beside the fire and heating stones, and putting them, while hot, in the food, repeating the process until it is cooked, removing each stone as it cools, replacing it with a freshly-heated one. In this manner they boil water and cook all of their food that is boiled or stewed. At the present date, however, none of these baskets are made, for the reason that a squaw would much rather prowl around the settlements and steal an old coal-oil tin, than spend several months in the construction of a water-tight basket. This has been the case for so many years now, that nearly all of the older generation who understood the art, have died out and the younger ones have not learned it, because of lack of necessity. What is true of the basket manufacture, extends itself to most of their other arts, and the Indian of to-day would furnish very poor material for a new series of Cooper's Novels.

Through the efforts of the Government, in establishing reservations for the Indians, where they are taught the arts of civilization, very few tribes now re-



Making Money (wampum) from abalone shell.



Indian Women Making Baskets.

main in their normal and tribal savagery. Hence their ancient habits and customs are only known to a few who were thrown amongst them in early days, before civilization had changed them.

Before the advent of the stock raiser throughout the mountains, the open hillsides were covered with wild oats, which the Indians gathered in great quantities, to make bread from. This work (and nearly all other), was performed by the squaws, who would sally forth with their large baskets hung at the left side, beneath the arm, and tilted forward by the left hand, while, with a fan-like basket in the right hand, they would beat the ripe oats into the large basket, which when full, they would empty into a larger cone-shaped basket, holding about two bushels. As these latter were filled, they were fastened up to the leaves of trees, and securely thatched with straw to protect them against the rain. They were left in that condition until needed. When required for use, they would be carried to the "Rancharia" where, by putting a small quantity into a flexible basket, nearly flat, with some live coals from the

fire (which they keep in constant rotary motion at the same time blowing the coals to keep them bright) until the oats is roasted, when they grind it up in a stone mortar, and make bread of it, which they bake in the hot ashes, sometimes mixing it with toasted grasshoppers, I presume to improve the flavor, as well as add to its nutritive qualities.

Their method of catching the grasshopper was similar to the gathering of the oats—by fanning them out of the grass into a basket, with a bunch of straw in it, under which the grasshoppers would hide until quite a quantity were collected at the bottom beneath the straw. The squaw would then set fire to the straw in the basket to singe their legs, and wings, to prevent escape.

In his primitive state, the Indian wore but little clothing in California, and what he did wear consisted chiefly of rabbit and fox skins, which he softened by rubbing and scraping. The rabbit skin, being thin and easily torn, was cut into strips about two inches wide, then the strips stitched together with fibre and twisted with the fur on the outside; these

ropes or twisted bands of fur were woven together into a blanket or robe, both strong and warm, which he wore around his hips and shoulders.

In these days the Indian wore no head covering, except on gala occasions, then decking himself out with feathers galore, and performing the exercises suitable to the occasion, generally dances around the fire with appropriate pantomimic gesticulations, interlarded with the inevitable grunt. These dances and con-

sometimes several miles in length, and diverging from the starting point in V shape; at the point or apex, a strong pen of brush and poles was built, from which the animals could not escape. The entire tribe would then turn out and form a line around the open ends of the driveway, closing in, beating the brush and shouting, driving the frightened deer and rabbits before them until the pen was reached, where with spears and clubs they killed the empounded game, many



The Brizard Collection of Baskets, Arcada, Cal.

tortions are always gone through with the utmost seriousness and stolidity by the Indians, but are very laughable to the whites who witness them.

Their usual method of capturing animals for food or raiment was by driving or snaring.

In the drive, they cut with their stone knives (made of obsidian, or volcanic glass) small brush which they interlaced with the standing bushes in such manner as to make two lines of brush fence,

times getting large numbers.

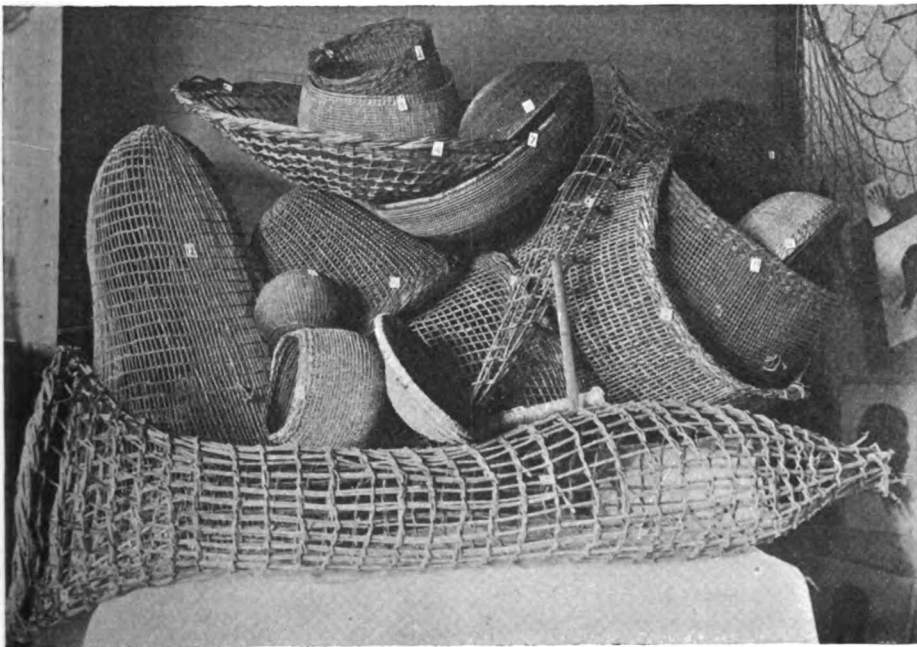
After a division of the spoils, a feast dance was sure to follow to celebrate the occasion.

In the spring of the year, when wild clover was luxuriant, the Indians would eat in large quantities; in fact, to such an extent that they reminded one of overfed cattle, so aldermanic were their proportions, especially the children who appeared almost as broad as they were long.

Their villages (or "rancharias as they are called) were usually built on the bank of some river or stream, from which they also drew largely for their food, driving the fish before them into open-work baskets, which they set beneath the rapids. They also caught great quantities by pounding up certain herbs, such as the "soaproot" and "mullen", which when placed in the water, has the effect of poisoning or stupifying the fish, which drift down with the current and lodge against the brush fences thrown across the stream in shallow places, where they

each placed a token.

Every family had one of these baskets, and as far as my knowledge goes, all were made very similar, being decorated with certain signs in weaving to represent the moon and sun, and other symbols relating to the journey which their friend and relation was supposed to make to the "happy hunting grounds." When the pyre was lighted, the mourners (who were always women) would place tar or pitch on their heads and sitting around on the ground, would beat their breasts, rocking back and forth, chanting in dole-



Coarse Household Baskets and Fish Trap. Hudson Collection.

are gathered by the women and children, cleaned and dried in the sun for future use.

The Indians of California formerly burned their dead upon a funeral pyre, built up of inflammable material and wood, to the height of five or six feet, upon the top of which the dead body was placed, wrapped up in his personal belongings, with his bows, arrows, spears, fish-hooks, and such things, by his side, and a funeral basket placed upon his breast, into which his family and immediate friends,

ful chorus, varied every little while by fearful howls that could be heard at a great distance. This rite is, however, no longer followed. They bury their dead now, and no longer have medicine men to aid them to "shuffle off this mortal coil."

An Indian has no idea of taking care of his health to prevent sickness—hence they are now subject to diseases brought on by exposure, such as consumption and pneumonia.

For cheerless and uncomfortable sights commend me to an Indian nearly naked,



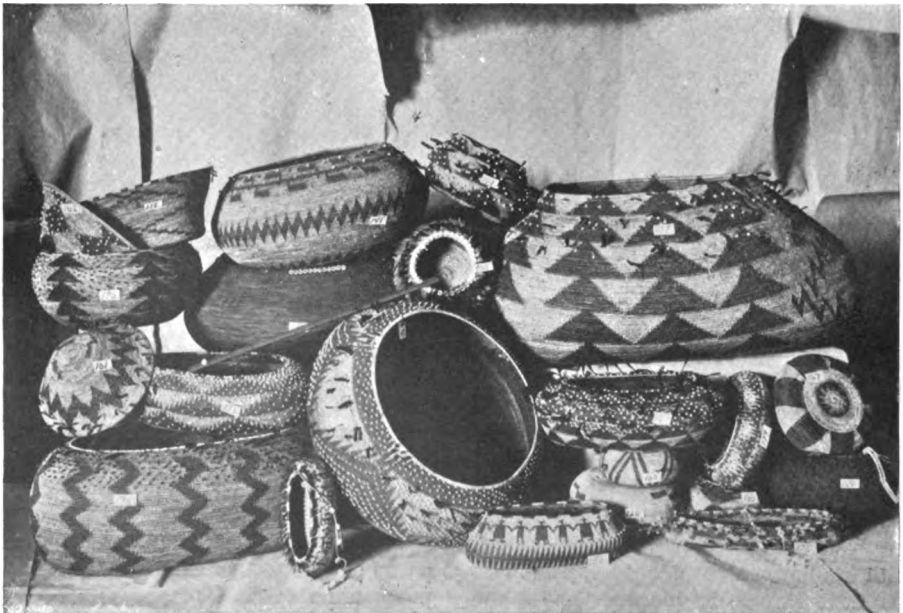
Yo Ki Indian in Dance Costume.

sitting on the wet ground of a frosty morning, eating a water melon, while his teeth chatter with the cold. The Indians,

like the Chinese, are very superstitious about having their pictures taken, believing that a part of their souls go forth each time to make the picture, making it difficult to persuade them to stand still long enough to get a picture—so that the snap-shot camera is about the only chance.

A few years since, a friend of the writer, who was travelling through the country to get subjects for his studio, being attracted by a group of Indians selling water melons, took with his large camera a snap-shot at a big fellow with a water melon in his arms, which he was trying to sell. When the Indian caught his eye and approached him to sell his melon, he told him "No, I don't want to buy; I have both you and the melon in my box here." Opening the box he held up to the light for the Indian's inspection a picture of him taken the day before while vending his melons. When he saw a picture of himself and the melon, he was so frightened that he let it fall and ran away as fast as his legs would carry him.

Between the primitive human and the animal there are many points in common, markedly in the matter of food. The



Fine Weave, Decorated, and Water-tight Baskets. Hudson C collection.

fish of the stream, the animals of the forest and the berries and roots of the field furnish them with ample food to sustain life in spite of their inert and improvident natures. The Indian, with his few wants and animal instincts flourishes and fattens where his more intellectual and civilized brother would starve, and what

would be a "*bonne bouche*" to one, would be nauseating to the other.

Here again, the "survival of the fittest" obtains, as the intellectual advances, the animal recedes, and in a few short years the Indian will disappear, and be but a memory of the past.



UMATILLA CRADLE SONG. By Mary H. Coates.

Safe in thy cradle of buckskin and beads
Nan-ich sleep, my baby, sleep;
Thy mother embroidered with wampum
and reeds
A chieftain's plume and a charm that leads
Down the path of the bee where the mow-
ich feeds;
Nan-ich sleep, my baby, sleep.

Gone are the moons of beating snows,
Nan-ich sleep, my baby, sleep;

From over the mountains the south wind
blows,
Pink on the ridges the spat'lum shows,
Blue on the prairies the camas grows
Nan-ich sleep, my baby, sleep.

Green is the grass and warm are the skies,
Nan-ich sleep, my baby, sleep;
Afar in the forest the wildcat lies,
Singing aloft the yellow bird flies,
Then homeward bring thy wandering eyes
And find thee sleep, my baby, sleep.



GOD'S HAND.

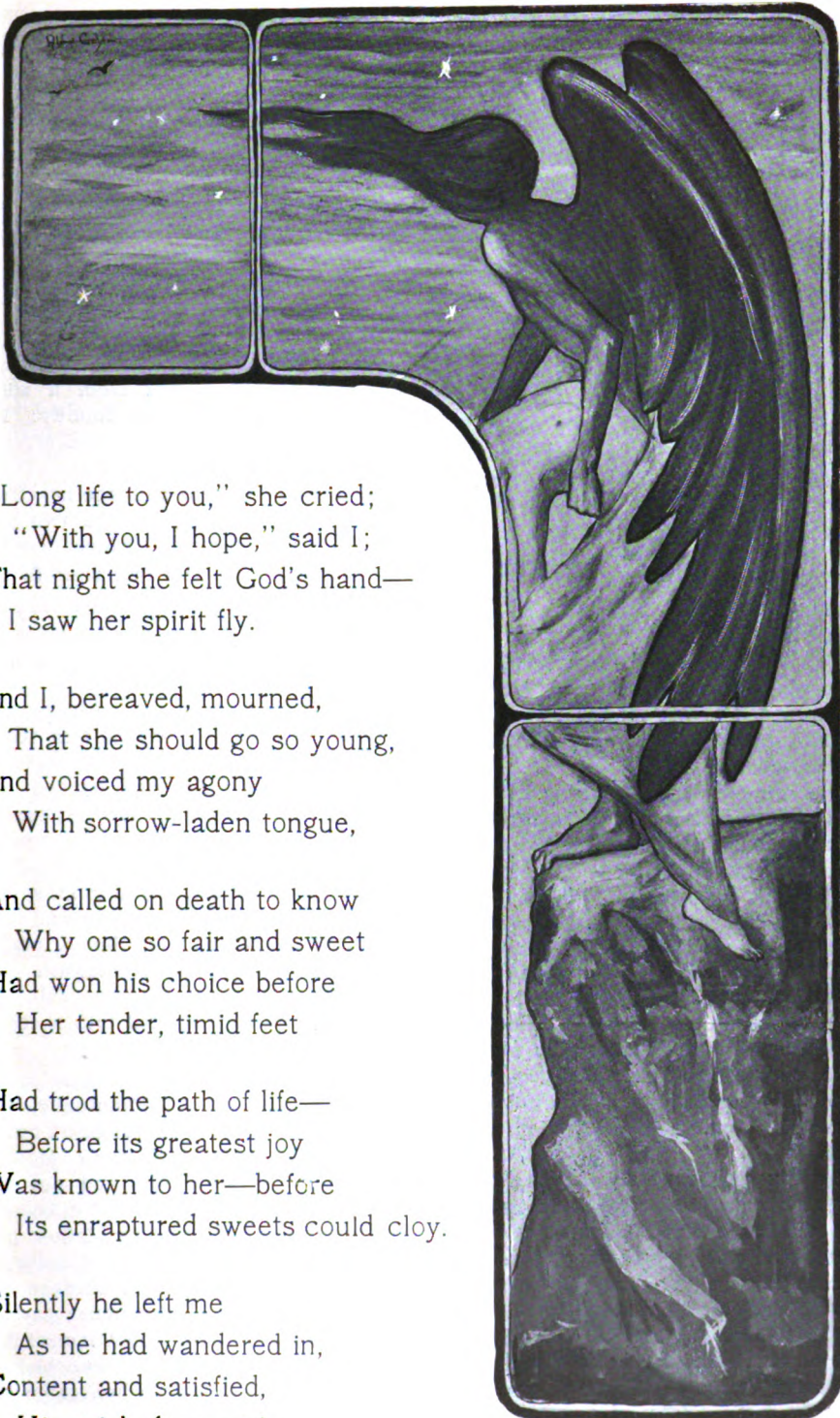
BY W. J. WEYMOUTH.



LOVE'S joy's were just begun
When King Death wandered in,
Uncalled for and unsought,
His boney face agrin.

My loved one's eyes a soft
And daring challenge sent,
And I accepted it—
Blushing, her head she bent.

She held her glass aloft
And touched its rim to mine—
The while we drank our eyes
Pledged love across the wine.



“Long life to you,” she cried;
“With you, I hope,” said I;
That night she felt God’s hand—
I saw her spirit fly.

And I, bereaved, mourned,
That she should go so young,
And voiced my agony
With sorrow-laden tongue,

And called on death to know
Why one so fair and sweet
Had won his choice before
Her tender, timid feet

Had trod the path of life—
Before its greatest joy
Was known to her—before
Its enraptured sweets could cloy.

Silently he left me
As he had wandered in,
Content and satisfied,
His grisly face agrin.

THE TATTLER

BY MAURICE GRADWOHL.

IN the early sixties there was gathered about a large, oval, sheet-iron stove in the office of a "hotel" in Virginia City, Nevada, a group of men earnestly discussing politics, as an election was soon to be held and the many candidates had their respective adherents and zealous advocates. While one who was really gifted with eloquence was in the midst of a harangue, the belated stage drove up to the entrance and the crowd without ceremony rushed out to see who had arrived, get the latest news from "below," and ascertain the reason for delay.

"Held up!" said Billy Sisson, the stage-driver, laconically.

"The h—l you say," remarked Lee Mathews, the County Sheriff. And then he proceeded to get all the information possible, preliminary to a hunt for the highwaymen.

After the crowd had heard the various tales of the passengers, it resumed its sitting around the stove and adopted "hold-ups" as its theme, relegating politics to the background. From facts, the statements grew into fiction and the adventures related usually had the speaker for a hero. During a short lull in the conversation a young tender-foot, who had been about town a few days, addressed himself to him who seemed to be the master-hand in the group and asked if he could speak to him privately. "Certainly," was the reply from Tom Fitch.

The two adjourned to the bar in the adjoining room and after being served with drinks, entered a small compartment used for gambling and which, strange to say, was just then vacant. "Mr. Fitch," said the tenderfoot, "I've been here almost a week. I came from Boston where my father is a rich and prominent man. He gave me five thousand dollars, told me to go out into the world and make a man of myself.

Now, I've heard about these stage robberies and don't want to lose my money that way. I know you are well-known in these parts and I'd like to ask you for a pass, so that these fellows won't bother me."

"Why, yes, of course," replied Fitch, and tearing out a leaf from a small blank-book, he wrote as follows: Mr. Highwayman. Please pass bearer, and oblige Tom Fitch."

With many thanks and another treat on the tender-foot's part, the two separated. The laughter which greeted Fitch's relation of the interview to the group gave conclusive evidence that his hearers were gifted with strong, sound lungs, and many jokes were indulged in at the young fellow's expense.

About a week later a message was brought to Fitch requesting him to do some stumping at Dogtown, seventy miles away, and he was handed one hundred and fifty dollars for "expenses". The day following, Fitch was one of four passengers on the stage, the others being the tenderfoot, a young lady who had taught school for a year and was returning to her Eastern home, and a middle-aged, full bearded, taciturn man who was dressed in a coarse suit and had his pantaloons stuffed into a rough pair of boots.

For some time the passengers maintained strict silence. Eventually, the schoolmarm opened a conversation by expressing the hope that their journey would be a peaceful one and not disturbed by stage robbers. She became loquacious and informed her fellow passengers that "anyhow" she felt quite secure as to her possessions because she had them secreted in the upper part of her dress and no one would molest her to her financial detriment. She had no sooner ceased speaking, when came the ominous word "Halt!" and the stage came to a sudden stop. At the head of

the horses stood a masked man with a shot-gun pointed at the driver, who promptly complied with a request to "throw out that express box," while his partner ordered the passengers to alight. They were then directed to stand in line with arms raised. First was the tenderfoot.

"Shell out," commanded the robber.

"But, Mr. Highwayman, I've got——" at the same time reaching for his inside breast pocket.

"Hands up, you fool," said the robber, "I'll shoot you, if you make another move."

The man did not seem to comprehend the danger of his position for he again quickly lowered his hand and drew from his pocket a piece of paper which he handed out to the stage-robber, who read:

"Mr. Highwayman. Please pass bearer and oblige,

Tom Fitch."

"Step over there, young feller," said the robber; then turning to the full-bearded man he continued, "Pungle up, pard."

The man replied that it had absorbed all his means to pay his fare to Dogtown; that beyond five dollars, he was penniless, and if he would leave him, that he would tell him where a large sum was secreted. The nod of approval from the highwayman was followed with the information that the school-teacher had her money hid in her dress. He was then directed to step aside and the woman commanded to produce her money without delay else force and violence would be used. Amidst tears and protestations, the poor woman handed over her savings which had been destined to pay off half of the mortgage on her aged father's farm. Next, Tom Fitch received attention, and having noted the respect given to the pass he had furnished the tenderfoot, he felt fully assured of courteous and generous treatment, so in response to the order to produce his money, he smilingly said, "I'm Tom Fitch."

"The h——! you are; shell out, and be quick about it too."

He meekly delivered one hundred and fifty dollars. The passengers were then allowed to resume their seats and the stage proceeded to its destination.

Not until several miles had been traversed were the victims in a condition to discuss their mishap. The teacher was in a state bordering on hysteria, the tenderfoot pensive, the older man extremely reserved and thoughtful, while Fitch sought to console the woman, good-naturedly making light of his own loss.

At length, Dogtown was reached. Then it was that, after placing the teacher in the care of the hotel-keeper's wife, the vials of wrath were poured out on the head of the old man who had caused the teacher's loss. The assembled crowd became indignant, excited, and murmurs of vengeance were muttered. Out from the crowd came a cry, "Let's lynch the cuss!" The old man was jostled about and over-ready hands were placed upon his shoulders and he was pushed on toward a convenient tree.

"Hold on!" said the culprit, "before you hang me, will you let me have a word with Mr. Fitch and the landlord? I am unarmed and will not attempt to escape."

After a brief consultation his request was granted. He and Fitch then entered the hotel.

"Landlord," said he, "these men outside want to hang me. I want you and Mr. Fitch and the lady and man who were my fellow passengers to let me say a word in private. This is my only request." The host led the way to a room where, in the presence of the five persons, the man quickly locked the door. "Madam," he asked beamingly, "how much is your loss?"

"Eight hundred dollars, you contemptible wretch," she answered tearfully.

"And yours, Mr. Fitch?"

"Hundred and fifty."

The stranger drew his pantaloons from his boots and extracted two rolls of bills.

"These rolls contain," said he, "fifty thousand dollars. To you, Madam, I give one thousand six hundred dollars. It will pay off that mortgage in full. I can afford it, as you saved my money. Here, Mr. Fitch, is two hundred and fifty dollars. Tell the boys I'm straight, Mr. Fitch, and set 'em up all around. Shall I return to that tree?"

SOME REMINISCENCES OF EARLY DAYS

RECORDED BY GEORGE SELWYN.

GENERAL William Humphreys is a well-preserved gentleman of 66. His sandy hair is cut close to his head, he wears his beard in a pointed Vandyke style, and he gives to the casual observer the general impression that he is a man of the world, for whom, as Emerson expresses it, "No surprises await." The General is a brother of General A. A. Humphreys of the regular army, and both brothers were born in Philadelphia, their parents removing to Alexandria, Va., whence they departed to seek their fortunes, overland, on the golden slope in the memorable days of '49.

Sitting by an open fire in his comfortable room at the Continental, General Humphreys was unconsciously drawn into conversation about California and the forty-niners. He said: "I had not been in San Francisco a year before I was made City Surveyor, and for the twenty-five years thereafter I can say of the great events that interested or convulsed society or politics on the golden slope, 'all of which I saw, part of which I was.' The real history from the inside of that splendid country in its young prime, its sunburst into fame, the character, the crime, the speculation, and wonderful expansion of San Francisco from the sand lots into a massive and magnificent city, beautiful exceedingly, may yet be written by some writer of 'imagination all compact,' but no dull and prosy story teller need enter the list. The story and the essential romance of that mad rivalry and the rush of all races and nationalities down to 'Frisco to get rich, and the fierce struggle of lawlessness by criminal procedure, to get the upper hand of civilized force,

must yet be written. And if, as is seriously asserted, the New England people once prayed for somebody to write a dictionary, then some old Californian ought to pray for some 'forty-niner' mentally equipped, who saw the transformation from poverty to splendor, to rise up and give a true abstract and brief chronicle of the dear remembered days when the 'forty-niners' first went gypsying along the golden shores of the Pacific. "Wealth had begun to pour into 'Frisco from the auriferous hills about the time Buchanan's administration, in 1856, was in full swing. The foundations of the largest fortunes were laid between 1849 and 1860. If every man is said to have a wild beast in him, a California politician of that period must have had two wild beasts in him. If a man was killed on the street and there was any semblance of a fair fight, nothing was said about it. But the midnight assassin began to get his fine work in regardless of law; and when the lawless element which generally controlled the Mayor's office, in San Francisco, got so rampant that it would no longer brook honest criticism, in the daily papers, when editor James King of William was shot dead near his own newspaper office by Jim Casey, the gambler, then the sober second thought of the people made the Vigilance Committee a necessity. And when it came to stay, and its dissolving view left both law and order lords paramount. The two interesting figures in California politics, when I began to take any interest in public affairs, were Judge Terry and Senator Broderick. My office was not a political one, and I was brought into daily contact with the politicians of both sides. Both these men had great

and lovable qualities, and ought to have lived out their days in peace; but both met tragic deaths: Broderick by Terry's pistol, and Judge Terry at the hands of Judge Field's United States Marshal. Both men were singularly gifted with the fascination of personal magnetism. Terry was the net result of Southern culture and the best Southern training in scholarship. He was a delightful conversationalist, a graceful and forceful orator, not unlike the brilliant and gifted United States Senator, Ed. Baker, who met his heroic death at Ball's Bluff. In that action, it is said of Baker that when the bullets came like rain, the boys asked him to lie down. "No," he replied, "a United States soldier cannot lie down in face of the foe." It is said that Terry never lost a friend once made, but he was a veritable Hotspur in temper, and it was but a slight provocation that caused him to draw his 'bowle' or seek his hip pocket for his ready revolver.

"Broderick, before he became a Senator from California, was a fire laddie from New York, but developed fast in the hot house of California politics. He was a manly man, faithful to his friends; a direct, positive, and aggressive character; a nature that could not and would not brook opposition. The laws of California as then administered, could not stop two such men from shooting each other; that one or both should die was the natural outgrowth of the California idea of 'reciprocity' in mortal combat. A mistaken idea prevails in the North, first, that Broderick did not want to fight, and second, that he was unfamiliar with the code, and ignorant of the proper use of duelling pistols. This was not so; Broderick had graduated in a good school in the Bowery, New York City, where fighting was as natural to him as eating his breakfast. He well knew that California was not big enough for Terry and himself. That he was perfectly *au fait* with duelling methods was shown in the first duel. He was killed in the second. 'Extra Billy Smith,' once in ante-bellum days Governor of Virginia, had a bright son in California, who was an ardent advocate of Buchanan, and young Smith, full of the fire of "Old Virginny," challenged Broderick to fight a duel, the occa-

sion growing out of one of Broderick's speeches attacking James Buchanan. The fight came off at the edge of a beautiful grove near San Francisco, in the presence of 2,000 people. The distance had been paced off, the principals stood facing each other when Broderick tried to hand me his gold watch.

"I waved my hand, saying, 'Keep your watch on—it may be of service.' And sure enough, it was. Smith's bullet struck square the open face of Broderick's watch. He reeled and was about to fall when caught in the arms of his second. He was unhurt, being stunned momentarily by the force of the bullet, which lodged and flattened against the gold case of the time piece. Both parties shook hands, and that duel ended.

"It was intended that the Broderick-Terry duel should take place in public, and in the same spot that witnessed the Smith-Broderick duel, but the high contending parties to that tragic affair were both arrested by the city police and held under \$10,000 bonds to keep the peace. This did not stop the duel, but it put an end to publicity. I forgot to say that after Broderick rose up in the Smith-Broderick duel he fired three times at Smith without hurting him. It was not because Broderick was a bad shot that he was killed in his fatal duel with Judge Terry. He simply had a presentiment that he was going to be killed; he was always superstitious; he was so nervous that his pistol went off before the word 'fire,' and Broderick's bullet falling harmlessly at Terry's feet, the bullet of the fiery Judge sped in its unerring aim straight to the vital spot in the body of the big Senator. His alleged dying exclamation, "They have killed me because I opposed the extension of slavery and a corrupt Administration," was always said to be the 'air-drawn dagger' of a California reporter's brain. Those who ought to know say that this sentence, which soon rang through the North like a bugle call to arms, was born of the brilliant pen of John W. Forney of Philadelphia, who was a devoted personal friend of Senator Broderick. The Burr-Hamilton duel did not create a profounder sensation in America than did the killing of David Broderick; it changed the face of

California politics, and Terry, still the center of an admiring and devoted coterie of friends (for he was the most charming of men) received a wound in the public estimation from which he never recovered.'

"The feverish desire to gain wealth swiftly made the early settlers of California a community of gamblers. Every saloon of magnitude had a faro bank attachment or annex. The bar was usually on the street, and, as now in Cheyenne or Denver, the back room, approached through the bar-room, was a faro bank, with many poker and roulette tables, and here the whirr of the wheel and the click of the ivory chips could be heard every night till Aurora walked the eastern skies. The most famous gambler in my time was 'Judge' Jones. It was only known of him that he mysteriously dropped down from Texas, and came in as a forty-niner with the title of 'Judge;' he was a slender little fellow, with nerves tempered like Bessemer steel; when sober, of Chesterfieldian manners, but ready to pick a quarrel with any man when 'three sheets in the wind.' Judge Jones was the best-dressed man in San Francisco; all his clothes came from London, and, while natty in appearance, nobody had the temerity to tempt the Judge's wrath by the slightest allusion to his passion for dress. Fortune changed hands rapidly in those days. I have known rough men to come down from the mines with \$50,000 in gold dust and 'blow' it all in at Judge Jones's faro palace inside of two days; frequently these cheerful losers would, without a murmur, borrow a grub stake and flee away to the mountains, and before a year elapsed, they, ten to one, would dig up another fortune in gold, and, mayhap, have sense enough to pull up stakes, go East, and keep it.

While the proprietor of a faro bank, Judge Jones had a burning desire to take his own 'bad medicine,' that is, to 'buck' against a faro bank, and the result was that about one-half the Judge's time he was flat broke, and at such periods an extremely dangerous man to tackle. Billy Owens, who had a saloon rivalling in splendor Ed. Stokes's Hoffman House bar-room in New York city, was the fast

friend of the Texas gambler. When Jones went broke Owens would stake him again.

Bad blood ran in Jones's veins toward Belcher Key, an English pugilist, who was then the local John L. Sullivan of 'Frisco, and whose bunch of fives earned for the prize fighter a respect his bad manners did not entitle him to win or wear. Key was quarrelsome and so was the Texas Judge. Both met in the El Dorado, near Billy Owen's saloon and gambling place, when Key, who was reasonably full of liquor, proceeded directly to where Judge Jones was standing and slapped him in the face. Jones was game, and though much inferior in size, put up his fist and let drive at the burly prize-fighter with his right, drawing first blood freely. This was more than Fighter Key expected, and he let fly with his left—he was left-handed, and floored the little gambler, who quickly rose from the marble floor, pulled his revolver and shot Belcher Key through the heart. The Coroner had no time to waste on the result of Judge Jones's fatal facility with his pistol. He was not even arrested, and that night he received an ovation which might have gratified the last of the Caesars. Judge Jones was the hero of the hour, and bore his honors as meekly as any great victor should.

"The business and sporting life of the pioneers on the golden shore and in the glorious climate of California was a feverish one. To the forty-niners the old things of the effete East had passed away and all things had become new. It was not an unusual thing at Billy Owen's back room to see a man walk in and lay down a certificate of deposit for \$10,000 on the ace, having first asked the banker to cover his bet, and without a change of muscle banker and player would abide the coming out of the ace. If the bank won the dealer quietly raked in his \$10,000 certificate of deposit, laid it in his left hand drawer, and the man in front of the table went out a wiser and a poorer man to begin prospecting again at Poverty Flat.

"I once saw a man come in, and, tiring of 'piking' along with \$500 bets on a single card, he nonchalantly tapped on the

high card with his pencil as he said: 'Mr. Dealer, I'll just go you on the high card my three-story brick house on Folsom street against your \$20,000, and drawing out of his pocket his deed, the better laid it on the ace spot. 'Done,' said the dealer, who had a \$10,000 roll of bank bills in his pocket and a reserve fund of \$100,000 in a small safe in the corner of the gambling hell. Quietly the outside betting went on, and nearly all the cards were out, the ace being the 'soda' card, and three aces still in the box. The deed still lay on the ace. At last, when king, queen, jack, and three aces were the only cards in the box, the better said: 'Hold, dealer; I'm d——d tired of that ace; it's going to split. I want to put my brick house on the king. Are you agreed?' 'Cert!' exclaimed the dealer. He pulled. Out came the king, falling at the right of the dealer. The bank lost. The man with the brick house won \$20,000. 'How will you have your money?' said Mr. Dealer. 'Check,' laconically answered the lucky gambler. The dealer's side partner filled out a check for the winner while the game went on.

"As I have said, Billy Owens and Judge Jones were as close as Damon and Pythias; the bond that bound them was a friendship that only ended with the life of Judge Jones, who died with his boots on in his own faro bank, killed by a cowboy who got the 'drop' on him in a fight over a disputed bet. One night in the month of May, the beautiful springtime of California, when the game 'run light,' as gamblers say, and Judge Jones had played in a good streak of luck for a month, Billy Owens, flushed with 'Old Otard,' came back to the faro layout from his sumptuous palace of gin and sin. Walking up to his chum, he said: 'Judge Jones, this is a mighty mean game, with these hundred dollar pikers around the board. How much you got in that big safe over yonder?' 'Just \$32,000 in thar, old man,' replied the Judge, 'and that's just \$32,000 more'n you've got the sand in your craw to try and win.'

"'Ah, that's your little game, is it, old Texas never tire,' exclaimed Billy Owens, just full enough for a 'flyer.' 'I'll just go you my check for 32,000 cold plunkers.' 'Put up or shut up, Billy,' senten-

tiously answered the Texas Judge, as his steel-gray eyes, expanding wide, shone like two white diamonds in a jeweler's tray. Billy Owens, as blithe and debonaire as a wild mountain goat skipping over the Sierra Nevada ranges, walked over to the gambler's escritoire (and a well-regulated gambling place is never without a table called a 'secretary') where pen and ink are ready, and bank checks, without any particular bank's name, can always be found. The saloon-keeper filled up a check for \$32,000 and signed it and walked back to Judge Jones.

"Up to this moment Jones thought Billy was 'foolin.' He was mistaken. 'I'll bet this in 'the pot'—the cards 6, 7, 8—against your safe and contents,' said Owens. 'It is well,' said Jones, without a smile, pulling out a big safe key from his side pocket and slapping it down hard on top of Billy's check in the pot. 'That represents my wealth,' said Dealer Jones. All the other players ceased playing to watch the game. The third turn, as the key lay hugging the check between the six, seven and eight spots, came out of the box 'king, six,' the dealer called, very white about the 'gills.'

"'Busted! By the everlasting jumping jingo!' yelled the Texas Judge; 'but d——n my eyes, Billy, you are the very man I want to have win, if I must lose.'

"The bank was broke, and till daylight Billy Owens made it lively for the boys. The Judge closed the game, but within a week he struck it rich in a placer mine and opened up a new and palatial faro bank, more gorgeous than the first, in spite of his landlord calling the turn on his safe key.

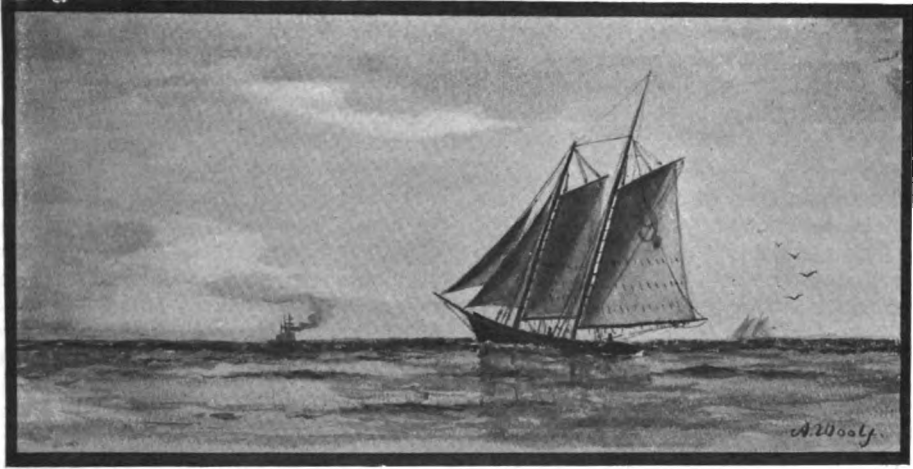
"The California Theatre in Bush street was built for actor John McCullough. He was a lion of the first magnitude. From the first night he started the 'gallery gods' and the 'pit' rose to him. His muscular rendering of Spartacus and his sublime patriotism in Virginius took California by storm. The great tragedian was very proud of his California boom. Mackay of the Nevada Bank and mines, took to him from the first night, and soon opened the way for one deal out of which McCullough realized \$70,000 in the rise of Ophir stock, but, while able to spend

money with easy magnificence, the actor was entirely destitute of the passion of avarice or the ordinary inspirations of thrift, or desire to save. He was like the little girl who wondered 'why God had made the silver dollar round unless it was so that it would go round.' If, as Napoleon said, 'The great heart makes the great soldier,' then John McCullough would have been a great man to lead an army in the field. Barton Hill, his manager, told me that the great actor, while starring at the California Theatre, during the eight years of his management, had expended \$250,000 to supernumeraries, personal friends, and needy people in and around the place, whose services were more a matter of grace or charity than of necessity. Hill remonstrated, but John McCullough with his big heart, stood firm. He said, 'Yes, Bart, I admit this money is not needed to run this play, but think of the good it does every week to these poor people. Leave the salary list alone. You may cut down the sal-

aries when I go East, but not till then.' And the pay rolls at that theatre were not 'cut' while McCullough remained in San Francisco. The last year McCullough played at the California Theatre his net income was \$68,000, but when he died his entire estate did not realize \$25,000, when, in fact, he earned outside of his several successful adventures in mining stock, under Mackay's fruitful management, over half a million dollars.

Noblesse oblige was John McCullough's motto, and in the days of his greatest prosperity he lavished money with princely generosity in kindly yet unostentatious charity. He drank little, and was sparing in enjoyment of gastronomical pleasures. His funeral at St. George's Hall, Philadelphia, with the diapason of soulful and exquisite music, the multitudinous flowers, and the heart-warm tears of many thousands who wept over the bier of the great-hearted actor, recalled to me the beautiful sentence of Scripture, 'Behold how they loved him.'"





THE LOSS OF THE RIO DE JANEIRO

By Alexander Woolf.

WHEN the luckless navigator, through over-confidence, negligence or incapacity, is unfortunate enough to pile up his ship on the rocks, or the beach, he immediately sets about finding some excuse for himself, or some way to blame somebody or something else for his mishap. The most common of these excuses are: erratic currents, deviation of the compass, unknown rocks, faulty charts, mute fog horns or bells, dim or extinguished lights on lighthouses, and many others too numerous to mention. Of these the unknown current is easily the favorite. The real cause of the disaster is seldom given. Now, as a matter of fact, the currents in San Francisco bay and adjacent waters are well known, not only on the surface, but at all depths, at all times, and at all stages of the tides. The influence of the Sacramento river on the tides is inconsiderable. For further information on this subject the reader is referred to the Reports of the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey, and to

the Pacific Coast Pilot.

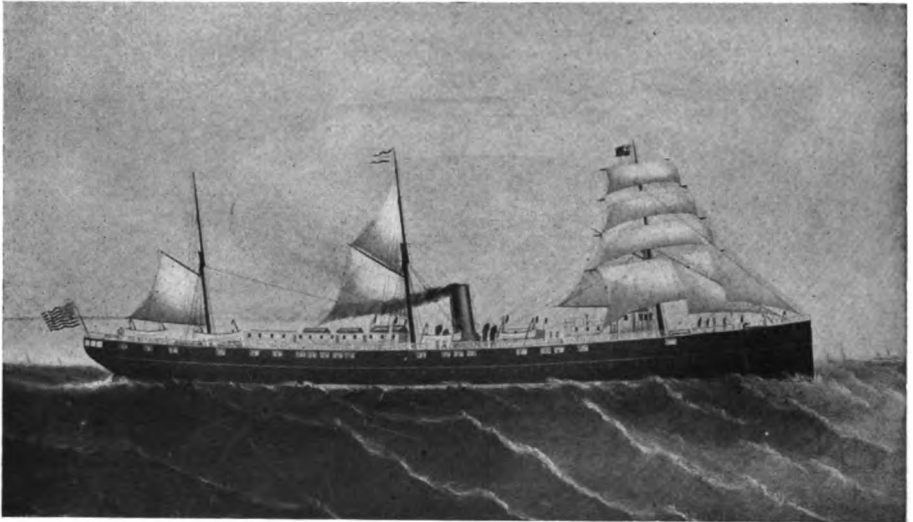
The most frequent cause of shipwreck on this coast is the neglect of taking soundings in thick and foggy weather; and this was the cause of the unfortunate wrecking of the Rio. During the several official inquiries that have been made into the cause of the Rio's disaster, and the subsequent great loss of life, this question of soundings has been studiously slighted or ignored altogether. Mate Coghlan was asked if soundings were taken after the vessel left the anchorage outside the Heads. His answer was: "No, you could not take soundings with the handline, and it would have done no good anyhow." This was a strange and suggestive reply to come from a prospective ship's master. At the Coroner's inquest the question was put to the pilot, and his answer was: "No, you couldn't find bottom with a thousand fathoms of line." Now, as a simple matter of fact, the deepest spot in the channel is sixty-three fathoms, but the Coroner, not being a nautical man, did not know the differ-

ence, and had to abandon that line of inquiry. At the inquiry before the Inspectors of Hulls and Boilers, the question again bobbed up, and was answered with a simple "No." This was probably sufficient for both the Pilot and the Inspectors, as Captain Bolles, one of the Inspectors, is a nautical man.

Up to the time of the writing of this article, the official data is not at hand, but enough testimony has been obtained to serve as a foundation for the following statements: The morning of February 21, 1901, found the P. M. S. S. Co's steamship Rio de Janeiro, anchored off the entrance to San Francisco bay, in mid-chan-

to the Pilot. The course the ship went over is not known, and, finally, neither the Pilot nor anybody else knows, to this day, on what rock the ill-fated ship was torn open.

But, to return to the anchorage: Shortly after 4 o'clock in the morning the ship got under weigh on a N. E. course, and at an estimated speed of 8 or 9 miles an hour. The weather at this time was clear, but soon a fogbank rolled down and enveloped the ship in darkness. From this time on no man on board knew the exact position of the ship. Now, in this condition of affairs, there was one of two things for those in charge of the vessel



The Steamship Rio de Janeiro.

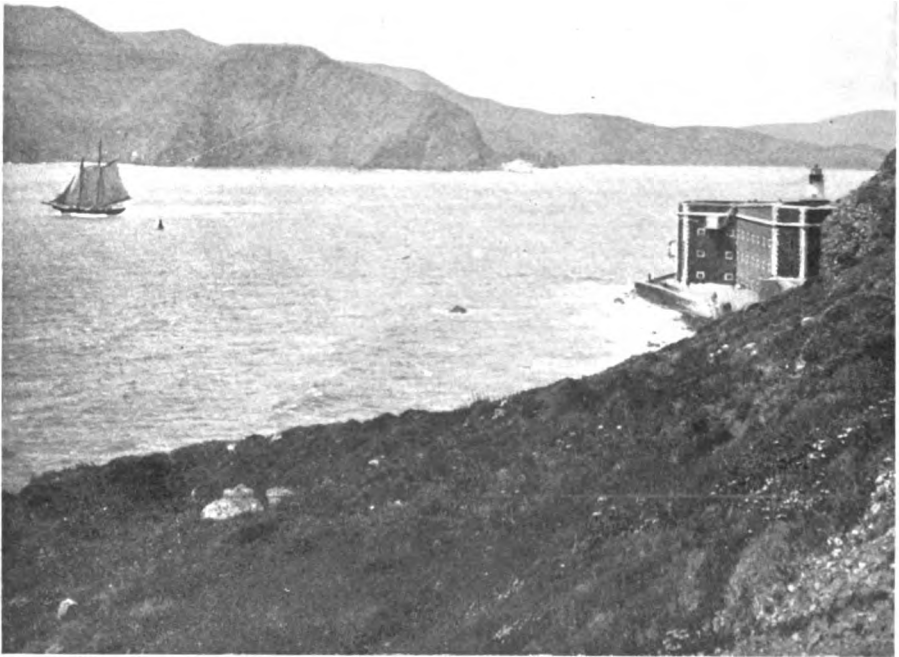
nel, and three and one-half nautical miles from the place where she was lost. The location of the anchorage was fixed during the night from bearings taken from Point Bonita Light and the Cliff House, and from the depth of water surrounding the vessel, which was found to be thirteen fathoms. This much is known positively. The length of time it took the ship to make the $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles varies, according to testimony, from 45 minutes to 1 hour and 5 minutes. The speed of the ship is not known, as no readings of the log were taken. The direction and velocity of the currents were not known

to do—either to return to their anchorage or feel their way in with the lead; but neither of these things was done. The ship was kept on her uncertain course, struck a rock, was ripped open from stem to stern, and sank in deep water. At the time of this writing the wreck has not been found, nor have the bodies of any of the 131 victims that went down with the ship—except those who were found in the water at the time of the wreck—been recovered. The Pilot claims that he was on his course all the time, but that the ever-convenient current set him on the rocks. What business had he to be so

near the rocks? If he had used the lead he would have been warned of the danger long before his position had become critical.

As it has been necessary to mention the Pilot so often, it may be proper to say that this article is not intended as a criticism of the gentleman personally, but is merely directed against a slipshod system of navigation and a criminal disregard of the most simple safeguards against disaster. On examining the

after leaving her first anchorage. The deepest water over which the vessel passed was probably 30 fathoms. In connection with the identity of the rock on which the ship struck, the testimony of Quartermaster Lindstrom shows a curious discrepancy. He has testified that, as the vessel struck, he saw a red flash—presumably the light on the fort—"overhead and in front." The ship at this time was heading N. by E. If this is correct, it must have been some rock to the south



The Golden Gate, San Francisco, where the Rio de Janeiro Sank.

chart, the reader will find that the deepest water runs in a practically straight line through mid-channel from N. E. to S. W. From this mid-channel the bottom slopes upwards on both sides. This is an ideal condition for taking soundings to determine the ship's position. It will also be seen that to the westward of Fort Point the shoal water runs out far enough to give timely warning. Mate Coghlan has also admitted that he thought the vessel could have anchored at any time

ward of the Fort on which the ship struck.

It has been asserted by the Pilot and others that soundings could not have been taken; that the taking of soundings would have necessitated the stopping of the ship—that the water was too deep and the time too short to get any soundings. There was on board the ship a patent sounding machine that will give correct soundings in 100 fathoms of water every fifteen minutes from a ves-

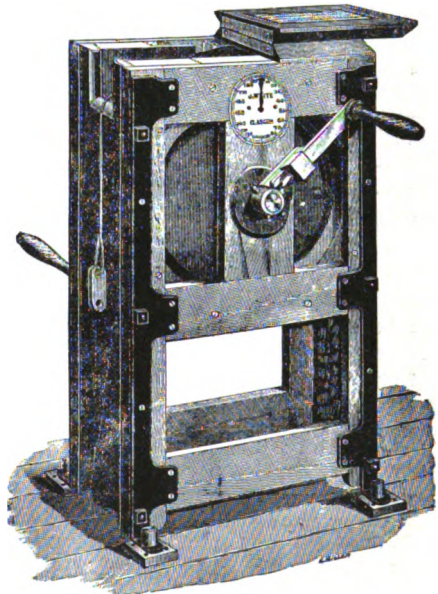
sel going at the rate of fifteen or sixteen knots (miles) an hour. As the depth of the course over which the Rio passed was probably never more than 30 fathoms and the speed not over 9 knots, it will be seen that soundings could have been taken easily every five minutes or less. The result of taking these soundings would have been to alarm the pilot and to cause the ship to be slowed down or stopped and anchored; or it might have been that the Pilot would have gone in search of deeper water, which would not have been difficult, with the ebb-tide running.

The lead has been called the sailor's best friend, and the patent sounding machine (Lord Kelvin's) is the best device that has yet been invented for the handling of it. The principal parts of the machine are: 300 fathoms (1800 feet) of steel wire, the lead, and the recorder—attached to the lead. The recorder is a brass cylinder with a piston and piston-rod. The upper end of the cylinder is water-tight and may be called the air-chamber. As the lead descends, the increasing pressure of water forces the piston upwards. As the lead is wound in, a spiral spring in the lower end of the cylinder pulls the piston back gradually. On the graduated piston-rod is a sliding pointer which brings up against the cylinder head when the piston moves upwards, but remains stationary on the rod as the piston moves back. The result is that when the lead and recorder are recovered, the pointer will be somewhere down on the rod and will show the depth to which the lead has descended. There is also a stand and reel, with a brake arrangement connected with the machine, but it is unnecessary to describe them.

The main advantage of this machine is that it obviates the necessity of stopping the ship in order to get soundings. Another advantage is that the lead will go down quicker and is hauled in quicker and easier than by any of the old methods. If one of the many officers on the Rio's bridge, who were trying to locate the ship's position by the fog whistles and echoes, had been detailed, with two seamen, to work this machine, the ship would probably have been afloat to-day. From investigations pursued on the Atlantic coast, some years ago, it has been

proved that steam whistles and bells are not be relied on in foggy weather. The distance from a ship to a fog signal cannot be determined at all, and the direction is very uncertain. They serve as a warning, but cannot be depended upon as a guide.

This is the second large steamship lost within the Heads through a gross neglect to obey the promptings of sound seamanship. What, with the flimsy excuses of Pilots and superficial official "investigations," the impression is apt to go abroad that the harbor of San Francisco



Sounding Machine.

is dangerous. This is far from the truth. With ordinary precautions taken, the harbor can be entered by steamers, as is done daily, at all times, and in all weathers. The channel is straight, wide, and deep. No outlying sandbars or rocks obstruct the passage. The tides and currents are known absolutely, and the only serious obstruction—the Mile Rocks—are well off towards the south shore. With a steam-whistle on Fort Point and a bell buoy of modern construction near the Mile Rocks, an entrance to the harbor can be made with perfect safety even in foggy weather, provided the lead is kept going.

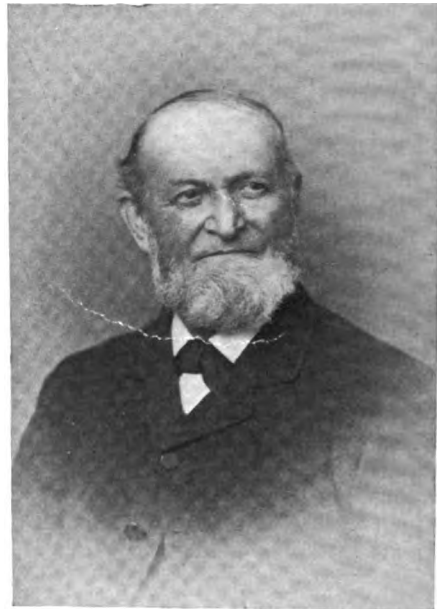
A Matter of Opinion

Years ago a man who was endowed with a small gift, in the way of versification, wrote that:

Death is the only deathless one,
All things must end as all begun.

And no thoughtful observer of the phenomena of the universe of which we are a part can fail to be impressed with the great—yet, in some respects, unpalatable truth—that is embodied in those lines. Human life is a transient affair; and, in its transiency, human life is but a part of the general scheme of a universe whose flora and fauna and reptilia come into being, mature and die away in endless and regular procession though subject always to those mutations of chance which may either accelerate the end or abruptly terminate the existence that has just begun. But, though death is as old as the animal world, though it is all around us, at all times and everywhere, though it is inevitable, yet somehow one never gets used to it in the way of rising above that longing for the clasp of the hand that is cold and the sound of the voice that is forever dumb. The vacant chair, in the freshness of its lack of a tenant, always does and always will, bring a feeling of bereavement and loneliness that no philosophy will ever enable the human mind, so long as it is either influenced or controlled by the human heart, to rise superior to.

One falls naturally into this train of reflection by contemplating the fact that within the past month, two members of the Overland Monthly's former staff have—one in the fullness of years and honors, and the other, while yet on the threshold of a career that gave promise of brilliant achievements—joined the "innumerable caravan," as Bryant put it, that is



John S. Hittell.

ever pressing on to what some say is eternal rest and others say is a great white judgment seat, where Mercy and Truth and Love are the dominating powers. The gentlemen to whom reference is made are Mr. John S. Hittell and Mr. Rounseville Wildman.

Mr. Hittell was born in Jonestown, Pennsylvania, in 1825, and received his education in the schools of and adjacent to the place of his nativity. He was in the first flush of young manhood when gold was discovered in California, and in common with so many of the adventurous spirits of that time, he made his way across the plains to where fortune was dealing out favors to the chosen few. He arrived here in 1849, and immediately proceeded to the mines where he spent a year or two, but without any particular success. Finding that he was not one

of fortune's favorites as a miner, he turned his attention to the semi-literary pursuit of journalism, and for a long time was one of the editors of the *Alta-California*. He also became one of the early contributors to the *Overland*. In addition he published a number of books that ranked high in serious literature. Among them were: "Reform or Revolution"; "A History of San Francisco"; "A Brief History of Culture"; "The Evidences Against Christianity"; "The Resources of California." Mr. Hittell, as a historian, was conspicuous for his care and accuracy. It was he who first unearthed and demonstrated the fact that a mistake had been made, and was still being adhered to, in regard to the date of the discovery of gold by Marshall. The matter was fully discussed by him in the *Overland*. Mr. Hittell lived a studious and blameless life, and held the warm esteem of a large circle of friends, as well as the more distant respect of the world at large, when he passed away.

Mr. Rounseville Wildman belonged to a more recent epoch than did Mr. Hittell. Upon entering man's estate he drifted into journalism, and soon attracted attention to himself. As a result he was appointed to a position in the consular service in Europe. Later he was transferred to a similar position in the far East. A change in the national administration retired him from the public service at that time, and he came to San Francisco with his family and made his home here for awhile. It was at this period that he purchased an interest in the *Overland Monthly*, and became its editor. His work in these columns is sufficiently near to be within the reader's recollection. Later on he was appointed to the position of Consul-General at Hong Kong—which office he was holding at the time of his death. By reason of the Spanish war, and the outbreak in the Philippine Islands, it became a station of great responsibility and importance—and he proved himself to be fully equal to the exigencies of the occasion. Mr. Wildman wrote considerable fragmentary fiction that was favorably received, and a recent book of his, relating to China, will probably be given a place in the permanent literature of the world. The man-

ner of his death was pathetic. With his wife and two little children he was a passenger on the ill-fated *Rio de Janeiro*, which ground itself to pieces on the rocks at Fort Point. Exactly what became of



Rounseville Wildman.

them is not known and probably never will be—until that time when the sea will give up its dead, and the waves cease singing requiems for the tens of thousands of sailor boys who sleep softly in the bed of old ocean.

Here in democratic America in this latter age of literary commercialism it is somewhat hard for us to conceive how much the literature and art of an age may be stifled or encouraged through the inclination of an individual. The "many-headed monster" is the only Mæcenas which the American author knows, and his financial success and world upbuilding depend entirely on his value to the public and publisher. Over in England, however, it is somewhat different. True, an Englishman, being practically free, does not have to apply in

A New Age and a New Literature.

person to the reigning sovereign or a great lord of the royal house, as was the necessity in the days of good Queen Bess, and as our Shakespeare was constrained to do, in order that he may obtain a hearing and a bid for patronage; but just the same, the ideas and personal tastes of King or Queen still exert a deal of influence on the literary output of the British man of letters.

The late Victoria, the Good, of Great Britain, none can deny was responsible for considerable of the glory of the Victorian age of literature. Nothing in the line of artistic effort gained less than her approval, and whatever faults her own pen may have had, the loving care with which she edited her "Leaves from the Journal of our Life in the Highlands," and the unaffected humility with which she submitted it for criticism to the great Tennyson, was more than patronage to literature—it was an example. It is true that even a Victoria could not make an Alfred Austin great; but his laureateship certainly did not make him smaller. Not so much the patronage she gave, but the atmosphere she created made possible a scope of genius for Alfred Tennyson to Rudyard Kipling, from Thomas Hardy to Oscar Wilde. "Never was the Queen more sensible, more gracious, more human, than in her intercourse with the great men of her time marked out by intellect."

And now, since the mantle has fallen on the shoulders of Edward, the world is asking: "Will the change of scepter effect a change in English thought? Is monarchy still strong enough in England to make or break the genius of the age? Perhaps not. It can certainly change the manners of the time, the fashion and desire of public patronage; and without any direct act, can still alter the level of national thought. Edward, like his mother, is not a person of pre-eminent talent, but like his mother he can adopt the encouragement of sane principles in art and letters as a part of his royal policy. In literature, as in politics, the world is earnestly regarding the age of Edward, ready to compare its output with the noble showing made during the long reign of the late good Queen of Britain.

In this month's number of the Overland we publish an elaborate and graphic description of the counties embraced in what is known as the Sacramento Valley of this State. The article was prepared by General N. P. Chipman, now one of our Supreme Court commissioners,



D. O. Mills.

and embraces something like forty pages of reading matter, and about a similar number of pages of illustrations. In its scope it deals with the development of the resources of the territory in question, so far as they have been developed, and with the possibilities it contains and presents to those who are seeking a field for the establishment of new homes. As regards the past it deals with the things accomplished rather than with the men who accomplished them; but we are inclined to the opinion that, even a semi-historical review of the development of the Sacramento Valley will be regarded as incomplete if it does not make some mention of Mr. D. O. Mills, who, although he is now a leading New York financier, was for a long stretch of years, a Sacramento banker. In that capacity he not merely did much to make Sacramento the city it is to-day, but he, also, took a leading part in financiering the operations which have made the valley counties the prosperous and progressive section of the State that they are at the present moment.

person to the reigning sovereign or a great lord of the royal house
In this month's number of the Overland Monthly an attempt is made to
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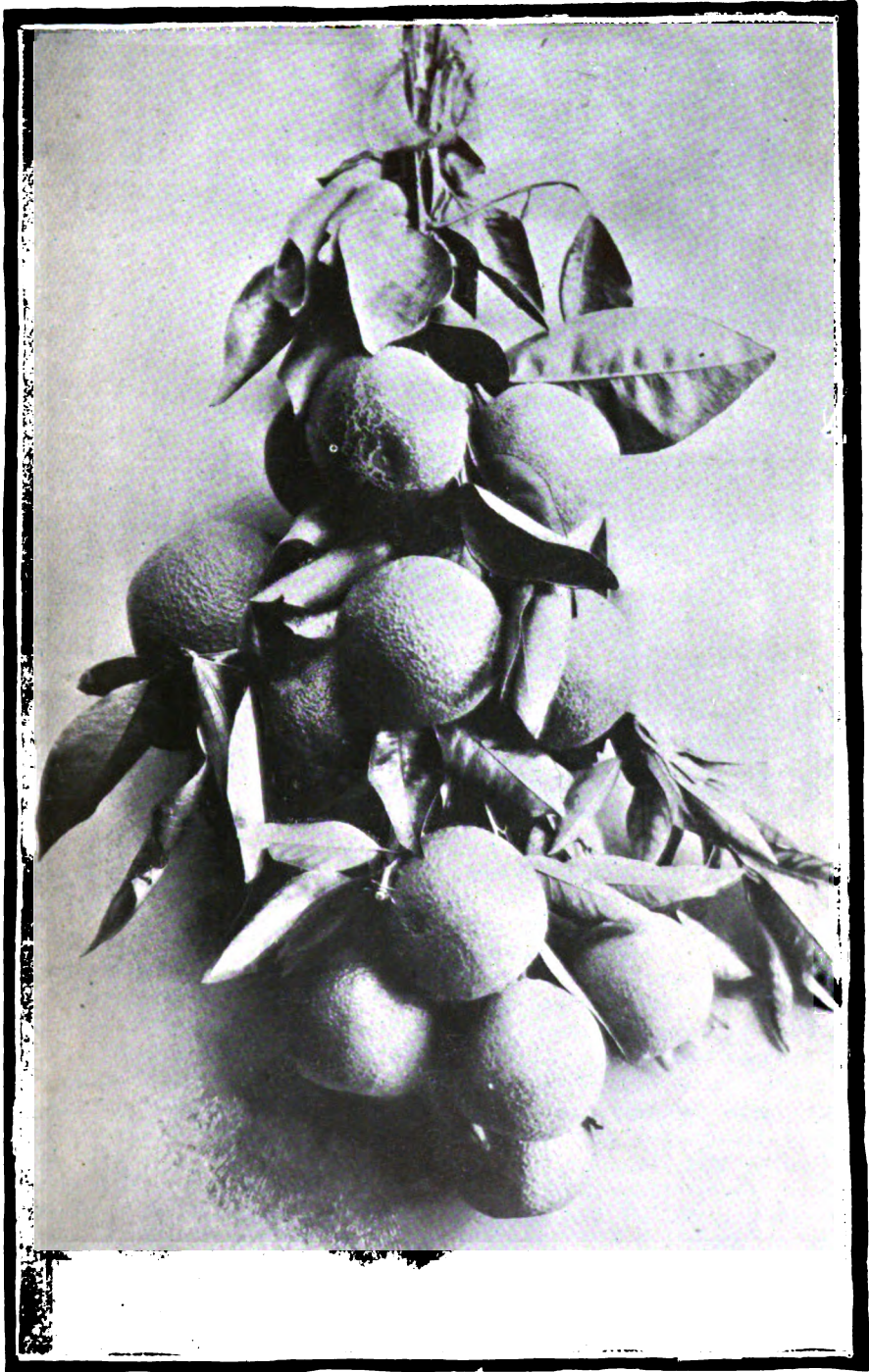
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Northern California Oranges.





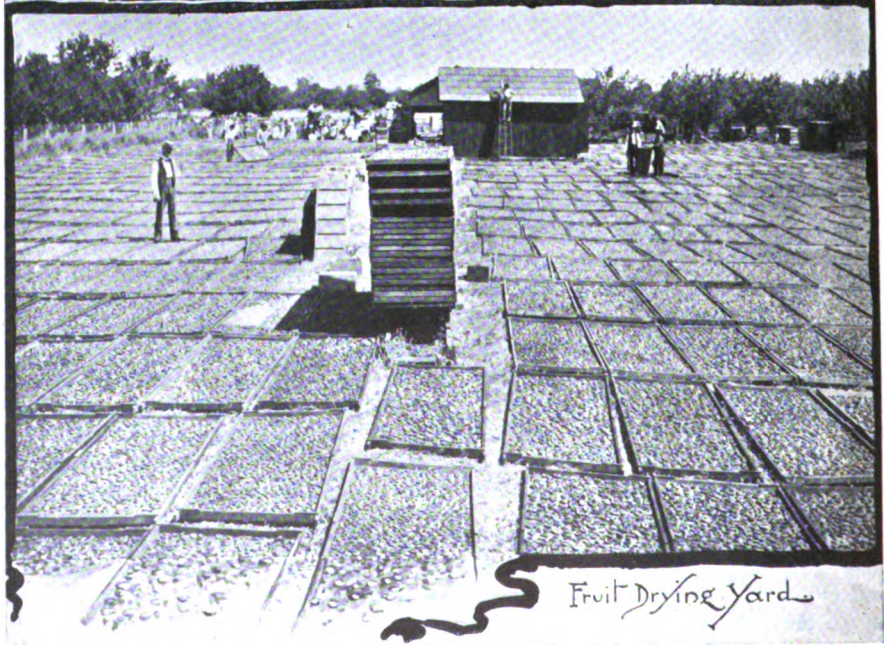
RECOGNIZING the renewed interest now shown for information concerning California, particularly Northern California, and realizing the necessity for united effort in order that this region may become better known, certain enterprising citizens recently formed The Sacramento Valley Development Association. The organization embraces the twelve counties of Nevada, Placer, Sacramento, Yolo, Solano (the south tier of counties at the foot of the valley), Yuba, Sutter, Butte, Colusa, Glenn, Tehama, (intermediate), and Shasta on the north boundary, or at the head of the valley. It is at the request of the Association that these pages have been written.

Obviously, I can go into no very great detail as to any individual county, for it would occupy all the space given me to describe the entire re-

gion. However, with some not very important variations, a description of the whole is a description of each part. Different industries exist in different counties; a greater development will be found in some than in others; some are devoted to agriculture, fruit growing, mining, and lumbering enterprises; others to general agriculture and stock raising, with some fruit growing; still others to fruit growing and general agriculture. The agricultural possibilities, while differing in degree, are much the same in all. The photographic illustrations will aid the reader to some extent to understand the dominant industry in each of the counties, and these pictures, it is to be hoped, will give some idea of the vast variety of scenic effects throughout the valley. I count it, indeed, among the greater advantages of any country that one may



Pruning a deciduous orchard



Fruit Drying Yard

January and September in Northern California.

live in the perpetual presence of grand mountains and diversified and charming landscape effects. It develops the spiritual and better elements of character and gives to labor an ennobling motive and relieves it of its depressing monotony. One may look the world over in vain for a region of like extent (outside of California) combining greater natural attractions to the permanent resident, in the direction hinted at, than are everywhere abundant in the Sacramento Valley.

It is assumed that the romantic history of California, which has added so much to its renown is too well known to need

Some Things Taken for Granted repetition; it is also assumed that the reader is familiar with most of the unique characteristics

of the earlier and later development which has taken place in the State, and is conversant with the general facts which justify the claim that California is, in many respects, unmatched by any State of the American Union. No other commonwealth is so widely known abroad, for none has, by the wonderful variety and quality of its products, so attracted the public attention, and no State, judging by the unequalled progress California has made in the past fifty years, has in its favor so much of hope, so much of brilliant prophecy.

It is now universally conceded that the territorial changes which have taken place as the result of the Spanish-American

The Dawning of a New Era. war portend a new era for the Pacific Coast, and that rapid and permanent growth must

soon begin here. No one at all familiar with existing conditions can doubt that the Pacific Coast State to which intelligent men are now looking, is California, and that the commercial emporium which is to dominate the vast trade and commerce, that is to flow to and from this Coast, is the city of San Francisco. There was never in the history of the State a more opportune time than the present

for the homeseeker to come among us or for the business man to enter upon a new field of enterprise in this promising land.

The Period of Romance and Poetry has Passed Away.

The artist, the poet, the writer of glowing prose, have all done their part, and done it well, in painting the glories of our mountains and valleys, our matchless landscapes, the romance of "the days of old, the days of gold." All this has thrown a glamor and charm around everything Californian, and has directed attention to our State and given us a warm place in the hearts of thousands who are looking this way and hoping for a time when they may themselves become Californians. But the days of romance and romantic conceptions of the Golden West have passed away. Inquirers now need facts which will convince their judgment and not appeals to their imagination; they desire specific information, not generalization nor highly colored description.

The genius and enterprise and persistent advertising of Southern California have given widespread knowledge of that part of the State, but the North is not yet known nor understood. Some

A False Impression Corrected.

how, the impression has gone abroad that the distinctive features which give uniqueness to our climate and products are peculiar to Southern California, and are absent in Northern California; "Southern" has meant the California which has so attracted attention, while "Northern" has designated a country not unlike other portions of the United States on similar parallels of latitude. No conception of the actual facts could be wider from the truth. The same general climatic conditions exist in the Sacramento Valley as are found in the valleys of Central and Southern California; parallel lines of latitude have but little significance in the interpretation of conditions of temperature.

The copious illustrations found on these pages give the highest proof of



Artistic Homes in Northern California.

what I have said. The orange, lemon, olive and the palm do not grow in cold countries. Look at the photographs (a splendid specimen of the palm in Solano County growing in the open, and also a palm tree 40 feet high in Shasta County planted in 1852.) To the intelligent mind the range or possible diversity of a country's products is a true index of its climate, and proclaims unerringly the economic advantages of that country. No matter who denies, nor with what persistency is the denial made, the truth of nature rises and confronts the error and should forever set at rest all doubting minds. It is the testimony of God Himself; and it would seem sacrilegious to attempt corroboration by official tables of temperatures and statistics of reported products elsewhere given in this article. I shall spend no further time in combating the false impression that the term "Northern," when applied to the valleys of Northern California, means "cold." It is a term used only geographically, and has no climatic significance whatever. It may be said here once and finally that "altitude" in California is the only convertible term for "cold." Perpetual snow lies on Mount Shasta and Mount Lassen, and reflects its light on the valleys below, where is almost perpetual summer. In the higher mountain elevations are deep snows and very low temperatures, while at the same time a few hours travel bring one into orange groves in the lower altitudes; and this is true from Shasta to San Diego, practically the whole length of the State. Let us, then, dismiss the false implications which have arisen from using the term "Northern" as applied to the Sacramento Valley.

Entering California in Nevada County, by way of the Central Pacific Railroad, the visitor comes quickly down from the great height of the Sierra Nevada Mountains to the foot-hills of Placer County, through the orchards and vineyards covering the country around Auburn, Newcastle, Penryn, Loomis, Rocklin, Roseville, to the city of Sacramento, where he finds himself in the

center of the Great Interior Valley of the State, at the State Capital, and where tide-water once ebbed and flowed.

A few hours from snow-covered, heavily forested mountains into regions of luxuriant, semi-tropical verdure, is a transformation bewildering but altogether delightful. A glance at the accompanying map will show where the visitor now stands relatively to San Francisco, and the counties comprising the Sacramento Valley, a description of whose resources and industries is the purpose of this article. Nevada County is the Eastern gateway to this land of sunshine, fruit and flowers and agricultural prodigality.

A line drawn east and west through the southern boundary of Solano County at Vallejo, would pass near Richmond, Va.; drawn along the northern boundary of Shasta County it would strike the Atlantic coast near New York City. The floor of the valley proper narrows and terminates at Red Bluff, Tehama County. But many stretches of rich river bottom, valley lands, occur in Shasta County, below Redding, and for many miles east of Redding and west of Anderson and Cottonwood, are fertile plains and rolling foothills and creek valleys of fine agricultural land, a characteristic of most of the counties reaching into the mountains; indeed, it may be properly said that the valley terminates at Redding. The valley widens as it extends south, and follows the southern boundary of part of Placer and Sacramento, Yolo, and Solano Counties, and brings the valley to San Pablo Bay, (an arm of the great Bay of San Francisco) at Vallejo. The general direction of the valley is north and south. A line drawn north and south through Suisun, on Suisun Bay, would pass near Willows, Red Bluff, and Redding. On the east, the valley is bounded by the Sierra Nevada Mountains, and on the west by the Coast Range. The Sacramento River rises in the vicinity of Mt. Shasta, and courses south, bisecting the valley and emptying into Suisun Bay. It is navigable and is navigated by steamboats to Red Bluff. By some improvement of the river it may be navigated to the town of Redding, Shasta County. Rising in the Sierras are numerous tributaries

of the Sacramento River, which find their inexhaustible supply in the springs, subterranean reservoirs, and snow banks of the mountains. The land situated on the east side of the Sacramento in all the counties is blessed with one or more of these ever-living streams, the utility and value of which will be referred to later on. The portion of the valley on the west side of the river is not so highly favored, although not wanting in the means to procure every needed supply. Unlike the creeks and rivers rising on the

southern slope of the valley will be seen from the elevations of the river—at Sacramento, thirty feet above sea level; at Colusa, 60 feet; at Red Bluff, 220 feet. A canal is projected and partly built, which takes water directly from the river on the north line of Glenn County, and brings it as far west as Willows, and thence to practically all the valley land south and east of the canal.

A margin of no great extent along the river banks is wooded, and the lands on



The Clothes we wear in November, Yuba County.

west slope of the Sierras, which flow on perpetually, the characteristic of the streams rising on the east side of the Coast Range is that they carry the flood waters to the river and continue to flow until about June or July, and then begin to recede, ceasing at varying distances from the river in the foot-hills, but continue in quantity to points whence their waters are taken by ditches to the land below. Some impression of the general

the east side have growing upon them scattered oaks, giving a park-like aspect to the landscape. This feature continues in Yolo and Solano Counties, but in Colusa and Glenn the plain lands are destitute of timber; the rolling hill lands and mountains are wooded. The great body of agricultural lands of the valley do not overflow; some of the river bottoms are subject to flood waters but exposed lands are mostly protected by levees.

The population, extent and character of the industries will be given in connection with a description of each county. Accurately speaking, we have but little waste land.

Industries, Extent, and Character.
Population.

The untillable foothills and lower mountain elevations furnish rich winter pasture for thousands of sheep and cattle and the mountains are not only the scene of large lumber enterprises, but afford extensive ranges for summer pasture of these same flocks and herds. In Tehama County alone there are two hundred thousand sheep that are moved in the spring to the mountain ranges and return in the autumn to the valleys and foot-hills for winter pasturage. Twelve thousand head of cattle are similarly handled. And so in a greater or less degree in most of the counties are the lands utilized.

It has been intimated that there is no practical difference between the climate of the valleys, of Northern California and Southern California. Perhaps a word further should be said. I quote

Climate:
Its Peculiarities.

from my annual report to the California State Board of Trade for 1899, a general statement which fairly gives the facts and perhaps as well as I could again give them: "Much has been written of the unique character of the climate of California, and while it is widely known in a general way, its highest and best interpretation is exhibited in the marvelous range of products of the soil. There is no single country nor principality on the globe where there can be found, growing in perfection, all the varied products of which this report treats. Why this is true has never been satisfactorily explained, but the fact cannot be disputed. It is not due to the soil alone, for other countries have rich soil; it is not due to temperature alone, for the seasons are propitious in the south of Italy and in Spain; yet the results we have here are not attainable there; it is not in the recurrence of a wet and dry season—a per-

iod of rain and a rainless period—for this peculiarity is found in the Mediterranean basin; nor is it in any peculiarity of the atmosphere of which we have any knowledge. And yet there is some subtle influence in the combination of all these—an alchemy of nature we do not understand—which has made the climate of California unique—phenomenal** Latitude cuts but little figure here, although it marks zones of heat and cold on the Atlantic Coast. While I am writing (March 4th-6th, 1899), there is a blizzard raging in the East and West. Railroad trains are tied up, and snow is four feet deep in the city of New York. On the same parallels of latitude here the orchards are bursting into full bloom, vegetables are taken from open gardens; the first crop of alfalfa is nearly ready for the mower; young lambs are playing on the hillsides; farm operations are most active, and all nature is clad in verdure."

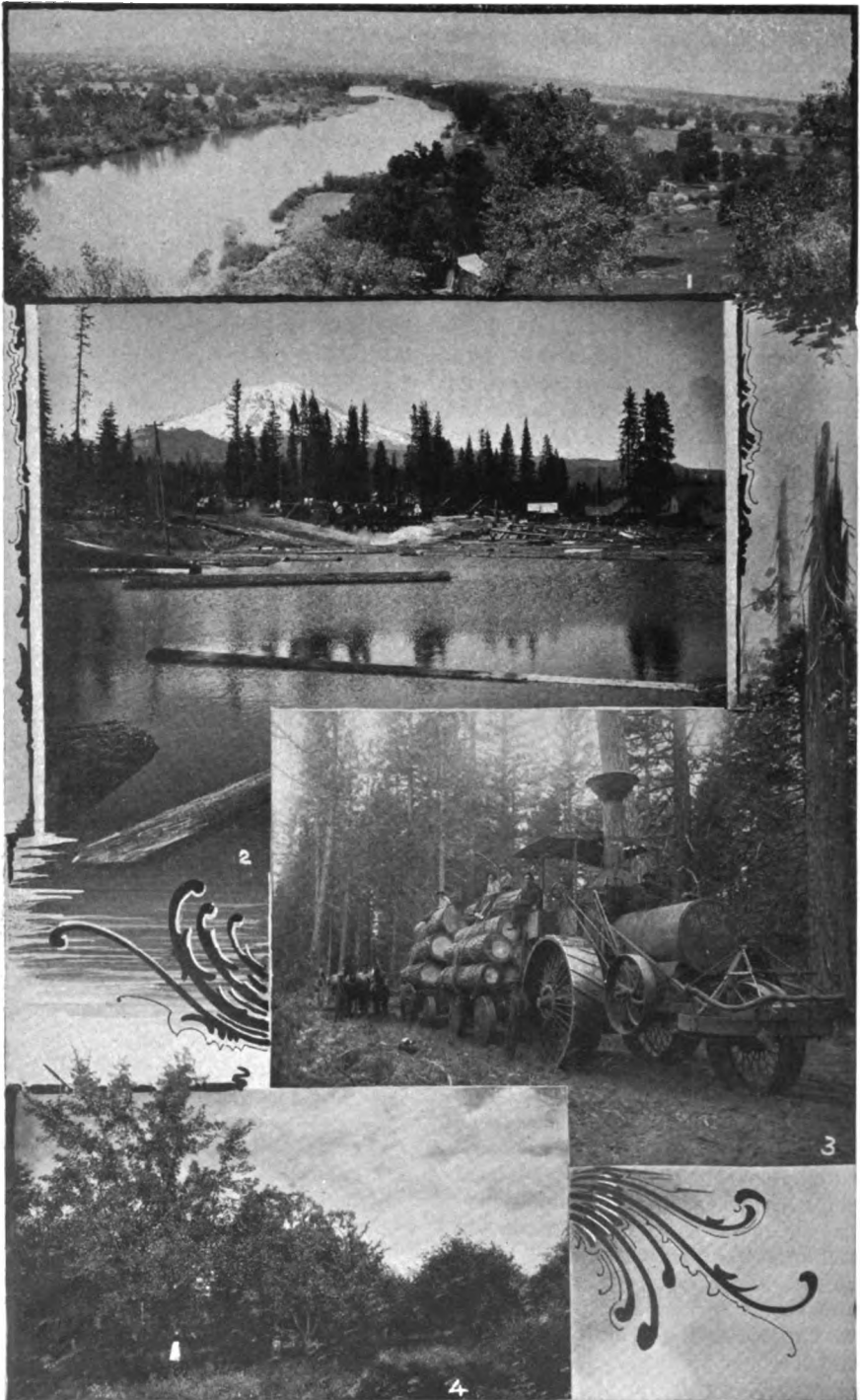
Attention is then called to the fact elsewhere shown that oranges are being shipped from Butte County, 150 miles north of San Francisco, and over 500 miles north of San Diego, and that elevation has more to do with temperature than has latitude. The report continues:

"I will not stop to give the causes, so far as they are determined, for it is enough to know the fact and that the causes are permanent. We have no recorded history and no traditions (and they run back to the days of Queen Elizabeth and to Ferdinand and Isabella) that tell a different story."

The climate of the immediate coast is most invigorating and stimulating, cool,

Healthful,
Invigorating.

bracing, and delightful; the laborer knows no fatigue except from physical exhaustion, produced by over-taxed muscles. The man who works with his brain yields only to failure of mental power. In the interior valleys, in mid-summer, the temperature is higher, and there is discomfort in working in the harvest fields, at the desk, and behind the counter. But the air is dry, and no such suffering is experienced as in the more humid climates, where the temperature



SHASTA COUNTY—1. City of Redding, pop. 3500. 2. Lumbering scene at Mt. Cloud. 3. Traction engine hauling logs. 4. Pear orchard near Shingletown.

l: lower. We have no such thing as sun-stroke. It is the universal experience that persons coming to any part of the State increase in weight and strength, are less subject to nervous troubles, sleep and eat well, and improve in health if ailing from any cause. In fact, California is an universal sanitarium."

"One cannot find a region of the State devoid of scenic beauty, and in most parts one is surrounded by an inspiring and elevating combination of valley and mountain landscape. He can radically change his immediate surroundings in a few hours, if he lives in the great valley, by going into the mountains or journeying to the coast. Thousands of families do this in the summer, and have most delightful camping out experiences.

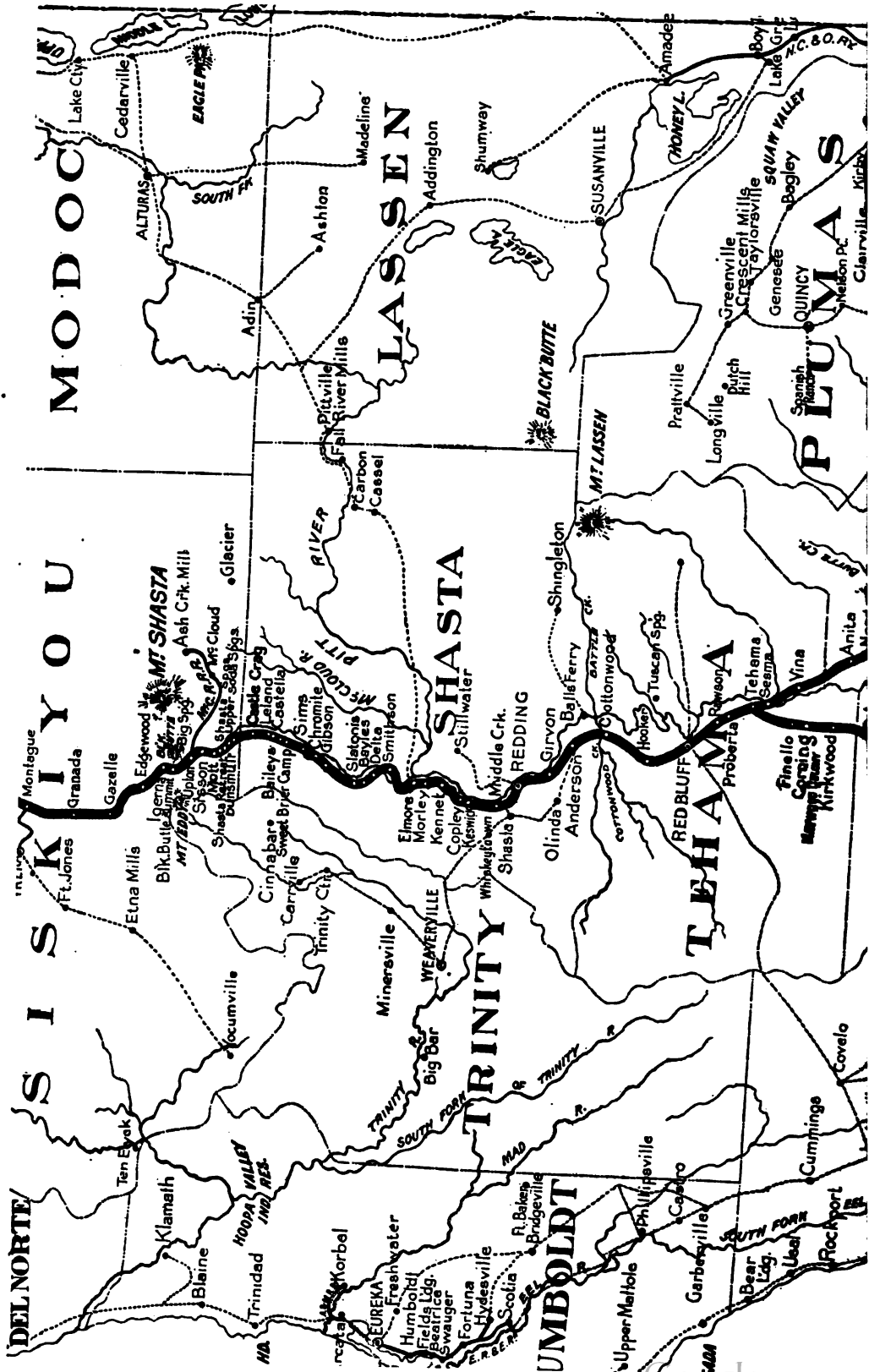
"But after all, the toiler cannot live on scenery nor on climate alone. It is the advantages which climate brings to him in the struggle for existence that most concerns him. And here is where resides the glory of California: namely, the economic value of its climate. Our climate is usually put forward as an attraction; it is most of all a *resource* of incalculable value; and it is a resource because by its influence we are enabled to so marvelously diversify and increase the number of our products. It is a resource, because man's labor can be made profitable every day in the year, and because there is no month when vegetation, in some form, is not growing. There is no season when all nature is at rest or locked in the icy embrace of a zero temperature, and the harvests of summer eaten into by the long, weary, consuming months of winter. In the field, orchard, garden, factory; on the stock farm and in the dairy, *every day* is: a day of *productive labor*. We commence shipping fresh deciduous fruits to the markets of the East in May, and there is no cessation until December; and in November we begin to ship citrus fruits and they overlap the ship-

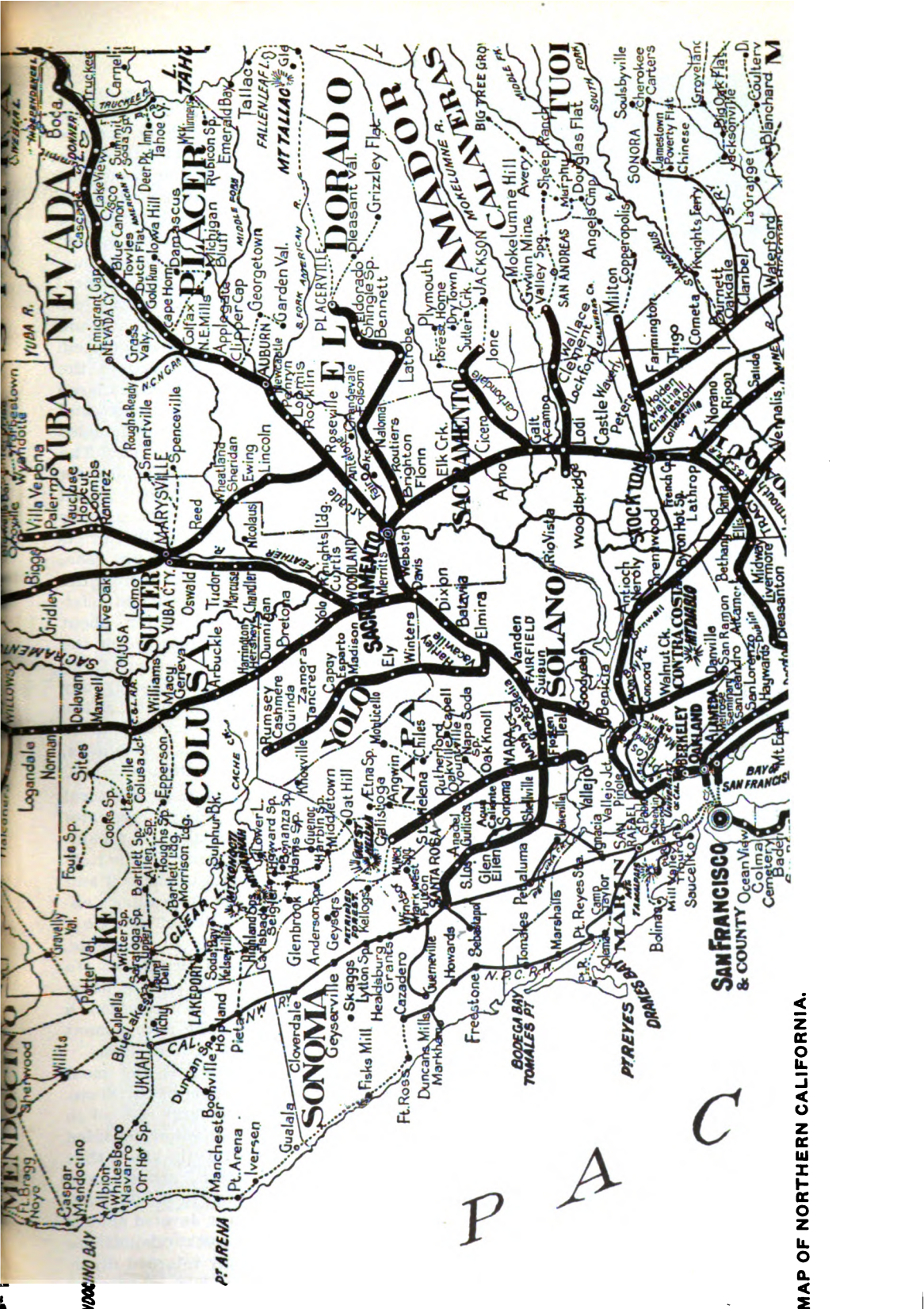
ments of deciduous fruits beginning in May."

This general picture finds its counterpart in the region I am now bringing to the public attention. I wish to remind the home-seeker of a fact, not commonly understood, that there are about 20 degrees difference between the "sensible" temperature, and the actual reading of the thermometer. For example, the thermometer in the valley may read 110 degrees, but owing to the dryness of the atmosphere, the effect upon the body produces less discomfort than would be felt in a humid atmosphere where the reading is 90 degrees.

While I am writing (February 18th, 1901), all Europe is experiencing a blizzard of great severity. All parts of England, Germany, Italy, Austria, and Russia are having severe snow storms and very low temperature. Throughout Spain the weather is reported as intensely cold, the thermometer registering eight degrees below zero in Madrid, and a heavy snow storm is raging in Rome. In Algiers, several natives have frozen to death. In my garden we are picking violets, roses, and other flowers; we gather oranges from day to day as we need them; our live stock are living on our green pastures; orchard pruning is over; almond trees are blooming and apricot buds are nearly ready to burst. Californians are wont to attest our climate by comparison with that of Italy and Spain. Is it not about time to set up in the climate business for ourselves and rely on our own record?

The practical situation is that one can labor here in the summer's sun without suffering, where he would be driven to the shade in other climates. It should be added that our warm, cloudless and rainless summer months are just what we want to mature our crops and prepare our fruits for market. The prevailing winds are from north and south, the latter always cool and delightful, as it comes from the ocean, tempered in its journey inland. The north wind is warmer, and is a dry, sometimes disagreeable, wind, but it serves a most valuable office and adds to the general healthfulness of the valley.





ENCINO BAY

P A C

MAP OF NORTHERN CALIFORNIA.

Industries relating to agriculture are the growing of wheat, barley, oats, hay, some rye, and some, but not much corn. For many years Colusa was the banner wheat growing county in the State. For-

Leading Industries.

age plants are quite extensively grown. Hemp has been and is being successfully and profitably grown in Butte County. The soil in many counties has been found adapted to the sugar beet, and a considerable acreage is planted, the product going to the sugar factories; this industry must soon have much importance in the valley. I may mention in this



Waterfall near Oroville, Cal.

connection the advantages of sugar beet growing in this State. Briefly summarized, they are: Earlier maturity of the beet; earlier opening of the sugar-making campaign; longer season for harvesting; longer run of the factory; greater yield per acre than in other States; greater per cent of saccharine; immunity from frost and from rain at critical periods. These are some of the climatic advantages which experience and scientific experiments have established. Some extensive hop fields are in the Sacramento Valley. Live stock is a large industry, especially hogs, sheep and horned cattle. Many horses and mules are bred on the larger ranches. The dairying interests are quite large, but not nearly so fully developed as they should be or could be made profitable. The poultry industry is almost wholly neglected. Large bands of turkeys are seen, but they are produced separate from the farm, and have a sort of nomadic existence, being herded and driven about from place to place for feed, much the same as a band of sheep. Many farmers (be it to their discredit said) buy their chickens and eggs and butter at the town stores, and not infrequently these come from Kansas, Iowa, and Nebraska, or from our sister State, Oregon.

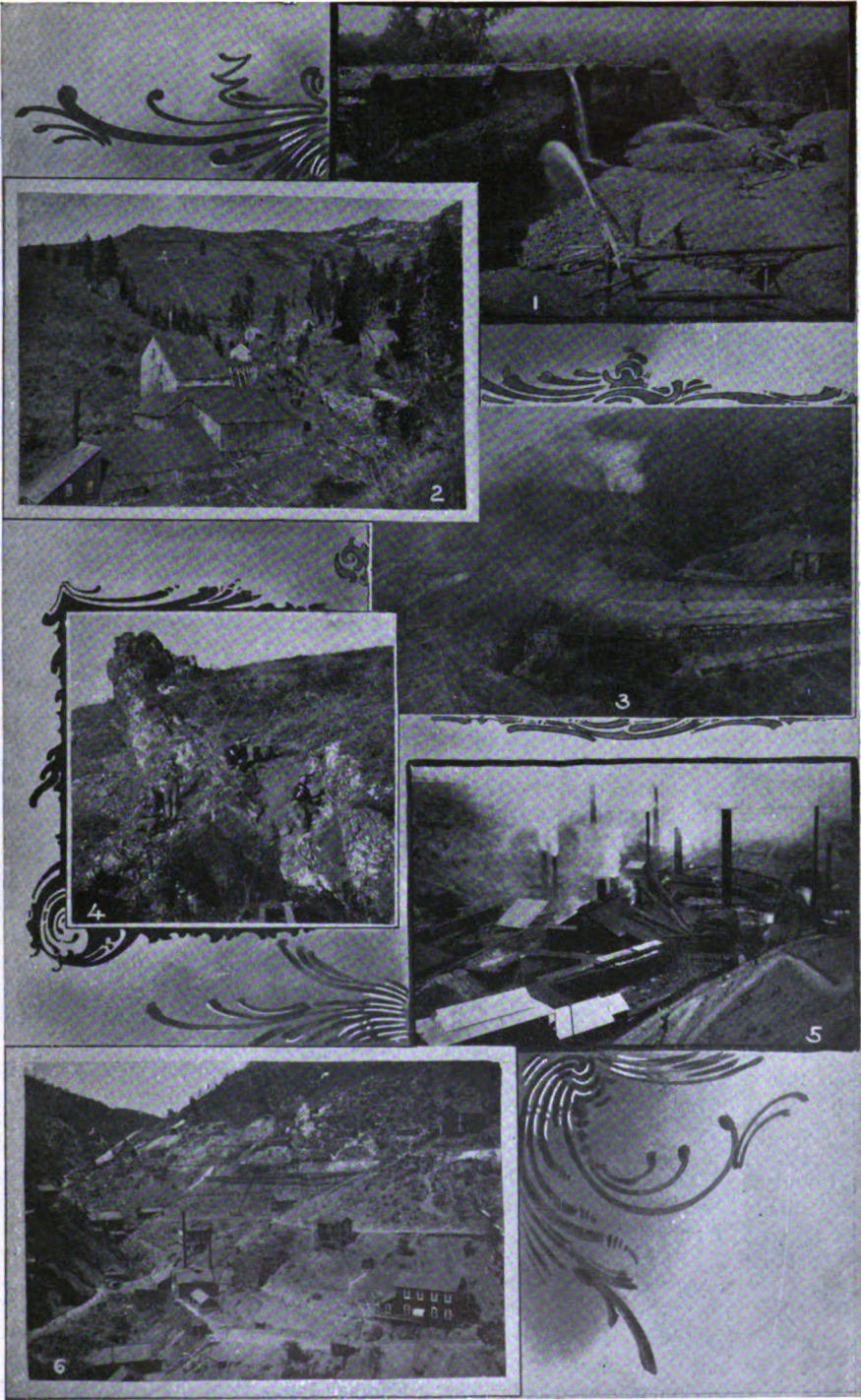
The possible diversity of agricultural products in this great valley is its chief distinguishing characteristic. The richness of the soil and the prevailing climatic influences make it possible, with irrigation, to grow almost anything that man or beast may require, and without irrigation, a much greater agricultural development is possible than has yet been attained.

The Sacramento Valley is the most abundantly watered portion of the State. The large rainfall in the valley, coupled with the fact that great areas have been in single holdings, devoted chiefly

to wheat growing or stock raising, has in former years not only retarded diversity of products but has contributed

Agricultural Possibilities of the Valley.

Water for Irrigation.



Mining in Shasta County.

1. Hydraulic Mine near Igo. 2. Cleveland Consolidated Mine. 3. Roasters at Keswick. 4. Cleveland Cons. Mine Ledge. 5. Smelters at Keswick. 6. Iron Mountain Mine near Redding.



Banana trees at Red Bluff—225 miles north of San Francisco.

to the erroneous belief that irrigation was neither desirable nor necessary, and irrigation has not been much resorted to. Wheat growing, having become less profitable, attention is being directed to more intensive and more diversified culture, and plans for more general irrigation are being considered, since it has been found that even on our best lands water is a distinctive source of greater production and makes agriculture more profitable, by adding many new products to the farm. The Central Irrigation District Canal will bring water directly, without any head dam, from the Sacramento River onto all the lands south and east of Willows—an immense area, rich and productive. On the west side of the river north of this canal there is abundant water by taking it from points high up on the creeks and conducting it by ditches to the land below. Ditches are now constructed which bring water from Thomes Creek to lands at Corning, Tehama County; at Orland, Glenn County, from Stony Creek; and at Woodland, Yolo County, from Cache Creek. On the east side, commencing in Shasta County, large creeks flow into the river from the Sierras, at convenient intervals, through all the counties on that side, until the American River in Sacramento County is reached. The map shows the frequency of these streams. There is ample water for the most complete irrigation of all the lands. Water underlies the valley everywhere,

at varying depths of from fifteen to fifty feet.

A striking and most valuable feature of these mountain creeks and rivers is the latent forces within them that may be cheaply, and are being largely set free by electrical plants. These

Power Possibilities.

streams above the valley have a fall of from 50 to 100 feet per mile; often much greater. This power may be utilized and yet restore the water to the beds of the streams before reaching the valley, where it may be used for irrigation. Electric power plants are now in operation in Shasta, Tehama, Butte, Yuba, Placer, Nevada, and Sacramento Counties, of which mention will again be made. This power is being used for mining and milling purposes; for lighting towns and cities; operating machinery; pumping water; operating farm implements, and various other uses. I know of no region so highly favored in the respects last mentioned.

In the Sierras, from Siskiyou County to the American River, are the finest and most extensive forests of sugar and yellow pine, spruce and fir timber existing in the State, and some of the largest lumber and mining enterprises are carried on in these moun-



Peach Orchard Sacramento Valley.

tains. The forests of California are her crowning glory, not as sources of lumber for market, but as the great conservers of moisture and as the mother of our creeks and rivers. Intelligent use of this great blessing will give us assurance of unchanging climatic conditions and ample supply of timber for all possible purposes. Shasta County is the largest mineral producer in the State. The annual output in 1899 was \$4,661,980, since greatly increased, and Nevada comes next with \$2,231,898.

The two terminal points of shipments of fruit by rail from this valley to other States are Marysville and Sacramento. All points have the same car-load rates, but the account is kept from these two points. I have prepared a table for 1899 which will explain the magnitude of the export trade in fruits. Much fruit is sent to San Francisco and other points in the State for local consumption, which is not included in the table. As

oranges ripen earlier in Northern California than in the Southern part of the State (another of our climatic peculiarities), the table is not a fair index of the extent of the citrus culture in the Sacramento Valley for the reason that much of this fruit is consumed in the State.

To move this fruit a car must depart every hour of every day in the year.

Statistics for 1899 show that 26,283 car-loads of the above named articles were shipped out of the State by rail from Northern California (including the region north of Tehachapi Mountains; i. e., outside of what is known as Southern California). Over one-third of the whole went from the Sacramento Valley. When it is remembered that the fruit shipments from the San Joaquin Valley (where the bulk of our raisins are grown) from the extensive and highly developed Santa Clara Valley (where probably 70 per cent of our prunes are grown), and from the Sonoma and Napa Valleys, are included in the total of 26,283 car-loads, it will be seen that fruit culture in the Sacramento Valley has attained large

SHIPMENTS OF FRUIT OUT OF THE STATE BY RAIL, 1899.

Tons of 2000 Pounds.

Place of Shp'm't	Green Deciduous	Citrus	D-ied	Raisins	Nuts	Canned	All Kinds
Marysville.....	6,423	1,987	7,377	365	162	7,507	23,801
Sacramento.....	53,951	574	9,485	619	867	7,328	72,644
Total.....	60,374	2,341	16,862	984	1,049	14,835	96,445
Carloads.....	6,037.4	234.1	1,686.2	98.4	104.9	1,483.5	9,644.5

proportions, and yet the orchards occupy but a small part of its arable lands.

It should be observed that of the wine and brandy shipped out of the State by rail in 1899, there were 6,173 carloads of wine (ten tons each) from Northern California, and only 278 carloads from Southern California. Of brandy made from grapes, 354 carloads from Northern California and five from Southern California. Besides, there was shipped by sea from San Francisco 1679 carloads of wine and 34 of brandy, and 147 carloads of wine and brandy not segregated on way bills.

One of the great drawbacks to Northern California in the past has been the large individual land holdings. For example, nearly the entire river frontage in Colusa and Glenn Counties, running back from the river also many miles, was owned by two men—one having 40,000

Land no Longer Monopolized.

acres devoted entirely to wheat, and but one family residing on this vast domain. Other large tracts were held, not only in these counties but in nearly all the others. About the beautiful town of Chico lie some of the richest lands in the world, which have, like those referred to, and others, for all these years, been under the blight entailed upon the State everywhere by the confirmation of Mexican grants. The owners of these great ranchos were proud of their possessions, and were unwilling in their life time to yield them up. It is perhaps not to be marveled at, for these were principalities good to look upon, and gratified a not altogether unworthy ambition. But it was against nature and against the law of progress that this condition should continue uninterrupted. In Southern California the first breaking up of the great ranches began, and behold! beautiful towns and cities and colonies of happy homes on small areas have taken their place. In the San Joa-

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Mt. Lassen, (10,400 ft.) and Manzanita Lake (5,400 ft.), Shasta County. The lake is half a mile long, a quarter wide, and 80 feet deep.



A GROUP FROM NEVADA CITY.—1. A. D. Town's Residence. 2. Methodist Church. 3. Residence of Supervisor W. H. Martin. 4. Sutton's Dairy. 5. Dr. Hunt's Residence.

quin Valley, about the flourishing city of Fresno, immense sheep walks have been turned into shady boulevards, which form the boundaries of the extensive raisin vineyards that have made Fresno County famous. In the charming Santa Clara Valley, in the picturesque Vaca Valley of the Sacramento, and other places I might mention, a like transformation has occurred. This is what is soon to happen throughout the Sacramento Valley. The decline in wheat growing, and the consequent unprofitableness of farming on a large scale; the scythe of the Great Reaper; the mortgage and the Probate Court; have done or are doing their perfect work. Land which in former years could not be purchased at any price, is now on the market in any sized tracts desired, and at prices not much above the value assessed for taxation. Notably the forty-thousand acre Glenn ranch in Glenn County; the world-famous Bidwell ranch near Chico; the Wilson ranch in the same vicinity. In all the counties, particularly the counties north of the south tier, fine, productive land, improved and unimproved, is now on the market at prices no greater than similar lands sell for in settled portions of the Middle West.

There has never existed in this valley what may properly be termed a boom

Opportune Time to Purchase Land.

in land prices. When the wonderful movement took place in Southern California, and land went to enormous figures, land prices advanced here in sympathy with the high prices asked in the South, and naturally, because the advantages here were in every way equal to those in the South. The effect was to retard purchases here, and this, added to the incubus of large land holdings, resulted in slow growth at the north. Again, successful orchard planting here had a tendency to advance prices of unimproved contiguous land. This had a depressing effect. These conditions have entirely changed, and the time is now most opportune for investment in the Sacramento Valley. The presence of an orchard does not give a fictitious value to adjacent land. To show that there is room for

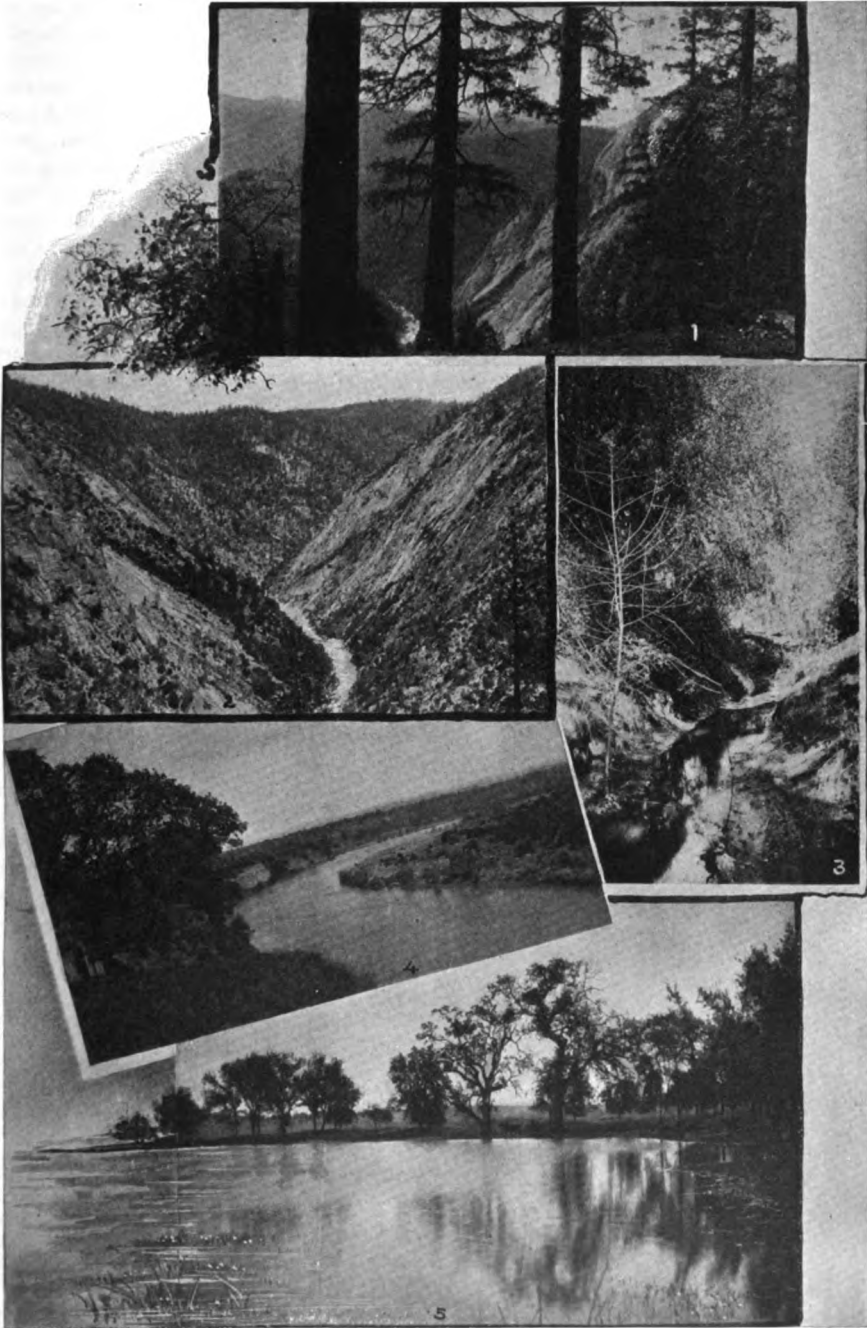
as many as may come, statistics show that we have a population of 191,901, occupying 17,995 square miles, which is nearly eleven persons to each section of 640 acres, and not less than 60 per cent of these reside in the cities and towns.

Much of the literature relating to the earlier phases of social life in California gave a very false impression of the existing state of civilization, which still exists to some degree. I know from the questions asked me by inquirers who write for information about California, that there is much doubt in the minds of many whether we have yet emerged from the state of semi-barbarism erroneously supposed to prevail during the exclusively gold-hunting period.

Presumably the citizens of a State that is the home of two great universities, whose public school system has received highest praise for liberality and advanced methods; in which are five State Normal schools; where free tuition is offered through all grades to the High School and through the State University, must have some conceptions of what is essential to a self-respecting and broad-minded people, and must themselves possess some of the attributes they would inspire in the youth. Sufficient to say that all the advantages which liberal appropriations of money and an intelligent selection of teachers can give, we possess in all parts of the State. In the establishment and support of church organizations, the Sacramento Valley has kept pace with other portions of the State. In all our towns and cities churches of the principal denominations are found. The charming out-door life keeps many away from active attendance at service, and no doubt this is noticeable by the visitor; but the church nevertheless has generous support.

I think our population gives greater encouragement to fraternal societies than in most States. These organizations have a sound moral basis, are charitable in their operation, and no one can doubt their helpful influence upon Society.

I have been frequently asked if Califor-



NATURE IN MOUNTAIN AND VALLEY.—1. Bald Rock, Butte County. 2. Canon at North Fork of Feather River, Butte County. 3. Ravine at Fair Oaks, Cal. 4. American River at Fair Oaks. 5 View of Fair Oaks, Cal.

nia offers inducements to young men and women. Emphatically I answer, Yes.

**The Place for
Young People.**

It is not necessary to say more as to young women than that young men cannot succeed in this world without them, and where young men go, there also should go young women. In a word, the region of the State, of whose resources and industries I am endeavoring to give some adequate description, offers almost every industrial occupation which can appeal to an aspiring or ambitious young man. The country, though a half century old, is practically virgin, when its future possibilities are considered. Whether the young man whom I, for the moment address, desires to engage in some one or more of the many forms of agriculture open to him here—fruit growing, gardening, stock raising, dairying, or general farming—whether he may prefer the alluring but somewhat illusive occupation of mining, or has the necessary capital and inclination to enter upon lumbering enterprises, or prefers merchandising and general business, or may wish to be in at the genesis of manufacturing soon to take high place among our industries, or is to be among the fortunate ones to share the profits of petroleum discoveries believed to be imminent in this valley—in short, if this young man desires to begin his career in a most promising but comparatively undeveloped country, and begin, too, on equal terms with those who have borne the heat and burden of the day, past and gone, and who are anxious to turn over to a younger and more vigorous manhood the great work before the inhabitants of one of the richest regions of the earth, let him come, and come quickly, and if he is possessed of good American pluck and genius, he will find in his calendar no such word as fail. The world is looking to the young men of the country as the leaders of great enterprises; all the large combinations of capital turn to young men for managers; young men are the active forces in the large railroad and industrial corporations of the present day. The aphorism—"Old men for counsel, young men for war." may be justly paraphrased— "Old men for

counsel, young men for all the great activities of life." I have a right to say this because I myself fall under the ban.

Having given a general description of the valley and presented facts applicable

alike to nearly the entire region, let us make an excursion into the several counties and remain long enough in each

**Industries
by Counties.**

to catch a glimpse of the prevailing or distinctive industries there to be found. Obviously this sketch must be brief and wholly inadequate as a detailed description. We will enter the counties by the Southern Pacific lines of railroad that approach us from the east, and confine our excursions to places thus reached, with occasional mention of regions off these lines of travel.

Nevada County does not exactly stand on end, but its eastern boundary, where we enter the State, —the summit of the Nevada County. Sierras — is 8,000

feet above sea-level, while its western and southern boundary has an elevation of only 600 feet. The population of this county is 17,789 and the area 958 square miles, of which 200,000 acres are agricultural, 60,000 grazing, and 350,120 forest land. I appropriate an excellent description given by the Grass Valley Morning Union:

"Thus it will be seen that Nevada County presents a varied and rugged surface, extending from the sandy plains of the Sacramento Valley to the snow-crowned crests of the Sierra Nevadas. The county is divided by the South Yuba River which crosses it in the northern central part, uniting with the middle Yuba near the western boundary. The western central portions of the county contain excellent agricultural, horticultural, and grazing land, and this section presents a pleasing scene to the tourist or home seeker. These sections are dotted with small valleys, containing the very finest of farming lands and wooded hillsides, with a large supply of fuel and fine rolling land, adapted to dairying and cattle raising. Along the western boundary citrus fruits grow to perfection, and the olive and other sub-tropical plants thrive well, and produce excellent crops. Through the central portion, where are located Nevada City and Grass Valley, the fruits of the temperate zone reach



CITRUS FRUIT GROWING IN BUTTE COUNTY.—1. Orange and Olive Orchard at Thermalito, Showing Table Mountain in distance. 2. Picking oranges at Palermo. 3. Picking lemons from young trees at Palermo. 4. Orange packing house at Oroville. 5. Irrigation ditch bringing water from the mountains. 6. Banana palm at Palermo.

the highest development in flavor. Especially is this true of the Bartlett pear. At an elevation of three thousand five hundred feet, as at Lower Hill, the apple attains a superiority not excelled in the world. The western section of the county is well provided with timber. The higher mountain regions are heavily timbered with forests of spruce, cedar, white and yellow, and sugar pine. The eastern portion of the county, or the Truckee basin, is where the timber wealth lies. Some of the largest saw mills on the coast are located in this basin. The temperature is comparatively mild during the year, in the middle portion, although from the different altitudes, extremes of temperature may be witnessed at all seasons. Thus, when summer days are warmest at the southwestern end of the county, the nights will be extremely chilly at the east end, where the bleak Sierras raise their snowy peaks. The nights are always cool and agreeable, even during the warmest days of summer. In Nevada City and Grass Valley there are but few days when the thermometer registers over 80 deg., and in winter it seldom falls below the freezing point. On the eastern side in the Truckee Basin, the thermometer often falls below zero, at times registering 40 deg., thus making the harvesting of ice profitable. It is the infinite variety of climate, difference of elevation and picturesqueness of the landscapes that Nevada County presents, which make it particularly inviting as a home, and attractive to tourists."

The chief sources of the county's wealth are neither its ice-ponds nor its timber lands nor its agricultural products, but its mining actualities and possibilities. It is curious to note that in one end of the county natural ice is frozen for market while oranges are grown in the other end. An estimate of the gold product from 1849 to 1880 gives a yield of \$159,800,000, of which 105 millions came from the placer or gravel mines and the balance from quartz ledges. The aggregate to the present time is not far from 215 millions. Legislation and litigation have greatly interfered with placer mining in recent years, but it has resulted in increasing development of quartz mining, which is always the more permanent source of wealth. There are many beautiful lakes in the mountains, and charming summer resorts. Entering the county by the Central Pacific's overland railroad, the track winds around the mountain slopes in full view of Donner Lake, the scene of one of the most

pathetic tragedies attending the struggles of the argonauts of '49. Passing Truckee you are not long in arriving at Colfax, where you must stop and take the Narrow Gauge road to Nevada City, the county seat. You are then within two or three miles of the neighboring city of Grass Valley. These are both flourishing cities of several thousand inhabitants each. The two principal mining districts take the names of these cities. Some idea may be formed of their extent and importance when I tell you that in the edition of the paper to which I have referred, there is a description given of fifty-four quartz mines in the Grass Valley District, some of which are large producers and are known throughout the mining world, and all worthy of notice. In the Nevada City District, thirty-one are catalogued, and among these are some famous mines. Many drift gravel mines are also in this district, making excellent returns. The other principal towns are Truckee, Boca, North Bloomfield, Graniteville, North San Juan, and many other more or less important towns the centers of other mining districts and mining enterprises. Chicago Park is a modern place, on the Narrow Gauge road, where is located an Eastern colony, engaged in fruit growing. All parts of the county are finely watered; mining and irrigation ditches are seen everywhere, winding like serpents around rocky bluffs and along sunny slopes, at intervals furnishing extensive power plants.

Returning to Colfax, and resuming our journey on the Central Pacific, we are soon at Auburn, the county-seat of Placer County, elevation

Placer County. 1360 feet. Population of the county, 15,786; agricultural lands, 298,000 acres; grazing, 200,000; forest, 250,000. Like Nevada County, Placer has its eastern boundary in the high Sierras, and embraces the northern arm of the wonderfully beautiful Lake Tahoe, and the western boundary is well down in the Sacramento Valley. The railroad enters the county at Summit—elevation 7,000 feet—and in seventy miles Auburn is reached by a grade of nearly 100 feet to the mile.



The Source



The irrigation ditch



The Orchard

IRRIGATION IN NORTHERN CALIFORNIA.

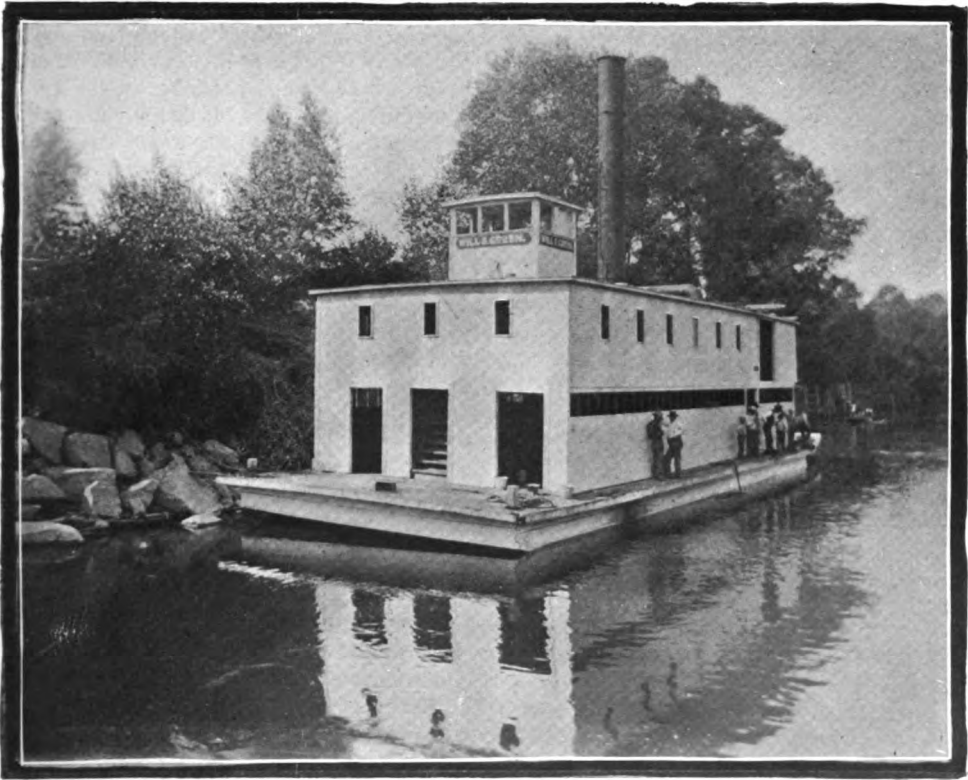
It is a wonderful ride down this noble mountain, and some marvelous engineering problems have found their early solution in the construction of the road as it winds in and out of great canyons and along the mountain slopes, where, on the lower sides are steep declivities hundreds of feet below. A famous instance is Cape Horn, overlooking the Grand Canyon of the American River. As one descends the scenery becomes more rugged and the towns more numerous. The quaint old mining towns, with their healthful climate and sparkling mountain water, are yearly becoming more noted as summer resorts, while the mining industry continues a prosperous one. A little lower and one enters the fruit belt, where citrus and deciduous fruits, nuts and grapes flourish to a remarkable degree, and mining is also a source of wealth. Going still further, the traveler will leave the foothills and find more sandy soil, rock quarries, and wheat fields, while interspersed are numerous thrifty orchards and vineyards. The "Promised Land" described in Deuteronomy had many of the characteristics of Placer County, if we may judge by the following: "For the Lord thy God bringeth thee into a good land; a land of brooks of water, of fountains, and depths that spring out of valleys and hills; a land of wheat and barley, and vines and fig trees, and pomegranates; a land of olive oil and honey; a land wherein thou shalt not lack anything in it; a land whose stones are iron, and out of whose hills thou mayest dig brass." A writer in the Sacramento Record-Union has truthfully said: "The County of Placer is probably the most favorably situated of any foot-hill county in California. The peculiar advantages this section possesses over all others consist in these: It has a soil that will raise all kinds of temperate and some kinds of tropical fruits. It has granite quarries containing a character of rock in point of solidity and lasting permanency unequalled in the State. Its timber belt in the northern part is practically inexhaustible. It has potter-clay beds at Lincoln, which make the best quality of terra-cotta ware, and the most substantial bricks are made here. The mining field is extensive, and

a large portion of it has scarcely been prospected. In size, Placer County is somewhat larger than the State of Rhode Island. As to its resources the State Mineralogist tersely says: "The whole Atlantic sea-board can hardly equal the endless variety to be found within the borders of this small county, which rivals Florida in the quality of its oranges, excels New Jersey in peaches, equals the New England States in its granite quarries, and compares favorably with Maine in the quality of its lumber." Characteristic of Placer County around Newcastle, Auburn, and Penryn, is the early ripening of fruit. This region and Yuba Valley, Solano County, are competitors for first fruit shipments. The Newcastle oranges have a distinct reputation East. I recently met a gentleman residing in Lincoln, Nebraska, who told me that so long as he could get them, he bought no oranges except from Newcastle. As indicating the diversity of Placer's productions, the Assessor's office shows a considerable quantity of cereals, live stock (30,000 head of sheep and 7,000 head of cattle among them), large acreage in fruit trees of all kinds, of which 10,000 acres are in peaches; 1,200 in plums and prunes; 260 in olives; 220 in oranges; 1,200 in table and raisin grapes, etc.; hops, 50 acres. The Assessor's figures are generally below the maximum. Extensive lumber operations are carried on, and so of mining. At Lincoln are large pottery works, where are turned out quantities of drain and sewer pipe, flower-pots, tile, ornamental, pressed and glazed brick, terra cotta work of all description, and in short nearly every design ornamental and useful, that comes from a well-equipped pottery supplied with ample means and exceptionally fine quality of clay. The granite quarries are an important source of wealth to the county.

Indications lead to the opinion that petroleum will be found in Western Placer, and wells are now being bored. There are several large electrical plants in the county. Irrigation is generally resorted to in the orchards. As a health resort, Auburn has great favor, especially with those who suffer from kidney or pulmonary troubles. The city is sit-

uated on hills and vales—the latter 1000 feet elevation; the former 1,200 to 1,300. No more picturesque situation can anywhere be found. An eminent German writer, a resident of Minnesota, visited the county not long since, and being solicited to give his unbiased impressions replied in terms not only applicable to Placer County, but substantially to the whole valley. He said: "Once a year, in the spring-time, every country in the world has a few weeks of beauty; with

portunity to move into a winterless climate, and, my word for it, many of them will be citizens of this State before another year rolls round. Why should a man," he very pertinently asks, "who has small means, and is striving to rear and educate a family of children, live in Minnesota, Wisconsin, or Dakota, when the same investment here would add twice as much prosperity and happiness? Why should he pass a four-months' winter in-doors, burning expensive fuel,



Floating Pumping Plant. Pumping for Irrigation on the Sacramento River.

you, however, it seems to be one perpetual spring and summer, the distinguishing characteristics of the seasons blend together in such a manner that they come and go imperceptibly. I am satisfied that my people will be satisfied with this country. They never have lived in such a climate, they have never had such opportunity to secure a cheap home, they never before have had an op-

portunity to move into a winterless climate, and, my word for it, many of them will be citizens of this State before another year rolls round. Why should a man," he very pertinently asks, "who has small means, and is striving to rear and educate a family of children, live in Minnesota, Wisconsin, or Dakota, when the same investment here would add twice as much prosperity and happiness? Why should he pass a four-months' winter in-doors, burning expensive fuel,

when at the same time he could be plowing and sowing his grain in this section in his shirt-sleeves, and his stock, instead of being housed and fed frozen vegetables, be grazing on your green hillsides: This seems like an over-drawn picture. It is, you will admit, not overdrawn on your side, and if you will spend next winter with me in St. Paul, I will prove to you that I am not putting it too strongly

about my own section. Your lands are cheap, your railroad facilities good, and still extending, your fruits delicious, and your climate delightful." I invite careful consideration of the points made by this gentleman, for they must come home to thousands of people in the East whom we invite to come among us.

To show the distribution of the orchards in the county and the shipments of fresh fruit in a single year, it has been ascertained that for the season of 1900 there were sent East 1,640 car-loads of 26,000 pounds each. In small lots by local freight and express, 134 cars additional, making in all 1,774 car-loads, or 23,062 tons. Of the car-load shipments, 6 went from Lincoln, 11 from Roseville, 14 from Dutch Flat, 56 Colfax, 80 Auburn, 219 Penryn, 334 Loomis, and 920 from Newcastle. But we must not longer remain in picturesque Placer.

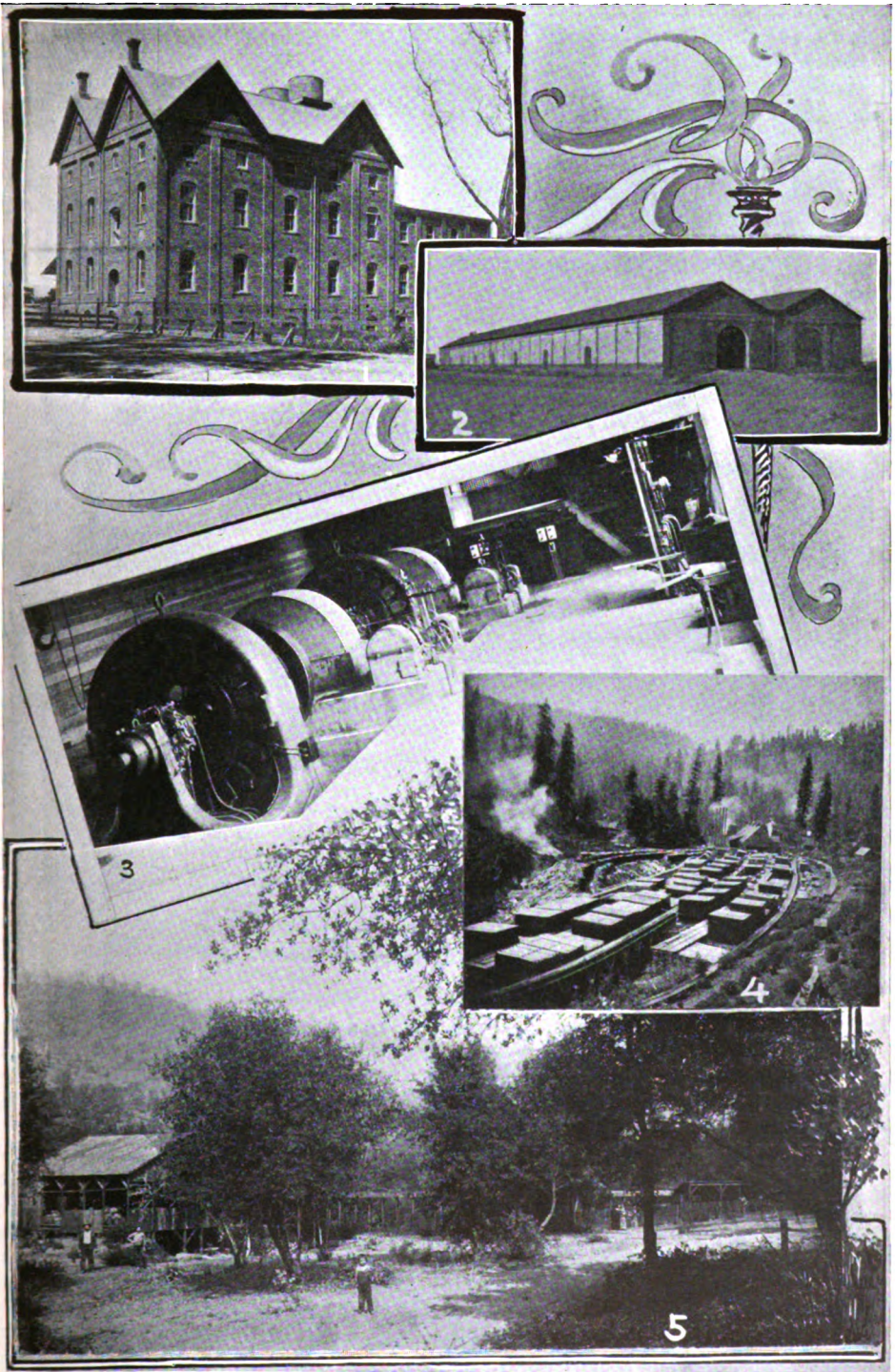
A few hours from Auburn brings us to the city of Sacramento, State capital,—

population of the
county, 45,915; of
Sacramento County, the city, 29,282. Of
the 619,520 acres of
land in the county,
about 600,000 are re-

ported as agricultural, the largest proportion of any county in the group. The land is generally level, excepting the eastern and northeastern parts, which are somewhat rolling. The Sacramento river, the largest water-course in the State, forms the west boundary from north to south; the American River crosses the upper portion of the county from east to west; the Cosumnes River runs through the eastern part, and on the south is the Mokelumne River. It will be seen that unlimited water supply is given to this county; its utilization is shown in part by the fact that 10,000 acres are in alfalfa (a plant requiring plenty of water). About 40,000 acres in the county are under irrigation. The diversified agricultural products are attested by the following facts, as shown by official reports: *Cereals*—wheat, acres, 108,000; barley, 13,800; oats, 92,000; corn 980; hay, 62,000. *Other Products*—Hops, 1,800; asparagus, 1,000. *Live Stock*—Sheep, 23,300; cattle, 13,680; horses, 8,100; mules, 590; large dairying inter-

ests, including two creameries. *Fruit*—Acres, apples, 72; apricots, 660; cherries, 141; figs, 41; peaches, 1,622; pears, 1,270; prunes, 1,900; almonds, 640; walnuts, 33; oranges, 370; lemons, 41; wine grapes 11,470; raisin grapes, 700; table grapes, 7,200. *Poultry*—One of the few counties in the valley in which poultry raising has assumed any proportions; it is a large and profitable industry; there are about one million fowls in the county. Irrigation is practiced on much of the fruit lands, both upland and river bottoms. The rivers and creeks run the whole year; land is irrigated largely also by pumping from wells; water in abundance is found at the depth of 20 to 50 feet. Cost of water per annum per acre by ditch or pipe line is: Vines, \$3.00; deciduous trees, \$4.00; citrus trees, \$5.00. Lake Tahoe is the chief mountain resort, 133 miles by rail. All our mountain streams abound in trout, and fine shooting is found in all the counties—both large and small game. In the Sacramento River are found many food fishes—salmon being chief, and running to its head-waters. Some years ago shad were planted, and now as high up as Red Bluff this delicious fish may be had in quantities greater and at prices cheaper than in the waters of the Atlantic. In Sacramento county are two thriving colonies—Fair Oaks and Orangevale, where about 6,000 acres are subdivided in small tracts. Small tracts in other parts of the county are obtainable. Prices, owing to the central location and quicker and larger local markets, are somewhat higher than in the counties further north or than in Placer or Nevada. Unimproved land is reported to me at the following prices: Upland, \$25.00 per acre; but land under water-pipe system and possessing other advantages sells for \$50.00 to \$150.00 per acre.

Fruit packing and canning is carried on to a large extent in this county, principally at Sacramento. In 1900 there were packed in the county, 230,000 dozen cans of fruit and 90,000 dozen cans of asparagus. The growing of asparagus is exceedingly profitable. There are three lines bringing electrical power to the Capital City, furnishing city lights and supplying nearly all the industries in the city. The horse-power generated is



BUTTE COUNTY.—1. Flour mill. 2. Grain Warehouse. 3. Dynamos. 4. Sawmill. 5. Paint Mill.

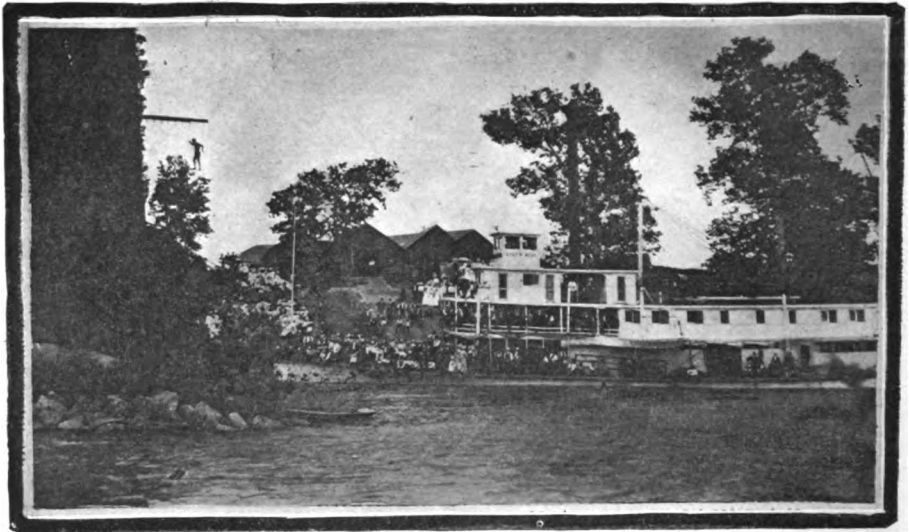
10,000. I quote from a pamphlet describing the resources of the county:

"Water Power—On the American River, 20 miles northeast from the city of Sacramento, is built a great dam, which is the first attempt to introduce the use of water-power upon a large scale within the State. The dam is constructed entirely of granite blocks, having a width at the top of 24 feet, at the bottom 87 feet, a height of 89 feet, and 650 feet long; stability, 7,979 tons. The powerhouse to utilize this great force of nature has six immense turbine wheels. This power is transmitted to the city of Sacramento as a propelling power for its

long-distance transmission, and supplies arc and incandescent lights and day-power. The rates for electric current are probably lower at the present time in Sacramento than anywhere else in the world."

Natural gas has been developed and is now being used in Sacramento for light and fuel; indications of petroleum also exist.

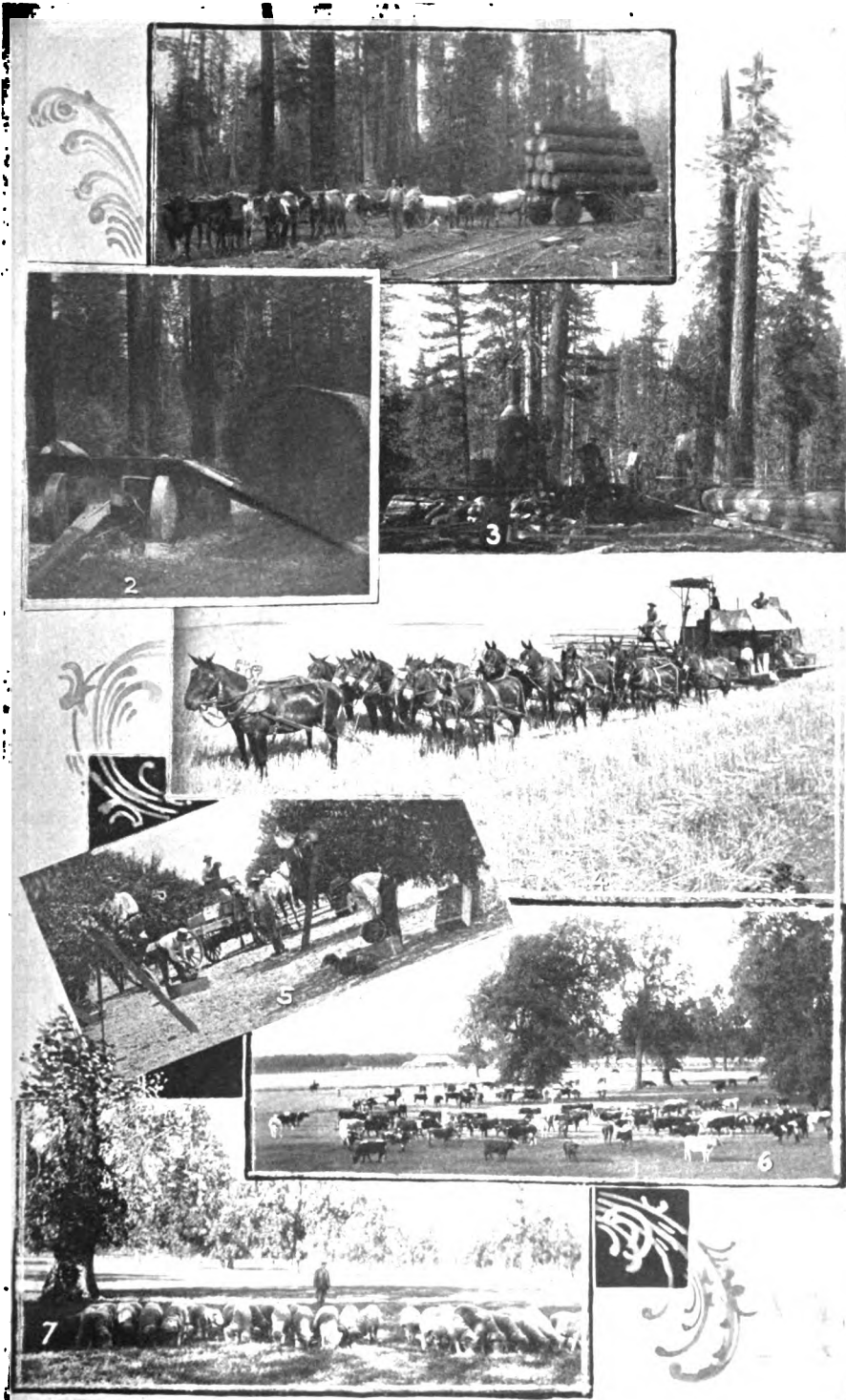
The Southern Pacific Company has extensive shops in this city, employing three thousand men. Sacramento is the largest city in the valley, and is a place of much commercial importance, and as the Capital of the State is a political



A Summer Camp near summit of Coast Range. Altitude 6,500 feet.

street-car system, and has been substituted for steam-power in mills and factories wherever available and desirable. Another source of power is the immense storage system of the South Yuba Water Company, in whose thirty-one reservoirs on the Divide and in the foot-hills of the Sierra Nevadas, two billion cubic feet of water are stored during the rainy season. Certain drops in altitude on the canals, in the towns of Auburn and Newcastle, are utilized to develop power, by pressure pipe lines and tangential wheels. Of this the Central California Electrical Company brings in 1,500 horse-power by

center. It is called the "Convention City," on account of its central location making it popular as a place for holding large assemblages. The State has at the Capitol building an extensive miscellaneous library, and one of the best law libraries in the Union. The public buildings rank high architecturally, and fairly express the civilization of our State. The park surrounding the Capitol is of great beauty, and is the pride of the city. A large wholesale business is done in the city, which is also the center of a large general trade, and the city is growing steadily in importance and



TEHAMA COUNTY.—1. Transporting Logs. 2. Loading logs on a truck. 3. Donkey engine chuting up logs. 4. Combined Harvester. 5. Picking peaches in Maywood Colony. 6. Cattle Raising. 7. A band of full-blooded Marino bucks.

wealth. Manufacturing is also carried on here, probably more than in any other city in the State, outside of San Francisco. It has an art gallery containing a collection of paintings and other works of art valued at over half a million dollars, and with the gallery is connected a school of design. The art gallery was the gift of Mrs. E. B. Crocker.

The social, religious, and educational advantages of the city are all that need be desired. The general Government has a building here which is a handsome edifice, containing accommodations for the Post-office Department, U. S. Land Office, Internal Revenue Department, and Uni-

ted States Weather Bureau. The location of Sacramento (practically on tide-water), the center of our railroad system, in the heart of the most productive region of the State, convenient for the cheap utilization of electrical power, with ample local capital and an enterprising population—these combine to give reasonable assurance that the city will become one of the chief commercial and manufacturing marts of the State. The climate of Sacramento is substantially the same as that of other parts of the valley. James A. Barwick, Weather Bureau Observer at this place, prepared the following illustrative table for a long period of years, including 1898:

	Average Winter Temp	Average Spring Temp.	Average Summer Temp.	Average Autumn Temp.	Average Yearly Temp.	Highest Temp.	Lowest Temp.	Clear Days.
Florence.....	44.3	56 0	74.0	60.7	58.8
Pisa.....	46.4	57.2	75 2	62.8	60.4
Genoa.....	44 9	58 6	75 0	63.0	60 4
San Remo.....	46 9	57.3	72 4	61.9	60.1	85	25	218
Mentone.....	49 0	58 3	73 9	62.5	60 9	85	23	214
Nice.....	47 8	54 2	72 3	61 6	59 5	229
Cannes.....	49 5	57 4	73 1	61.0	60 2	85	20
Average in Italy.....	47.3	57.3	73 7	61.9	60.0	85	20	220
Average in Sacramento County.....	47.0	60.0	75 0	61.0	61.0	†110	*19	238

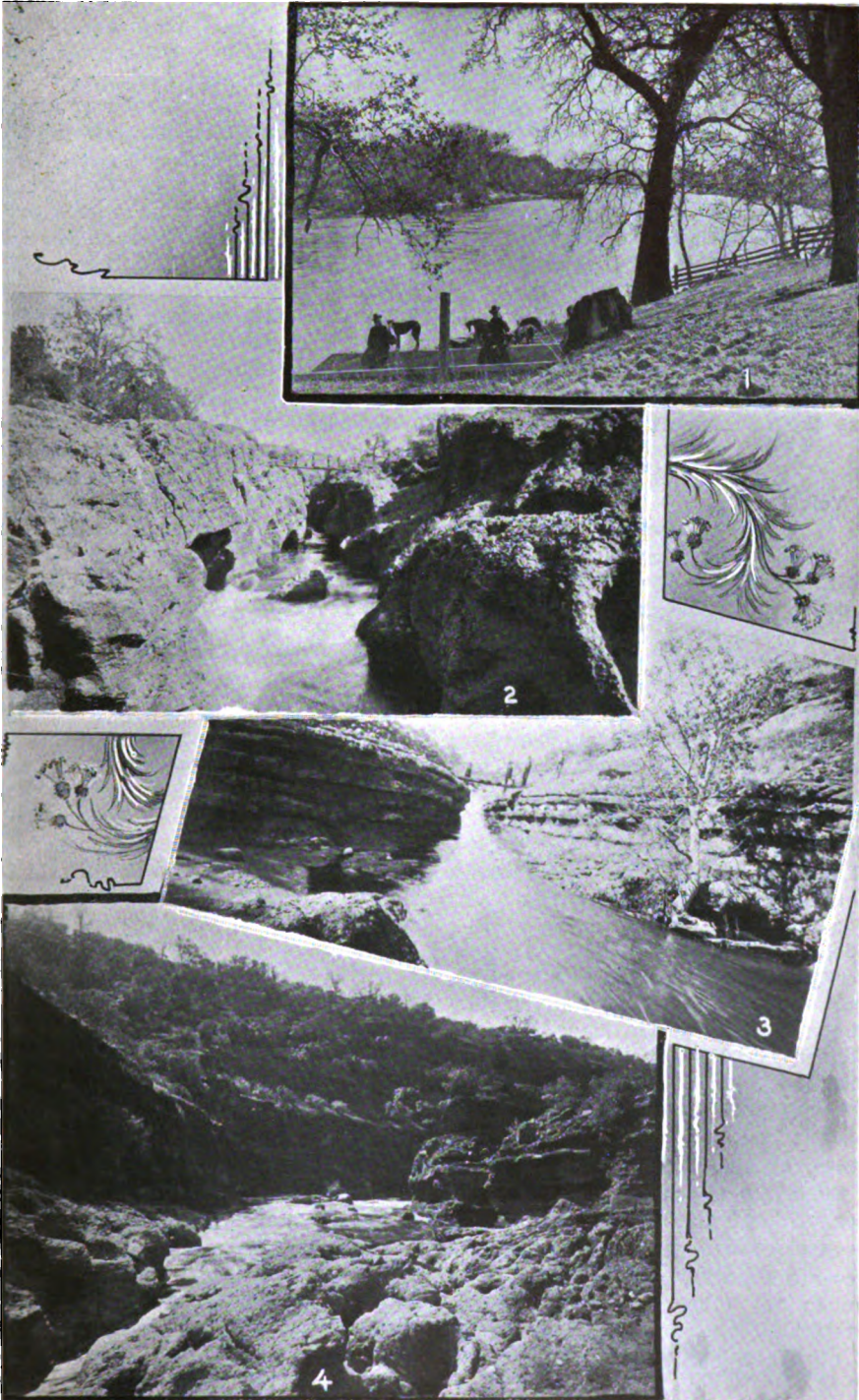
†Occurred but once in fifty-five years.

*Occurred but twice in fifty years—once in January, 1854, and once in January, 1888.

As showing what preponderance of clear sunny days is here enjoyed over the places named below, representing the climate of eleven States situated on the same line of latitude, as also the record of lowest temperatures, the following table, compiled from official sources, has been prepared:

PLACES.	Mean Winter Temperature	Highest Winter Temperature	Lowest Winter Temperature	Clear Days in Winter.....	Fair Days in Winter.....	Cloudy Days in Winter.....	Precipitation in Winter, inches	Average Annual Number of Clear Days.....	Average Annual Number of Rainy Days.....	Average Rain-fall for Year Inches.....
Sacramento, Cal.....	48	74	19	39	28	23	11 85	238	68	20
Washington, D. C.....	35	78	5	21	38	31	9 62	105	128
New York, N. Y.....	32	69	6	22	36	32	10 25	104	126
Columbus, O.....	32	72	20	13	32	45	11.00	97	150
Chicago, Ill.....	28	68	21	21	36	33	8 56	108	136
St. Louis, Mo.....	34	74	22	25	33	32	7 74	122	115
Cincinnati, O.....	36	73	17	18	31	41	11 51	89	141
Philadelphia, Pa.....	33	75	6	20	36	34	9 21	107	118
Baltimore, Md.....	30	78	7	22	30	29	9 44	104	133
Memphis, Tenn.....	43	79	9	25	29	36	15 77	129	122
Vicksburg, Miss.....	50	83	1	24	31	35	16 69	126	107
Savannah, Ga.....	53	80	8	32	28	30	10 00	121	120
Louisville, Ky.....	37	78	14	19	31	40	13 44	106	121
Atlanta, Ga.....	46	74	8	26	32	32	19 16	122	141

A dash, thus (—), before a figure indicates temperature below zero.



NATURAL SCENERY: TEHAMA COUNTY—1. Scene on Sacramento River (ferry). 2. Mill Creek Power Site. 3. Mill Creek Power Site. 4. Mill Creek Power Site.

It will interest the intending fruit grower to know the rates of transportation to the East. The carload rate is uniform from all railroad points of shipment. I give the figures in this connection once for all:

Dried Fruit, minimum weight 24,000 pounds, Chicago, New York and Boston:

In boxes, \$1.00 per hundred pounds

In sacks, \$1.20 per hundred pounds.

Deciduous Fresh Fruits, carloads, Minimum weight, 26,000 pounds:

To Chicago, \$1.25 per hundred pounds

New York, 1.50 per hundred pounds

Boston, 1.56 per hundred pounds

Resuming our journey westward, we cross the Sacramento River on a fine steel combination railroad and wagon

Yolo County. bridge, and find ourselves at once in Yolo County. For

several miles we pass through what are known as tule lands, of which there are about 100,000 acres in this county. These lands are exceedingly rich and productive naturally, but being subject to the overflow of the Sacramento River are used mainly for grazing when the water is off. Plans for reclamation are projected, and doubtless ere long this fine body of land will be added to the 400,000 rich agricultural lands of the county, and will add many millions to its wealth and thousands to its population. Add 150,000 acres of hill and mountain grazing lands, and we have the area of the county about 1017 square miles. Yolo is an exceptionally fine county. Let me catalogue some of its productions:

Wheat, 250,000 acres; barley and oats, 60,000; hay, 20,000. Irrigation is practiced, as the 25,000 acres of alfalfa will attest.

Hops, 1,000 acres; vegetables (including the celery and asparagus beds), 5,000 acres.

Fruit Trees—22,000 acres, of which 5,000 acres are almonds, probably much more than in any other one county in the State; 4,000 acres of oranges, lemons, and olives, each of which thrives especially in Capay Valley; 2,500 acres vineyard, about equally divided between wine, raisin, and table grapes.

Live Stock—Sheep, 30,000; cattle, 15,

000; horses and mules, 8,500.

Dairy Industry—This industry is the growth of about five years, a fact which shows how reluctant our farmers have been to adopt new methods of utilizing soil and climate. Conditions here are most favorable. Water is available for irrigation, and alfalfa grows most luxuriantly, and yet through a long period of depression in the prices of wheat the Yolo farmer, as in all the other counties, has been slow to adopt some substitute for wheat culture. The growth of the dairy industry has been greater around Woodland than elsewhere in the county, although an extensive creamery has been found necessary at Knight's Landing. The daily supply of milk at Woodland is 20,000 pounds and is increasing gradually. A skimming station five miles north at Cacheville has become an established industry, and here forty patrons deliver their milk. In one year the Woodland Creamery turned out 257,876 pounds of butter, which averaged 22 cents per pound for the year. I have not the figures for the Knight's Landing Creamery, but it is a close second to Woodland. To illustrate the situation in the Sacramento Valley, I frequently purchase Woodland Creamery butter in Red Bluff, Tehama County, where we should export, not import, this article of home consumption. Yolo is exceptional also in its attention to the poultry industry, which is quite extensive around Woodland and Winters. There are about 2000 bee hives in the county. Here again is one of the economies of the farm greatly neglected by farmers. With every condition favorable most of our honey comes from Southern California.

Strawberries are becoming one of the chief productions (in a limited way) and are furnished to the market as late as the middle of November. About 5,000 acres of land suitable for fruit culture are reported as available in small tracts at from \$20 to \$150 per acre, unimproved. Most of this land is near Winters (see map), some in Capay Valley, and other parts of Western Yolo.

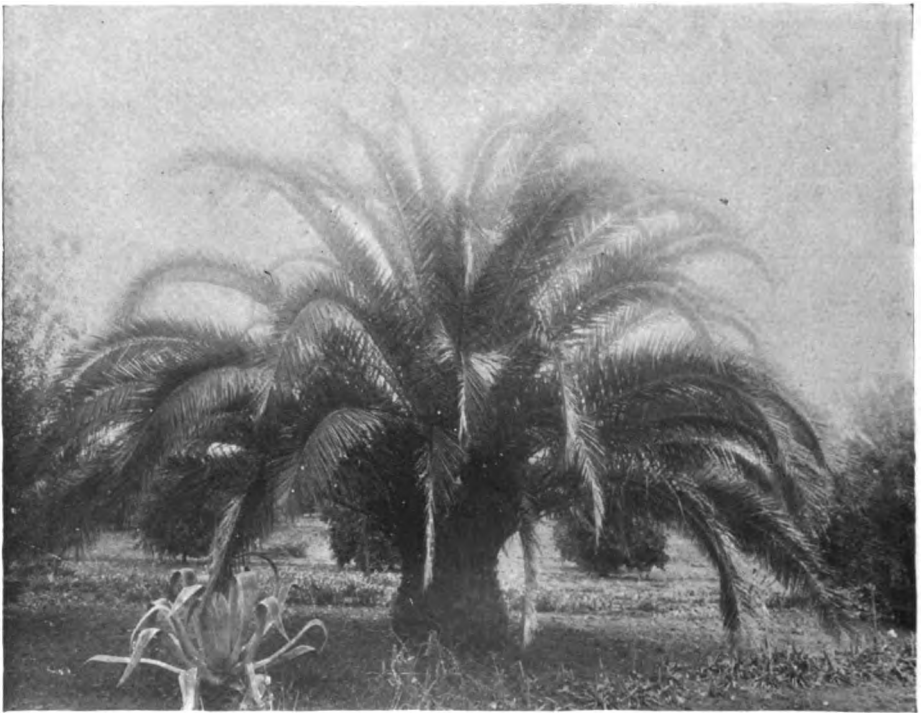
Average winter temperature at this point is 48.3 degrees; summer, 77.7 degrees; annual, 62.8 degrees; highest, 102 degrees; lowest, 20 degrees. Lowest rain-



PUBLIC BUILDINGS.—1. Hall of Records, Yolo County. 2. Convent at Colusa. 3. High School, Placer County. 4. Court House, Placer County. 5. High School left, Grammar School right, Vacaville, Solano County.

fall here in last ten years, 10.26 inches; highest, 26.75; average, 16.59—less here than at Sacramento or the upper valley. This portion of the county feels the influence of trade winds from the ocean—hence the high temperature is less. In Woodland there is a winery, an olive oil pickling plant, and many fruit packing establishments. The first raisins were produced for the markets abroad, near here, by Dr. R. B. Blowers—gone to his rest, but of precious memory to all who

forty-five sections of land in the vicinity of Woodland. A concrete dam across Cache Creek is contemplated which will greatly increase the supply. Excellent sites for storage of water in reservoirs have been located on the heads of the streams. Pumping plants operating wells for water are also resorted to with success. In Capay Valley a large portable pumping plant moves from point to point and raises water to the orchards from Cache Creek. In this valley is located



A Date Palm, Butte County.

had the happiness to personally know him.

Irrigation is practiced in this county though not to the extent possible or profitable. There is enough water in Cache Creek and in other streams in the county, taken from this source, to irrigate 100,000 acres of land. The chief irrigation system is the Moore's Ditch, which passes through and touches

the Esparto Colony, fourteen miles west of Woodland, reached by macadamized roads and rail from Elmira. These lands are what was formerly known as the Bonyng tract (about 2000 acres of the Rancho Canada de Capay Grant). The location is on Cache Creek, an important stream, which is the only outlet of Clear Lake. The lake country was formerly volcanic, and the soil is composed of the

richest materials thrown out and mixed together by heat and other forces of nature—as we are told by an article written by one of a party of scientists in the employ of the United States Government several years ago. This rich detritus has been brought down by the spring floods for ages through the narrow canyons of the river, and as soon as the waters escaped from their confinement, spread out, and this rich material has settled here, and formed land that has no superior for strength and productiveness.

The places sold have been planted with all kinds of deciduous fruits. The orange and lemon make as good a showing as the best localities in the State. Early frosts are rare in the country around Esparto, so that the products are marketed much earlier than in some other parts of the valley. Clear Lake, of which Cache Creek is the outlet, about forty miles distant from Esparto, at an elevation above that point of 1640 feet (about thirty-eight feet fall to the mile), is a large body of water ten miles wide and thirty-five miles long. This great water and electric power cannot long remain undeveloped, and when the real development commences, this part of the county will be specially benefited. The Capay Valley lies near the Coast Range of mountains, along Cache Creek, and is an extremely beautiful region. Perhaps this outline sketch is as much as should be given space to show the general conditions of Yolo's industries.

We have many counties yet to visit, and cannot linger in beautiful Yolo, charming as nature has made it. Woodland is the county seat; the other towns are Yolo, Winters, Blacks, Capay, and Washington.

Resuming again our journey westward at Davisville, we enter Solano County upon crossing Putah

Creek, pass through Tremont, the brisk town of Dixon, Batavia, and are shortly at Elmira. Before going on further to the bay cities of Vallejo, Benicia, Fairfield, and Suisun, we must make a short excursion to Vaca Valley by a branch railroad line which leads through Vacaville, Solano County, and on northwest through

Winters, Capay, terminating at Rumsey, on Cache Creek, Yolo County. Look at the map and notice the relation of this country to this creek and to Clear Lake (whose outlet is Cache Creek), not far away, in Lake County, the Switzerland of California. In many respects Solano County possesses exceptional advantages, chief among which are rich lands and nearness and accessibility to the metropolis of the Pacific Coast. It has tide-water navigation at Suisun and Vallejo. The principal towns are Vallejo, 8,000 inhabitants; Benicia, 3,200; Vacaville, 1,350; Fairfield (the county-seat), and Suisun. The county contains 24,143 inhabitants. It will be seen from the map that it has a frontage on San Pablo Bay and Suisun Bay of many miles. Area of county, 911 square miles, of which are reported: 93,060 in wheat; 800 oats; 41,730 barley; 290 flax. Sugar beets, 2,750 acres.

The Fruit Industry is given in trees, which, calculated at 100 to the acre, gives: 3,086 acres of apricots; 379 cherry; 53 figs; 3,087 peaches; 2,035 pears; 2,559 prunes; 984 plums; 973 almonds; 65 walnuts; 820 wine grapes; raisin and table grapes, 318.

Live Stock—Given in values: Sheep, \$48,108; cattle, \$202,965; horses, \$51,812; mules, 61,333; hogs, \$10,580. Dairying industry is somewhat developed along the Sacramento River, and is increasing. Poultry interests valued at \$6,258. These figures are taken from the assessment roll, and fall, I think, much short of actual facts. Irrigation is not very much practiced. There is a large body of tide or tule lands in the county, used for cattle grazing. Incidentally it may be mentioned that the game preserves on these lands furnish fine shooting. There are several packing houses at Suisun, Vacaville, and Benicia; a cannery at Vacaville; a tannery and extensive works for manufacture of agricultural machinery at Benicia, and here also are the Government arsenal, and a military post. Most of the storage warehouses for grain shipments by sea are at Port Costa, opposite Benicia. Fishing is quite an industry—the salmon catch and other fishing in the bays and along the Sacramento River amounting to a considerable sum. The Gov-



1. Palms below Redding, 265 miles from San Francisco. 2. Vallejo Public School. 3. Church in Chico. 4. Court House, Placerville. 5. State Normal School, Chico, Butte County. 6. High School at Oroville, Butte County, where school children have oranges. 7. Roman Catholic Church of St. Vincent, Vallejo. 8. I. O. O. F. Home, Thermalito.

ernment Navy Yard at Mare Island is in this county, and many of the artisans there employed reside in Vallejo. This splendid Governmental establishment, constantly increasing in importance, is a source of positive strength and wealth to Solano County, and gives employment to several thousand skilled artisans.

The Bay of San Francisco and its accessory bays, is of such magnitude and possesses so much interest to anyone who is looking toward California as a future home, that I have given in these pages a very fine representation of it.

The Bay Counties Power Company have just made a successful test at Vallejo of its long line for transmitting electricity, which is hereafter to be lighted and furnished with power through this means. The source of this power is Yuba River, 120 miles distant from Vallejo. The line will be extended to the city of Oakland, crossing the Straits of Carquinez at Benicia.

There are some delightful sub-valleys in this county, where the fruit industry is highly developed and which furnish the earliest fruit for market. These valleys are openings in the rolling hills, which constitute a distinctive feature of the county. Suisun Valley is one of these, but Vaca Valley is an especially notable example. Not many years ago this charming nook of some 5,000 acres looking southeast on to San Pablo Bay, but sheltered by a range of hills on the west and southwest, was a grain and stock farm. It has undergone the same transformation which occurred at Riverside, Fresno, and some other places in the State, and now there is a population of two or three thousand, and hundreds of happy and prosperous families enjoy comfort and ease, and many of them the luxuries of affluence, where cattle and sheep once roamed unvexed. There are some lands in the county open to purchase in small tracts at \$25 to \$150 per acre.

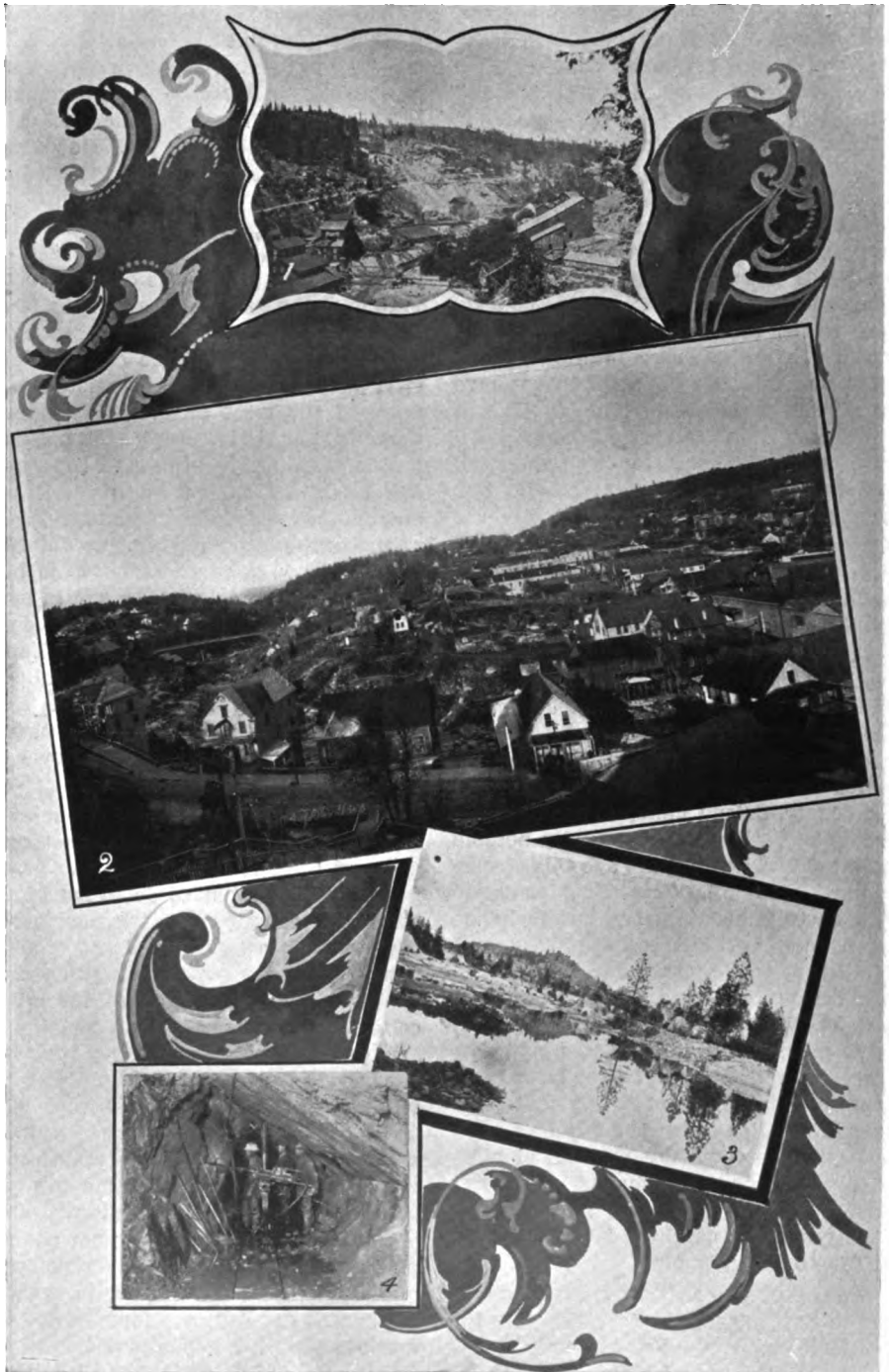
We will now retrace our steps. Returning to Sacramento, we take the cars for

Yuba County, passing through Lincoln,

Yuba County. in Placer County, and Wheatland, in

Yuba County, and we shall see near Reed as we go a large flourishing orange grove

of about 100 acres, just coming into bearing. We arrive at the city of Marysville, the county-seat and one of the oldest and most widely known cities in this part of this State, with a population of 3,397, more than one-third that of the county. The other principal towns of the county are Wheatland, on the railroad, 1,200 population; Smartsville, 500; Camptonsville, 500; and Brown's Valley, 250, all in the eastern part of the county. Marysville is at the junction of the Yuba River with the Feather River, the latter being the west boundary of the county. This city, in its history, is associated with some of the most striking incidents of the earlier life in California, and has been the home of many of the most prominent men in the State. It has always had and still has a commanding influence in the affairs of the Upper Sacramento Valley. It has controlled quite an extensive jobbing trade in the mining regions, and in more recent years has been the storm center of the struggle between the hydraulic miners and the farmers in the valley—a struggle the bitterness of which I am happy to say has in a large measure, if not entirely passed away, and never involved, I am also glad to state, any very large portion of the valley people. It is to the credit of our citizenship that in spite of the great losses to the gravel miner by the ultimate decisions of the courts, he submitted to the mandate of the law with a loyalty and grace, under most trying circumstances, which must challenge the admiration of his adversaries as it has had the commendation of all good citizens. For many years there has been in successful operation in Marysville one of the best equipped woolen factories on the coast. Its output has found sale in all parts of the Union, and to some extent abroad. There are here two sash and door factories; a cold storage plant—capacity, 4,500 tons of ice per annum; one fruit cannery, with an annual pack of 150,000 cases; one flour mill, capacity 600 barrels per day; one foundry and two machine shops. Population of the county, 8,620; area, 625 square miles. It is bounded on the north by Honcut Creek; on the east by the high Sierras; on the south by Bear River, and on the west by the Feather. Yuba River and several of its



NEVADA COUNTY, CAL.—1. Quartz Mine. 2. View Nevada City. 3. Source of Water Supply. 4. Underground Mining.

tributaries traverse and drain the center of the county. Water navigation is good to Marysville by Feather River from the Sacramento. This advantage has made the city a terminal point on the railroad, which fact accounts in large part for its commercial importance.

The low or bottom lands of the county comprise about one-ninth of the county's area. The plains stretch out to the foothills, comprising a little over one-half the whole area, the foothills about one-sixth, joining the mountains which make up the balance, or two-ninths. The ridges of the foothills run north and south, nearly parallel with the mountain chain: and are interspersed with beautiful and fertile valleys and slopes. The lands may be approximately classified as follows: 45,000 acres bottom agricultural land; 221,000 plain agricultural land; 35,000 acres foot-hill, also agricultural; total agricultural, 301,000 acres; 60,000 acres grazing land and 39,000 acres forest and mining land. Wheat, barley, and oats approximate 180,000 acres; two-thirds wheat, one-sixth barley, and one-sixth oats; field corn, 2,000 acres; alfalfa, 4,000 acres; hops, 1,000 acres; potatoes, 600 acres; vegetable gardens, 300 acres.

Fruit Industry—About 2,000 acres deciduous fruits, besides many acres of nuts—almonds and walnuts. There is room for great expansion in fruit culture in this county. There are 600 acres of orange and lemon groves and 300 acres of olives. Orange culture has reached the point of providing a considerable export trade in car-load lots. There are about 600 acres of wine grapes in the county.

Live Stock—40,000 sheep; 9,000 horses; 4,000 mules. Stock run on the grazing lands throughout the winter months, with no other food and no protection.

Dairying—One creamery at Marysville and one at Wheatland, and one cheese factory at the latter place. As in most other counties, poultry is neglected, the farmer and dweller in the towns looking abroad for chickens and eggs.

The bottom lands along the rivers are not irrigated, being very moist, rich land. Higher lands are irrigated to considerable extent. There are four large irrigating systems in the county: Brown's

Valley Irrigation District has water for 20,000 acres; irrigates 3,000 acres. The Excelsior Ditch about the same capacity and irrigates about the same acreage. The Campbell Ditch, capacity 5,000 acres, and irrigates 500 acres. The South Feather water Company, capacity 10,000 acres; irrigates 1,000 acres. It will be seen that the ditch systems in this county are quite extensive, and their capacity much greater than any use made of them.

When we witness the scramble for water in the lower part of the State, and observe how every gallon is carefully conserved and used in the most efficient manner, it is amazing that so little heed is paid to irrigation in the north, where water is so abundant, and the lands generally strong and rich, and so capable of producing much more valuable crops than they do now. In Yuba County water can be had for \$2.50 to \$5.00 per acre, for the irrigating season. There are reported 20,000 acres at present open to purchase in small tracts, at prices from \$15 to \$40 per acre.

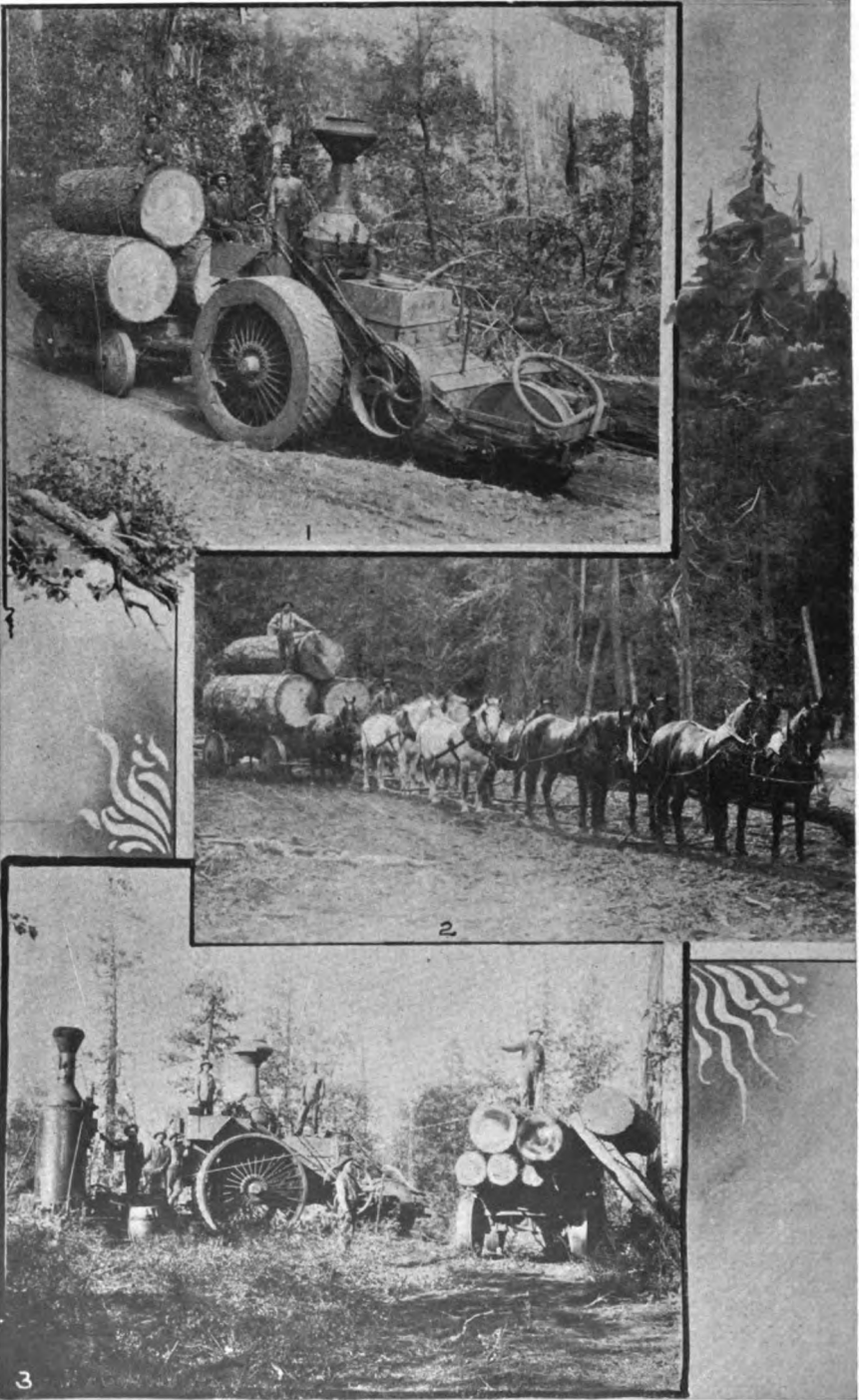
There is a saw mill at Camptonville—capacity, 100,000 feet per day. Another at Oregon Hill—capacity, 40,000 feet per day.

At Brown's Valley there are quartz mines whose gold output is about \$20,000 per month, with an operating expense of about \$8,000. Quartz mills are also in operation at Smethurst's Place, at Indiana Ranch, Brownsville, and other places. Some hydraulic mining is carried on at Smartsville, and some sluice and drift mining. Dredger mining also on Bear River.

Crossing the Feather River at Marysville, you pass the boundary line between

Yuba County and
Sutter County, and
enter Yuba City, the
county-seat, the twin
of its companion,

Marysville, separated only by the Feather River, but bound together by a fine bridge, by a street-car line, and by social and business ties even stronger. These two cities and counties are so closely allied, and their interests are so interwoven that we think and speak of them as one. The railroad runs through the northeastern portion of Sut-



Placer County.—1. New Method of Hauling Logs. 2. Old Method. 3. Loading Logs.

ter, passing the towns of Lomo and Live Oaks, after crossing to the west side of the Feather. The Marysville Buttes rise abruptly out of the middle of the valley, at the northern part of the county, about midway between the Feather and the Sacramento, and present one of the most striking and interesting features of the general landscape. They reach a height of 1,200 feet. The slopes furnish fine pasture, and around the base lie the rich lands of Sutter. The county is bounded on the west by Butte Creek and the Sacramento River, and on the east by the Feather. Butte County is the north boundary, and at the south the east and west county boundaries converge at the junction of the Sacramento and Feather Rivers. The area is 611 square miles—about the same as its twin—Yuba County.

Sutter County is the only one lying wholly in the Sacramento Valley, and excepting the Buttes all the land is level. Of the 391,000 acres, about 125,000 acres are tule, or lands which overflow, but when reclaimed by levees are of nearly inexhaustible fertility. These tule lands lie between the Feather and Sacramento at the south end of the county. Some ten or fifteen thousand acres of these lands in the northern portion have been reclaimed, and are exceedingly productive. Irrigation is deemed unnecessary on most of the lands in Sutter, and successive crops of alfalfa each year are produced without applying water artificially—the roots reaching sub-surface moisture in abundance. The population of the County is 5,886, and generally the lands are not in large holdings.

Wheat growing is more profitable here than in most counties, on account of the yield per acre and less expense in planting—40 to 50 bushels being not an unusual yield.

Large quantities of vegetables are produced on the rich lands of Sutter, and hops are largely grown.

Horticulture—which means fruit growing with us—has become of leading importance, the crop being quite certain and very abundant. The Briggs peach orchard is celebrated throughout the fruit growing world, and it was here that fruit growing for market was early introduced. In Sutter County the celebrated

Thompson seedless grape was propagated, from which the best seedless raisins are made. This is one of the most prolific bearers of all grape vines, and at this time probably the most profitable. It is a small white grape, entirely seedless, growing in huge clusters, very compact on the stem; matures early and evenly; yields from ten to fifteen tons to the acre, easily cured, making a pound of raisins from three and one-half pounds of grapes; the fruit is delicious to eat fresh from the vine.

Much of the fruit grown in the County goes to the Marysville canneries; large shipments are made of fresh fruit to the Eastern States and to San Francisco, and a large quantity dried. Estimated acres in cereals, 120,000; acres in fruit, 5,000; hops, 125; garden, 2,000; oranges, 25; grapes, 500.

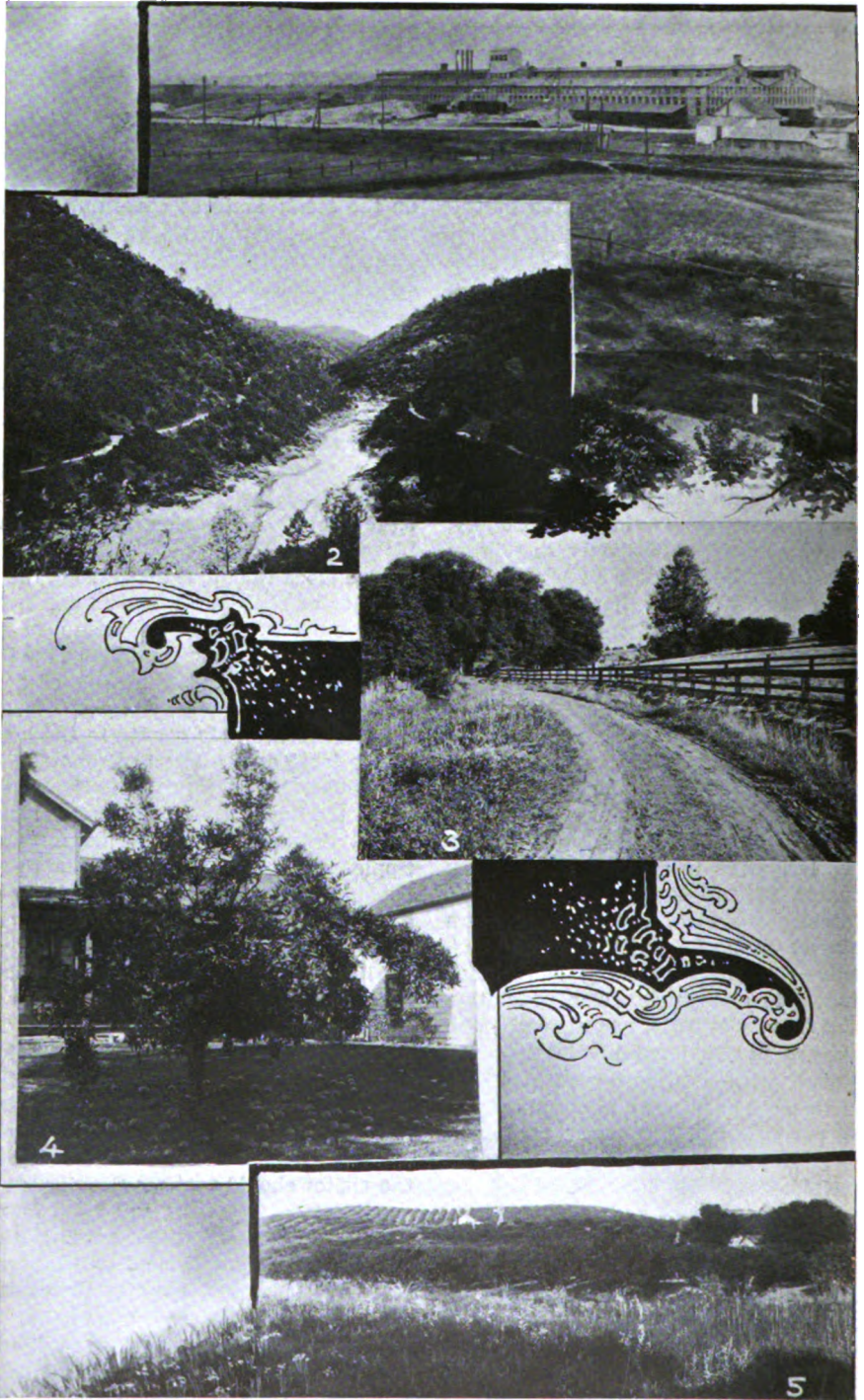
Live stock raising is also among the industries of the county and is conducted more on the system in vogue in the Eastern States than in other counties, and the animals are generally of a superior quality.

Sutter is the only county in the group where local option has banished the liquor traffic. The few people in Sutter who have the lingering appetite for strong drink, must go to Marysville for their tippie. Whether this fact adds to the business of the street car line I am unable to say—probably,—well I will not guess.

All in all, this is a county whose population compares favorably with any in the State, socially and morally. The schools are good and the people law-abiding, industrious and progressive. The tax-rate is among the lowest in the State, and there are few delinquent tax-payers.

For an examination of Butte County, the visitor should first see Oroville, going by rail from Marysville, passing thro' Butte County. Honcut and Palermo.

He may then return to Marysville by rail, resuming his journey by the Southern Pacific Company's line, leading to Portland, Oregon, which takes him through the towns of Gridley, Biggs, Nelson, Durham, to the beautiful town of Chico. He will find much to interest



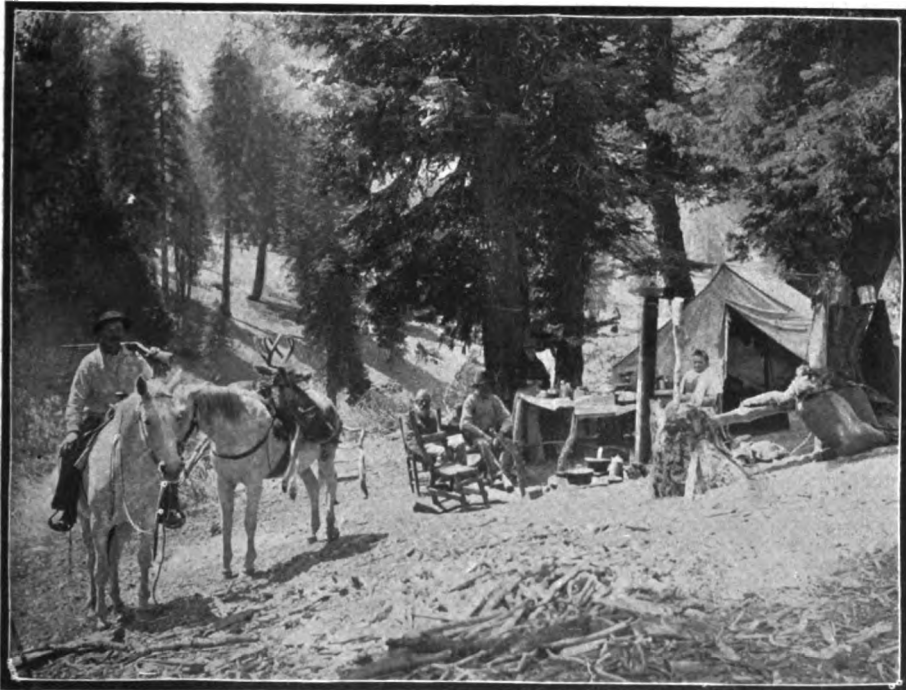
PLACER COUNTY.—1. Pottery Works at Lincoln. 2. American River Canon from Auburn. 3. Drive near Auburn. 4. Orange Tree at Newcastle. 5. Orchards near Newcastle.

him in this county—ranking fifth of the group we are examining in population, third in assessed valuation. Area, 1773 square miles, ranking third after Shasta and Tehama in size. Population, 17,117. Principal towns, Chico, 2,640, with a suburban population of 1,000, where is located a State Normal School; Oroville, the county-seat, 2,237; Biggs, estimated, 850; Giddley, 850; Palermo, 500; Honcut, 400; Cherokee, 400; Forbestown, 400; Thermalito, 500.

The State Normal School at Chico

ninety per cent are known to have been in the employ of the State and over seventy-five per cent are now so employed. The school offers a four year course for graduates of the ninth grade, a two year course for graduates of accredited High Schools, and a two year course for preparation of kindergarteners. It is essentially a school for the training of teachers.

The Normal building is situated a few rods from a mountain stream, near the center of a campus of eight acres. The campus is ornamented with a magnificent growth of trees and flowers and equalled by only a few of the vast



A Summer Camp near Summit of Coast Range, altitude 6500 feet.

deserves more than passing mention, as it is the principal educational institution in the Sacramento Valley. It was established by act of Legislature in 1887, and opened in September, 1889, enrolling a total of 110 pupils the first year. I quote from a letter by President C. C. Van Liew:

"The enrollment in 1899-1900 was 377. During the past four years there has been an increase in the total work of the institution of over fifty per cent. Up to January, 1901, the school had graduated 366 teachers. Of these over

properties owned by the State. The building is a fine modern structure of twenty-eight rooms, finished in white cedar and equipped with physical, chemical and biological laboratories, libraries, apparatus and materials for thorough and efficient work in all departments.

In addition to its functions as a repository for scientific and historical collections the museum at this normal is both a laboratory and a workshop. It is a place in which a large share of the microscopic work, dissecting, science, reading, study, and recitations are carried on. It contains six alcoves nearly

30 feet square, and a corridor between the cases, 80 feet for dissecting tables. The alcoves are used for recitation rooms, workshops, offices, library, and study tables. One room has been especially fitted up for projection work, photo-microscopy, and photo-micrography.

The museum already contains a large number of valuable specimens in all lines of science, a large share of which were mounted by students.

The library consists of over 8,900 volumes selected, classified and arranged for the convenience of the work in the various departments, free access to the shelves is allowed, with the object in view of encouraging students to become familiar with books and methods of library investigation.

The "Normal Record" is a monthly journal managed by the students. Its contents are largely contributed by the students, and its business management rests in their hands, so that it offers excellent opportunities for training in journalism and the conduct of business. In addition to this, it aims to serve its readers with reading matter of value, and to be a medium of thought-exchange between students, alumni, and faculty.

There are a Young Men's and a Young Woman's Normal Debating Society, which are doing very active and efficient work in practical training of their members for public speaking. During the spring of 1900, a series of medal-contests were held, which greatly stimulated the growth and interest in the work of these societies. These will probably be continued in the future.

Finally the students maintain two religious organizations,—the Young Women's Christian Association, and the Young People's Christian Temperance Union. The character of the school is in part sustained by the spirit of these associations.

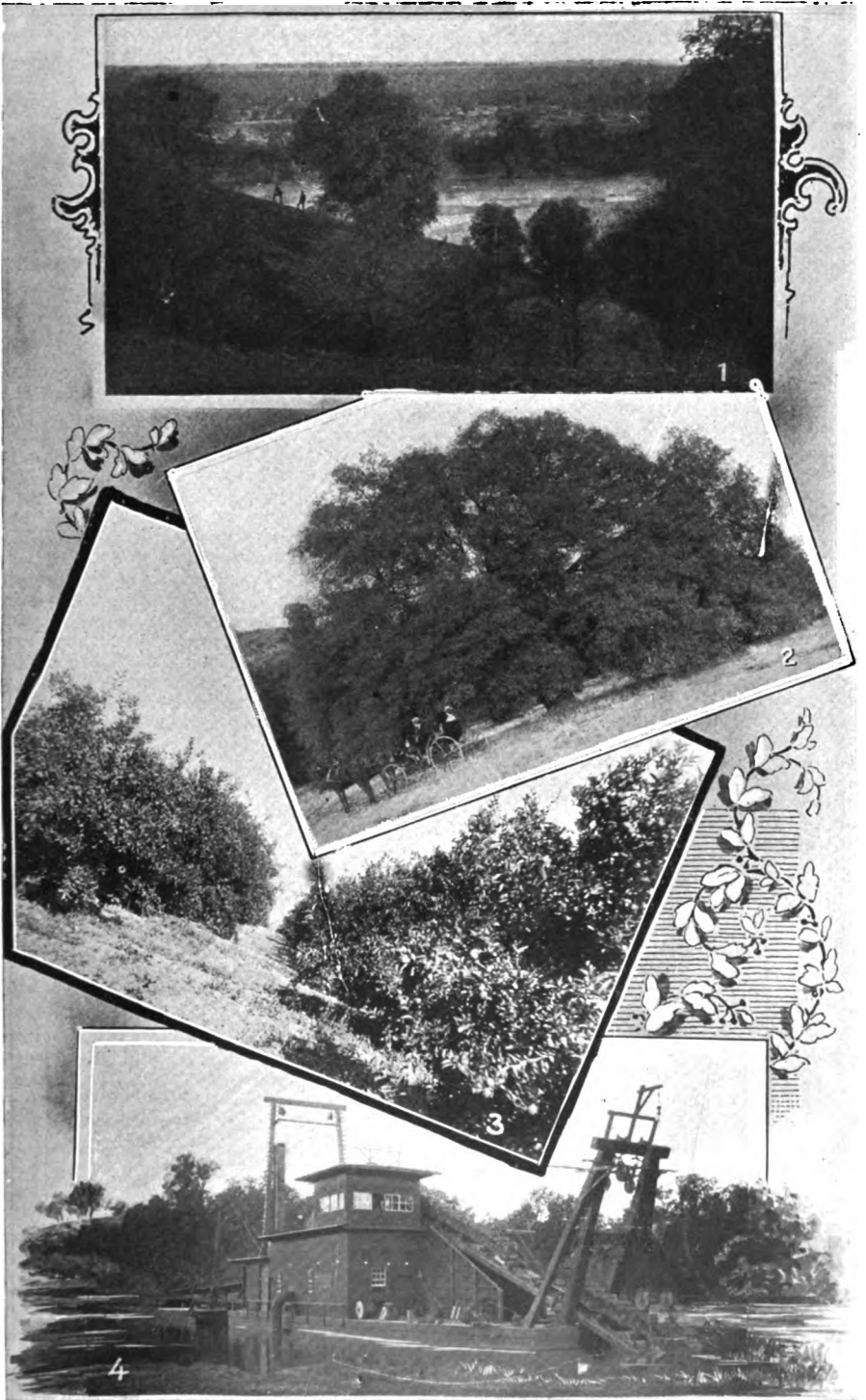
The Training School is open to the children of Chico and vicinity, or to any who wish to make special preparation for the Normal course.

About two miles from Chico the State maintains a Forestry Station of forty acres, a donation from General Bidwell. For the past ten years experiments have been made in the planting of trees to determine what varieties are best suited to this soil."

Butte County lies on the eastern side of the Sacramento valley, and upon the western slope of the Sierra Nevada mountains—extending from the Sacramento River on the west to the summit of the most westerly range of the Sierras on the east, and is divided into level valley, rolling foot-hill land, and rugged moun-

tains, about equal parts. The valley portion is level, devoted mainly to growing grain. The central portion, rolling land, rises gradually into low foothills, the rise continuing gradually toward the high mountains on the east. The characteristics of these mountains as elsewhere is that they are deeply cut by canyons, where swift streams plunge madly over rocky beds with innumerable water-falls. The scenery of Eastern Butte is grand and beautiful beyond description, and on these mountains coniferous forests abound. The principal mountain stream is the Feather River, with which we became acquainted in Yuba and Sutter counties, and which is altogether one of the most important rivers in the State, draining as it does, with its tributaries, about 4,000 square miles, and carrying in its bed to the valley at its lowest stage water estimated at 100,000 miners' inches. (A miner's inch is that quantity of water which will flow through an aperture one inch square under a four-inch pressure each minute—about nine and one-half gallons.) Butte and Chico Creeks are also important streams in this county, and furnish water for irrigation and for developing electrical power. Probably two-thirds of the land in the County may be classed as agricultural, and in many parts of the mountains there is more or less land under cultivation. Timothy grass is a valuable crop in mountain valleys, and the lumbering and other operations in that region furnish ready market at good prices for mountain products. Over one-third, and less than one-half, of the land in the county is under cultivation, and nearly all the land not cultivated is grazed. The mountains are heavily forested—the commercial woods growing at elevations between 2,000 feet and 5,000 feet.

Cereals—About 320,000 acres are devoted to grain growing; Alfalfa—1000 acres; Hemp—500 acres, very profitably grown on the Feather River bottom lands near Biggs and Gridley. The hemp plant grows luxuriantly, attaining a height of from 12 to 14 feet, and the fibre is excellent. Specimens may be seen in the exhibition rooms of the State Board of Trade in San Francisco. There are thousands of acres adapted to the sugar



SACRAMENTO COUNTY.—1. American River Foothills. 2. Live Oak. 3. Orange Orchard, 6 years old. 4. The largest gold dredger in the world, Fair Oak Bluffs.

beet in this county, as in many others, but as yet attention has not been given to this valuable production.

Live Stock—Cattle, 11,035; hogs, 6,041; mules, 2,604; horses, 3,783; sheep, 33,319; goats, 919. (Figures taken from assessment books.)

Mr. W. A. Beard of Oroville has answered my formulated questions sent out to all the counties. I quote him as follows upon matter not already mentioned:

"Area devoted to fruit estimated at 20,000 acres. Deciduous fruits are grown both in the valley, foothill and mountain. Several thousand acres are devoted to these fruits along the Feather River below Oroville, near Biggs and Gridley, and in the neighborhood of Chico and Durham.

Smaller orchards ranging from a few acres to some hundreds of acres are found in the foothill region. In the higher mountains orchards are usually of a few acres each, and the apple is the staple crop. Paradise, situated high enough to be considered in the mountains, has an extensive area devoted to fruit, which include the olive, prune and peach. Acres of oranges and lemons, estimated, 5,000; acres of olives, estimated, 1,000. Oroville, Palermo, and Thermalito are the principal orange and olive growing districts. Shipments from Oroville and Palermo depots from which very nearly all of the oranges are shipped, for the present season up to this date, December 27th, are about 375 car-loads. The total shipments for the season will probably be 450 carloads. Grape industry is not extensive. We import butter. Several car-loads of poultry, principally turkeys, shipped each year. Few bees are kept for commercial purposes; we import honey.

Irrigated area estimated at 8,000 acres, as follows: By ditch, 6,000 acres; by pumping from river, 2,000 acres; by wells, 40 or 50 acres. * * * Irrigation by water pumped from wells is used but little, principally in the neighborhoods of Honcut, Biggs, and Gridley. Wells are from twenty to thirty feet deep. The flow of water is generous. Water is pumped by steam and gasoline engines and by electrical power. Irrigation is practiced most largely in connection with fruit growing, but other crops are also grown by this means, especially in the foothills. Alfalfa is grown both with and without irrigation. * * * Ditch companies charge for their water from ten to twelve and one-half cents per miner's inch. Where land is irrigated by the acre the charge is \$3.00 per season.

Butte has one health resort, Richardson's Springs, situated near Chico. These natural springs have been found to be very beneficial to those suffering from many chronic complaints. Near Oroville, Judge John C. Gray has a spring of mineral water, the waters of which are bottled and sold in Oroville and elsewhere. From estimates and information gathered from various sources, I judge there are about 12,000 acres of good land now on the market in lots of from five to eighty acres, at prices ranging from \$15.00 to \$100.00 per acre, according to location. Much of this land is under existing ditch systems, and some of the cheapest is very desirable land, suitable for growing oranges, olives and deciduous fruit, the distance from the railroad being its only drawback.

Lumbering is an important industry in Butte and will be for many years to come. Vast forests of fine timber clothe the slopes of the Sierras. The largest sawmill in the county is that of the Sierra Lumber Company near West Branch. Lumber is flumed from this mill to Chico, where the company has extensive yards and planing mills. Two hundred and fifty men are employed by the company. Total cut of the season just closed was 12,000,000 feet. There are a number of smaller mills in the county, and total cut of past season was probably near 20,000,000 feet. * * * The planing mill and box factory at Chico does a big business in fruit boxes and trays both for local market and for shipping to other parts of the State.

The Chico Cannery, the only one on which I have figures, did not run to its full capacity this year, but it employed at busiest time 543 people, a large proportion of whom were women and children, and packed during the season 1,128 tons of fruit. This cannery paid out during the season just closed: for labor, \$20,470.24; for fruit, \$38,152.62.

Olive pickling is an extensive industry. There are a number of pickling plants at Oroville, Palermo, Thermalito, Biggs, and Wyandotte, ranging in capacity from a few hundred to many thousands of gallons. The greater part are owned by orchardists, a few by people who make the curing of olives their business. The output of pickled olives this year will be in the neighborhood of 100,000 gallons. All these olives are pickled in their ripe state and are all sold and consumed in the State.

Olive oil is manufactured to a considerable extent. Several mills are owned by orchardists who grind their own berries and extract the oil, and there are custom mills at Oroville and Palermo. The output for 1900 was about 2,500 gallons



SACRAMENTO COUNTY.—1. Four year old olive tree. 2. Under the mistletoe. 3. Apple tree 21 feet high and four years old. 4. Four year old apricot tree. 5. Pampas plumes.

There are three flour mills in the county, at Chico, Oroville and Durham. The Chico plant is one of the largest and finest in the valley. It has a capacity of 200 barrels, and it is operated by electricity, generated by water power fifteen miles away. The Oroville flour mills are operated by water power applied direct and have a capacity of 130 barrels per day.

Butte has a paint mine and paint mill. * * * Yellow ochre, Venetian red, brown metallic, umbre and sienna are produced. The ore carries free gold in sufficient quantities to pay the expenses of mining.

Cement has been discovered near Pentz and tested by experts who pronounce it equal to the best Portland cement.

The oil-mining excitement has reached Butte County and two wells are being bored at the present time, one near Chico, and the other near Oroville.

The mountain streams afford excellent opportunities for establishing power plants. The Butte County Electric Power and Lighting Company, with its plant on Butte Creek, is now generating daily 1,200 horse power, and is selling its power to mining dredgers on Feather River below Oroville and furnishing power to light the city of Chico, to run the Chico flour mill and other machinery in that vicinity. The company is now disposing of about 800 horse power, and will shortly furnish to the Biggs & Colusa Power Company 500 horse power to be used in propelling machinery, pumping water for irrigation and drainage and lighting purposes. Contracts have been let for additional dynamos and generators to generate 2,000 additional horse power. The machinery is expected to be installed and in active operation by May 1, 1901. Companies using this power to operate their dredgers speak of it in the highest terms. Power from the Bay Counties Power Company's plant is also used to operate dredgers near Oroville. The plant is situated in Yuba County.

Mining has always been one of the important industries of this county.

The greatest interest is being taken just now in the mining dredgers operating on Feather River near Oroville. The first successful gold dredge began in the spring of 1898. The company which built the first machine now has three in operation. There are nine dredgers at work at the present time; two are building and almost complete, while four more have been planned for and will probably be under construction soon.

Good common schools under one of the best State systems in the Union. Number of public school districts, 76; number of teachers, 114; number of school child-

ren, school age, 4348; two high schools; one State Normal School at Chico.

Orange groves are in all valley parts of the county, and up to an altitude of 1,000 feet.

The olive grows in the valley and foothill portions, and as high as 1800 feet above sea level. It bears heavily.

There are three creameries, one each at Chico, Oroville and Biggs, all idle because farmers will not patronize them.

Good land can be had at \$15 per acre, five or six miles from the railway under ditch. (This must be foothills more or less covered with timber and chaparral. No good bottom land can be bought at this price.—N. P. C.)

Snow falls in the mountain regions sometimes to a depth of ten or twelve feet at the higher altitudes. Within twenty miles of the orange orchards at Oroville snow falls every year, and strange as it may seem, the greater the snow-fall the better for the orange industry. To the heavy snow-fall is due in part the abundant summer supply of water. Along the lower edge of the snow line it melts rapidly, but at higher altitudes, it lies on the ground much of the summer, and, melting gradually, adds to the water supply.

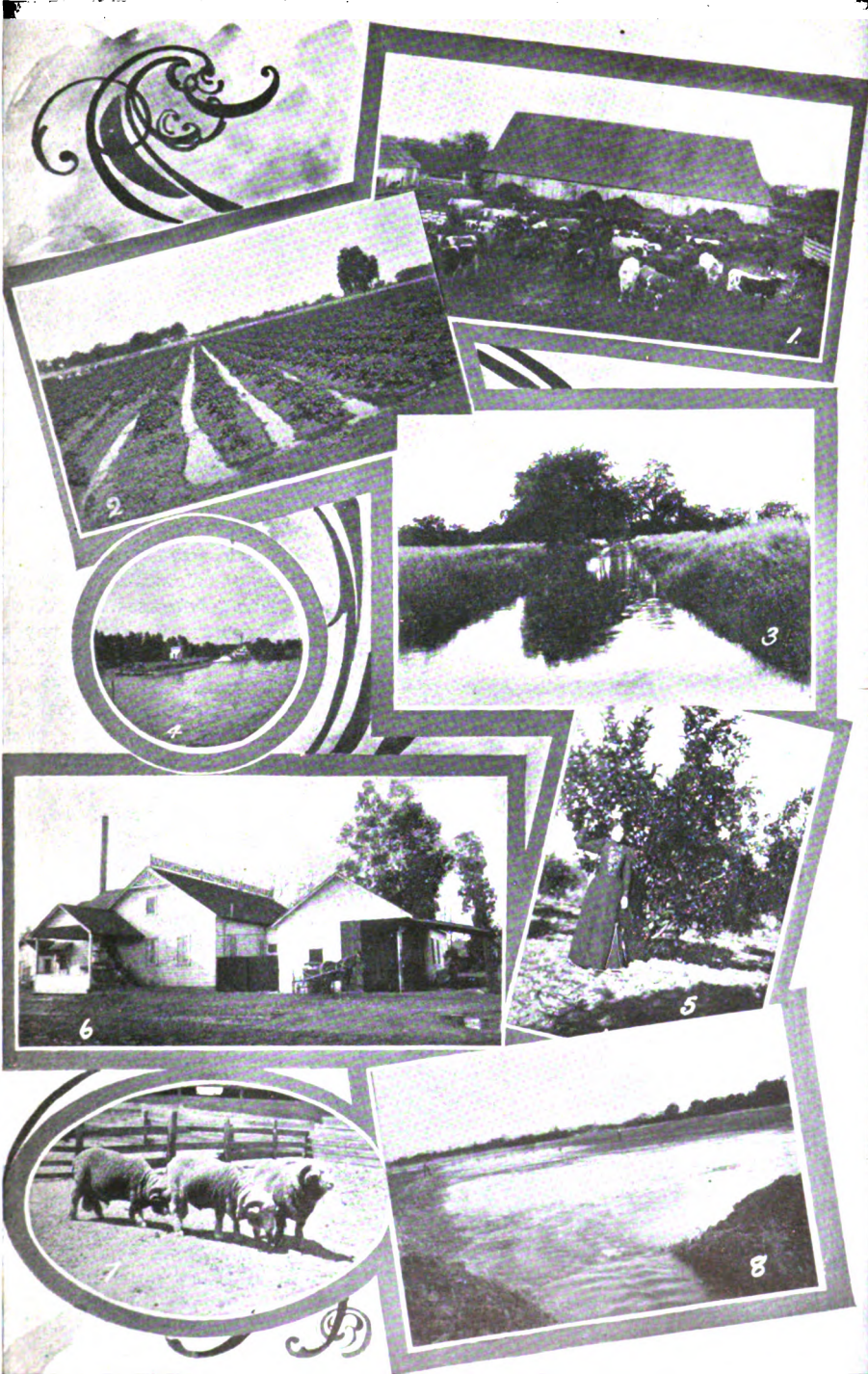
To home-seekers Butte County offers all the advantages of cheap land, abundant water already diverted and ready for use, of equitable climate, good schools and social advantages. The opportunities she offers to those who would till the soil or delve for minerals are unsurpassed."

Mr. Beard's enthusiasm for his county is characteristic of Californians, but it is fully justified. What he says, however, applies not alone to Butte County, but is equally true with slight variations in all the counties. It is because in describing Butte he is describing other portions of the valley that I have quoted from him so fully.

It should be added that the large and beautiful rancho, near Chico, formerly belonging to General Bidwell (now deceased), is being sub-divided into small tracts for sale to settlers, and so also is the Wilson rancho next north of the Bidwell property.

Colusa County.

The west side of the valley is bisected by the Southern Pacific Company's railroad which leaves the main line at Davisville, Yolo County, and unites with the road traversing the east



YOLO COUNTY.—1. Dairy cows. 2. Strawberry patches near Woodland. 3. Moore's Ditch, chief irrigating system of Yolo County. 4. Scene on Sacramento River. 5. Naval Orange Orchard, Capay Valley, Cal. Trees four years old. 6. Creamery. 7. Spanish Merino rams. 8. Irrigating alfalfa field near Woodland.

side, at Tehama, and thence continues to Oregon.

Colusa County lies nearly west of Sutter County. Some of its lands are on the east side of the river. Population, 7,346. Chief towns: Colusa, the county-seat, situated on the Sacramento River, reached by narrow gauge line from Colusa Junction, has population of 1490, and with its extensions, 2200; Maxwell, 400; Williams, 500; Arbuckle, 550, on main line of railroad. From Colusa Junction, the narrow gauge railroad runs west to the foothill town of Sites. Area of county 1,150 square miles. The eastern portion of the county—a little over one-half its area—lies along the western border of the Sacramento Valley, and is rich in natural resources and beautiful in its scenery. The western portion consists of foothills and mountains, interspersed with small lovely valleys for which nature has done much and man but little. Agricultural land, 450,000 acres; grazing, 256,000, and mountain, 30,000. The agricultural lands are devoted to: Wheat, 180,000 acres; barley, 59,500; oats, 1,000; corn, 1,500; hay, 8,000; alfalfa, 3,000; sugar beets, 1,000, showing high per cent of sugar and purity; vegetables, 500 acres.

Fruit Industry—Not greatly developed; about 1,500 acres of deciduous fruits; citrus fruits, 40 acres; oranges apparently do well. 500 acres raisin grapes; 40 acres wine and 20 acres table grapes.

Live Stock—Cattle, 8,150; hogs, 20,350; sheep, 17,000; angora goats, 1,000; mules, 3,250; jacks, 27; horses, 4,286, as shown on assessment roll.

Dairying—3 creameries. Poultry interests considerably developed.

The bottom lands along the river are protected from overflow by levees, and these in turn furnish opportunity for winter irrigation from the river when above its natural banks. Probably 5,000 acres are thus treated. Several creeks flow into the county from the Coast Range during part of the year, on the heads of which storage reservoirs could be constructed. Water can be had by digging at depths from 12 to 20 feet along the river, and from 20 to 80 feet along the plains, and in the foothills. The cheapest irrigation is from the river as

above described, costing about 10 cents per acre; by pumps the cost is from \$1.50 to \$5.00 per acre. In this county are several healing springs, which are also used more or less as summer resort. Blanks' Sulphur Springs, 27 miles south-west from Williams; temperature of water, 108 degrees, and about 1,500 feet elevation; Wilbur Hot Sulphur Springs, one mile from Blank's Springs; temperature, 140 degrees, used locally for medicinal purposes; both these springs highly recommended for rheumatism, catarrh, etc.; Frost's Springs in the north-western part of the county, 35 miles from Sites; excellent for stomach troubles; elevation, 1,700 feet; Cook's Springs, 20 miles from Sites in Indian Valley, middle-western part of county, 1,500 feet elevation. The water is charged with sulphur, carbonic acid gas, carbonates of soda, magnesia, iron and calcium and has a temperature of 60 to 70 degrees. 100,000 gallons of this water are shipped away annually to all parts of the world. It is bottled at the spring.

In the county, there are about 2,000 acres reported suitable for fruit or any other crop, purchasable in small tracts at \$30 to \$50 per acre, improved. At Colusa is a large roller flour mill; one small saw mill in western part of county. The east slope of the Coast Range does not contain much commercial timber, though it is heavily forested. Large and valuable stone quarries are in the foothills, from which all parts of the State draw. The new ferry depot and the band stand in Golden Gate Park, San Francisco, are built from this stone, taken from the quarries of the Colusa Sandstone Company, and are both monuments of architectural beauty. The principal mineral product (other than stone) is quicksilver. Strong indications exist of petroleum in the southwestern portion of the county, and two oil wells at this time are being sunk.

Wages do not differ much throughout the valley. The rates given for this county are not far from the wages paid elsewhere, and may be given here once for all: Farm hands, \$25 to \$30 per month, in harvest time, \$1.50 to \$4 per day; orchard hands, \$25 to \$30 per month; per day, \$1.25; all the above with board, or



YOLO COUNTY.—1. Fruit Packing. 2. Large almond trees in March. 3. Reservoir and pumping plant sub-irrigation used on orchard and vineyard. 4. Main street, looking west, Woodland, Cal. 5. Old-style power almond huller, Davisville. 6. Sled and sheet combined for gathering almonds, Davisville. 7. Scene on Cache Creek, near Esparto, Yolo County, Cal.

\$1.75 in orchards without board. Picking and canning fruits for drying are paid for by the box, and the operators, generally women and children, for cutting, earning from \$1.00 to \$2.00 per day. Mechanics get \$2.50 to \$4.00; masons, \$4.00 to \$5.00; plasterers, \$4.00 to \$5.00; blacksmiths, \$2.00 to \$3.50; printers, union wages; machinists and engineers, \$3.50 to \$5.00; stone cutters, \$4.50 to \$5.00 (union); general laborers, \$1.50 to \$2.00; all above board themselves. Highest temperature, at Colusa, 105 degrees; lowest, 21 degrees; average number clear days, 242; fair days, 74; cloudy, 49.2; rainfall, lowest, 10.5 inches; highest, 33.8; average, 19.67. inches.

One of the peculiarities of the foothill region of this and Glenn County, next north, are parallel valleys formed by streams coursing north and south, but shut off from the main valley by ranges of rolling hills. Examples: Bear Creek has its source in the western portion of the valley, flows south, and empties into Cache Creek in Yolo County. Along its course is Bear Valley, ten miles long and nearly two miles wide, elevation 1500 feet. Here is room for many attractive homes; the soil is very productive. Indian Valley, next in importance, lies along Indian Creek, which rises in the southern end of the county, runs north and empties into Stony Creek in Glenn County. Fine crops of all kinds of grain and fruits are raised in this valley. In this valley are Cook's Springs. Antelope Valley lies east of Indian Valley, and courses north and south, and terminates near Sites. The land will produce anything that grows in California; a valuable salt lake or deposit was discovered here by General Bidwell in 1843. These valleys lie west of the main body of valley land, and cannot be seen from the railroad, as they are shut out by intervening parallel hills.

The oil industry in this county, though it is as yet only partially developed, seems to be a very promising one. Paraffine is the base of the oil product of Colusa, and, as the fields, so far as they have been discovered, are only twenty miles from river transportation, and half that distance from the railroad, they may be said to be right in the market. Oil

lands so favorably situated are exceptionally valuable.

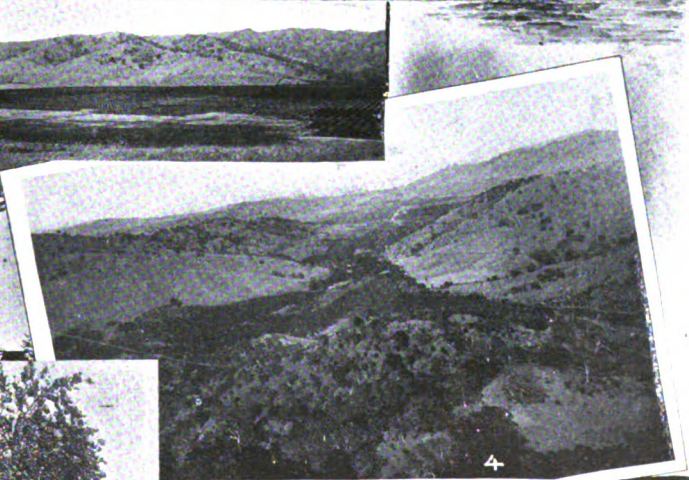
Glenn County was taken from the north side of Colusa County, a few years since, and its county-seat established at Willows, a busy town of 1,480 inhabitants. Colusa lost 1,248 square miles by Glenn's secession. Other towns in the county besides Willows are: Orland, 530, and Germantown on the railroad north of Willows; Elk Creek, 300, on Stony Creek; Butte City, 160, on the Sacramento River; Fruto, on a branch railroad west of Willows. The county has an area of 1,248 square miles, and a population of 5,510. I am indebted to Mr. Frank S. Reager, superintendent of schools at Willows for a report which I copy as giving a succinct statement of general facts relating to the county:

"The western portion of Glenn County is in the high mountains, the summit being the boundary; next to these comes about fifteen miles of foothills thickly set with little valleys of wonderful fertility; then comes the valley proper, which is about twenty miles wide from hills to river. Glenn County has about 45,000 acres of very rich land on the east side of the river in the neighborhood of Butte City. The valley land is level, except for the general slope to the southeast. The elevation of these valley "plains" is about 260 feet on the northern boundary, and about 115 on the southern, 28½ miles farther south.

About 500,000 acres of agricultural land, 175,000 acres of grazing, and 124,000 acres of forest land. Wheat, 400,000 acres; barley, 100,000 acres; alfalfa, 400 acres; about 100 acres are devoted to market gardening. 700 acres are devoted to deciduous fruit trees, about half to prunes, one-fourth to peaches, and balance to apricots, pears, and almonds. Oranges, lemons, and olives are to be found in door-yards in every part of the county. About 100 acres in orchard have been set to these trees about Orland. Table grapes, 50 acres.

Live Stock—50,000 sheep; 7,000 cattle; 3,000 horses; 3,500 mules, and 10,000 hogs.

Conditions for dairying are very favorable, but there are not enough cows milked to supply the local demand. There is a creamery at Willows, but it has never operated, as it was impossible to



SOLANO COUNTY.—1, Vacaville from College Park. 2, Old peach and fig trees; peach tree thirty-one years old. 3, Scene in Vaca Valley. 4, Orchard scene, Vaca Valley. 5, Property of J. M. Bassford. 6, Pear tree at Lagunita, 37 years old; 600 pounds this year.

get the milk. (What a commentary! 7,000 cattle in this rich county, and the farmer buying his butter elsewhere!—N. P. C.). About 3,000 chickens are kept on the farms. About 40 tons of turkeys are annually shipped, principally from Orland and Fruto. No bees are kept except a few stands at various farms. Opportunities are splendid in this line.

During the summer of 1900 about 600 acres were irrigated by ditches from Stony Creek, about 100 acres by pumping from Sacramento River, and about 40 acres by pumping from wells. About one-third of the deciduous fruit orchards are irrigated, and all the orange and lemon. All the lands of the county are excellent for irrigation. Stony Creek is the only stream from the mountains flowing through the county to the river. In the late fall it has furnished but little water to the irrigators on the plains, although those in the foothill valleys along its course have had water enough, as has everybody in the spring and early summer. However, a great deal of work is now being done on the lower ditches, and we expect better results hereafter. Few streams anywhere offer better facilities for the storage of water than this one does. The Geological Survey has just completed its investigations along Stony Creek, and reports many excellent reservoir sites, three of which were carefully measured with the following results: Briscoe reservoir, with a capacity of 14,630 acre-feet, can be constructed at a total cost of \$122,000; East Park, capacity 25,000 acre-feet, cost \$165,400; Millsite, capacity 45,750 acre-feet, cost \$698,000. This cost includes a liberal estimate for land damages.

There is an inexhaustible supply of water underground, at a depth of from twelve to thirty feet in all parts of the valley lands. At Orland, one well in which the water stands at 20 feet, furnishes 18,000 gallons per hour throughout the irrigating season. There are several other wells there that furnish smaller pumps. The water is raised by wind-mill, horse-power, and gasoline engines. By wind-mill is about as cheap as buying from the ditch, but the small element of uncertainty has caused several more expensive plants to be installed.

By gasoline the cost is about double that of buying from the ditch company, which charges \$2.50 per acre for the season.

The mountains on the west abound with delightful camping grounds, and are filled with summer visitors. Alder Springs is the only one that is fitted for the accommodation of guests without

tents and camping outfits. Many of the Glenn County people prefer to cross the summit into Mendocino and Lake counties. Tuscan Springs, Bartlett Springs, Cook's Springs, Wilber Springs, and Richardson's Springs, while not in the county, are in easy reach of its inhabitants, and are very popular with them. The Sacramento River on the east furnishes excellent fishing, and good sport shooting ducks and geese. The mountains on the west are filled with deer, and the more ambitious hunter can easily find bear and panther. Foxes and coyotes furnish some exciting chases, as many stockmen in the western part of the county keep valuable kennels to combat these enemies of their herds.

About 6,000 acres, suitable for deciduous fruits, citrus fruits, or alfalfa, are now offered in tracts of from five to forty acres. About fifty thousand acres of the choicest land are offered in tracts of 160 acres or more. The best of it will grow anything. The small tracts are held at \$35 to \$65. The larger at from \$20 to \$40 per acre, unimproved. (By unimproved land is meant land under cultivation but without buildings.—N. P. C.)

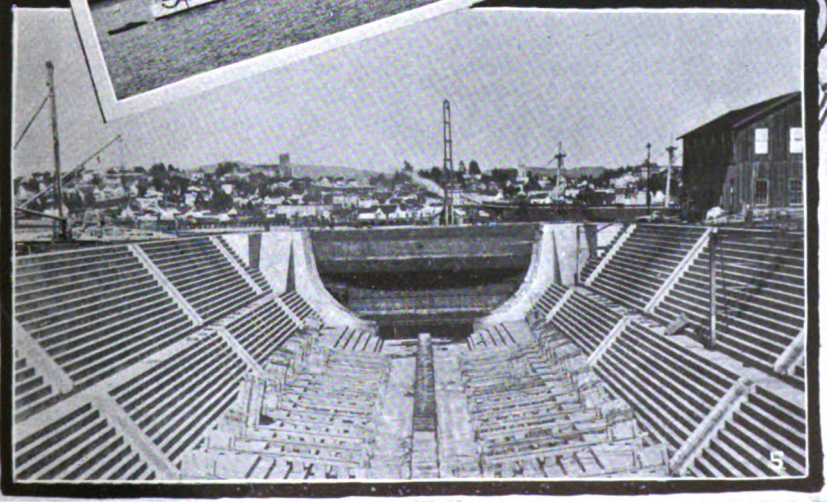
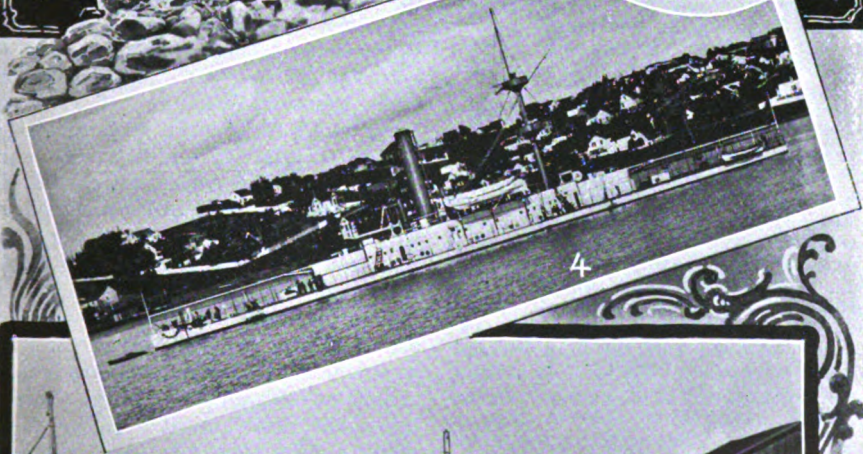
One small saw-mill in the western mountains is in operation. It supplies part of the local demand. There are many excellent opportunities to install electrical plants operated by the waters of Stony Creek.

Farming and stock-raising are the principal industries. Fruit-growing, etc., is as yet in its infancy.

Rainfall in a period of years: Lowest annual, 7.16 for season from September 1, 1897, to September 1, 1898; Highest annual, 25.98 for season from September 1, 1892 to September 1, 1893; Average annual, 17.05. The Weather Bureau considers 16.60 inches normal for Orland. For 1899 the rainfall was 22.41 inches.

Copper and silver have been discovered in refractory ores in quantities too small to pay for working. Coal has been found in vein, too narrow to work. Great quantities of chrome exist and have been mined to some extent, but the cost of transporting to railroad caused operations to cease. Splendid indications exist for oil. The Glenn Co. Oil and Coal Co., The Great Northern Oil Co., the Briscoe Oil and Mineral Co., The Stony Creek Oil Co., are some of the companies preparing to develop these fields. The Glenn County Oil and Coal Co. has a well down 100 feet at present, and is rapidly pushing the work. The Great Northern has its well down 185 feet, and claims to have splendid indications."

I received later the following letter, which I deem of sufficient importance to reproduce it here:



SOLANO COUNTY.—1. Special service squadron, 1892, at Mare Island. 2. Mare Island Light House. 3. Ferry boat "Vallejo"; workingmen returning from Mare Island. 4. Moadnock—first iron warship built (at Vallejo) in California. 5. Mare Island Dry Dock. In use for fifteen years without expenditure of \$1.00 for repairs.

"In submitting the answers to questions I find I overlooked one industry that is fast coming to the front in western Glenn County (and southwestern Tehama as well); that is, the goat business. I copy the following letter that has just reached me from that section:

"Less than 15 years ago the Angora goat was a rarity in Glenn County. Now between the North Fork of Stony Creek and the South Fork of Elder Creek, there are more than 15,000. The portion of the country devoted to their production is immediately along the base of the Coast Range, or of foothills, a country that is unfit for anything else but wild animals.

"The Angora is by nature fitted to climb over rocks, and in brush and rough mountainous localities to procure food, where other domestic animals would not succeed in even living.

"The long silky mohair is valuable for various purposes, and is coming into use more and more each year.

"Angora mutton or venison is far superior to the Mexican, or old American goat, and by many is considered better than sheep mutton. It has sold in the markets for the past two years at about the same price as sheep.

"It is the practice of Angora owners to keep them on the foothills for about eight months—from October to June—then move them to the summit of the mountains for about four months, during the hot season. By so doing the herds have green growing food the year through, and the cool climate of the higher altitudes tends to increase the length and fineness of the mohair. This industry is a growing one, and as the Angoras are located where the land without them would be a total waste, it is greatly to the advantage of the county. There is room for many more as soon as they can be procured. The demand for stock goats is greater than the supply at present.

CONKLIN BROTHERS, Pioneers of the Angora business in Glenn County."

An enterprising effort is being made to develop the orange industry around Orland, and so far it promises success.

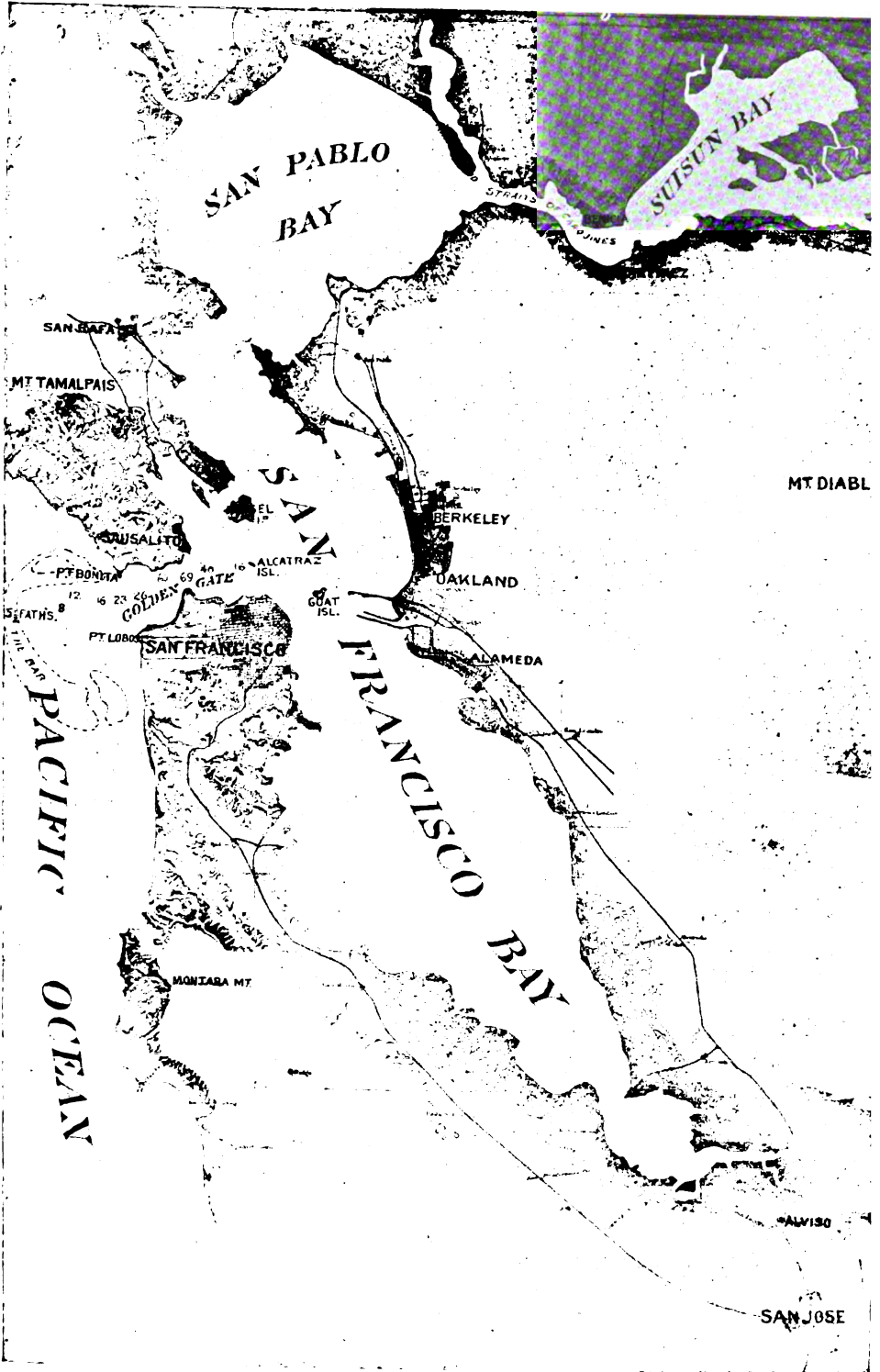
We now approach the converging boundaries of the great Sacramento Valley.

Tehama County.
At its base I have described five large counties—Nevada, Placer, Sacramento, Yolo, and Solano—stretching from the Sierra mountain top to the Bay of San Francisco. In the middle it was three counties wide, Yuba, Sutter and Colusa. One county (Tehama) now stretches from

the top of Mt. Lassen and the high altitudes of the Sierras to the summit of the Coast Range. Standing on Lassen, 10,400 feet elevation, which has its name from Peter Lassen, who first opened a trail to California south of this monument to his memory, and thence looking down Deer Creek to what is now the town of Vina, the site of Governor Stanford's great vineyard, one has laid before him a panorama of the entire valley below, as far as the eye can discern anything in the glimmer of the sunlight reflected from the golden fields of grain. South and east lies in full view this stupendous mountain range which protects us from the cold winds that sweep from the north down the desert. Looking north the range broadens, finding its apex at Mt. Shasta, 14,440 feet elevation, and blends with the Siskiyou Mountains, which latter, together with the Sierras, form the connecting link with the noble Coast Range, thus raising a barrier on north, east and west against the Arctic blasts, seven and eight thousand feet high, heavily timbered along its western sides and in the middle, nearly the width of the entire State. Little wonder, when the soft trade winds of the ocean are considered, which find their way into the great valley, that this sheltered region is the "land of sunshine, fruit and flowers." At the base of Lassen's cone, on the southeast side in Plumas County, and on the southwest side in Tehama County, are manifestations of volcanic action on an extensive scale, but little known even to Californians, and of great interest to the scientist.

Geysers, hot springs, hot mud lakes, immense deposits of decomposed mineral substances, out of which most delicate pigments are made, cover large territory, and form one of the most interesting and instructive objects among all the many wonders of nature in California. But let us descend from these enchanting mountain heights; the home seeker does not want to abide among perpetual snow drifts.

Tehama County has a population of 10,996. Its chief towns are Red Bluff, the county-seat, 2,750 inhabitants; Corning, 1,020. There are several suburban additions to Corning, which would more than



double the old town: the population of the adjacent picturesque and promising Maywood Colony is about 1,800; Tehama, 350; Vina, 235. Area of the county, 3,125 square miles—about 2,000,000 acres.

Agricultural land is given at 700,000 acres; grazing 800,000; timbered or forest 500,000. In wheat, 32,900 acres; oats, 1,900; barley, 20,850; hay, 19,340; corn, 12; vegetable gardens, 230; alfalfa, 1,600; sugar beets 1,000 to be planted this year. These figures were furnished me from the Assessor's books. The acreage of wheat in 1900 was smaller than the average, owing to early and continuous rains in November.

Table grapes, 327 acres; wine grapes, 2,990 acres; raisin grapes, 325 acres.

Fruit trees, bearing and non-bearing, 14,013 acres, of which there are 7,451 acres of peaches, 2,507 acres olives, 1,120 acres prunes; the remaining the usual varieties of deciduous trees. Olive planting is the favorite with the Maywood Colony people near Corning.

Live Stock, as shown by the Assessor's roll: Sheep, 175,771; cattle, all kinds, 12,955; horses, 4,513; mules, 1,561; jacks, 19.

I have not mentioned a fact interesting to investors; to wit, the rate of taxation. In this county it is \$1.60 on the \$100. In some of the counties it is a little more and in some a little less. The rate generally is not high.

The healthfulness of this county is excellent, and the same may be said of the entire valley. The county is well watered, especially on the east side of the Sacramento River. On the west facilities exist for irrigation as I have already pointed out, by taking ditches from upper points on the streams coming from the Coast Range. Irrigation is extensively practiced on the Deer Creek orchards, near Vina, and on the alfalfa fields and vineyards of the Stanford estate, and on the lands of the Cone estate, east of Red Bluff.

Large tracts of land have been subdivided in the vicinity of Corning, where is situated the Maywood and Ritchfield Colonies. Probably 10,000 acres are in the market near Corning, in the hands of various enterprising citizens, and at reasonable prices. Steps are being taken

to bring water to these lands, and water is easily attainable by wells. Around Red Bluff are some desirable lands offered in small subdivisions at fair prices. A few orchards in bearing in Berrendos, east side of the river, opposite Red Bluff, on good bottom lands, can be purchased at the price of unimproved land plus the cost of building the orchard. Prices of land in the county, suitable for agriculture and fruit growing, range from \$15 to \$60 per acre.

The surface of Tehama County consists first of a section of the Sacramento Valley, which, south of Red Bluff, expands into a broad and level plain, divided by the Sacramento River. To the west this plain swells into low, level table lands or prairies that farther on lift into broken hills and the steep slope of the Coast Range mountains.

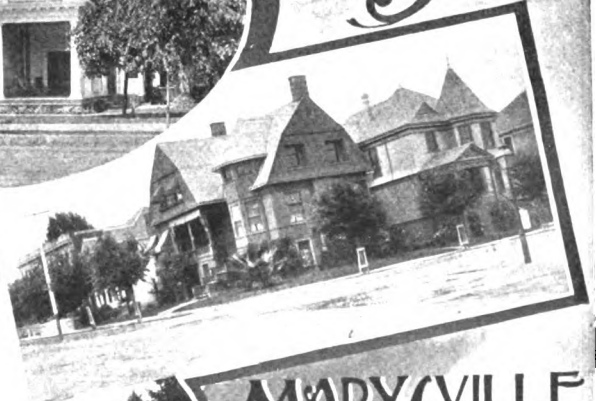
In these mountains numerous streams have their source and flow easterly at irregular intervals from each other through the western half of the county, into the Sacramento River, the principal of which are Cottonwood, Dibble, Reed's, Red Bank, Elder, Thomes, and Story Creek. On the east of this valley is a lava flow which extends for several miles up the western slope of the Sierra Nevada mountains to what is known as the pine timber belt; above these lava beds the Sierras become more precipitous and are heavily covered with sugar pine, yellow pine and fir timber of excellent merchantable quality. Between the high ridges are numerous fruitful little valleys well watered by the streams which flow westerly into the Sacramento; these streams or creeks are Battle, Digger, Payne's, Antelope, Mill, Deer, and Pine Creeks. Battle, Deer and Mill Creeks furnish almost unlimited opportunities for electrical power plants.

The scenery in this county is not surpassed elsewhere in California; the beautiful, the picturesque, and the grand are so blended as at once to challenge admiration and delight the beholder. One hundred and forty miles to the north Mount Shasta rears its majestic form, is covered with perpetual snow from its summit to the base of the cone.

The dark green of the coniferous forests that cover the lower slopes of the



Marysville



MARYVILLE
HOMEY
YUBA CO
CAL.

Sierras, contrasts strongly with their snow-covered tops. The landscapes are charming expressions of rural loveliness; parks of great oaks dotting the hills and scattered over the plains; the long lines of sycamore, cottonwood and elder that fringe the streams; the thousands of acres of orchard and vineyard; the fields of alfalfa with their perpetual verdure; the large flocks of sheep, herds of cattle, and bands of horses here and there to be seen and the vast fields of grain stret-

put is about 20 million feet. There is a large fruit packing house at Red Bluff; a cold storage plant and an ice plant of 15 tons capacity per day. It remains only to notice the healing springs of the county—Colyear's, about 30 miles from Red Bluff, in the Coast Range; Morgan's, in the Sierras, about 50 miles distant. Both of these are large camping resorts. The most notable of the healing waters are found at Tuscan Springs, nine miles east of Red Bluff. Ample

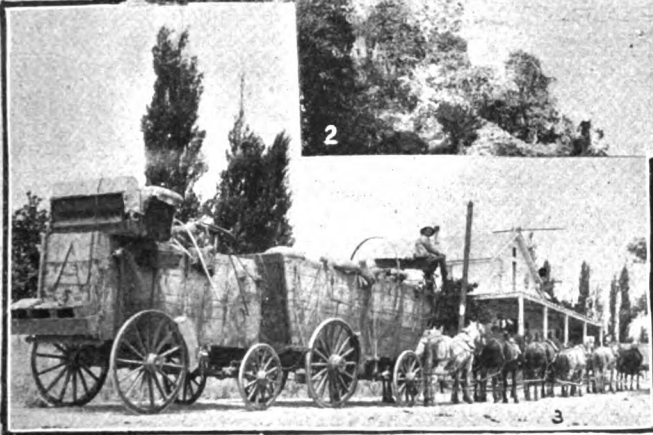
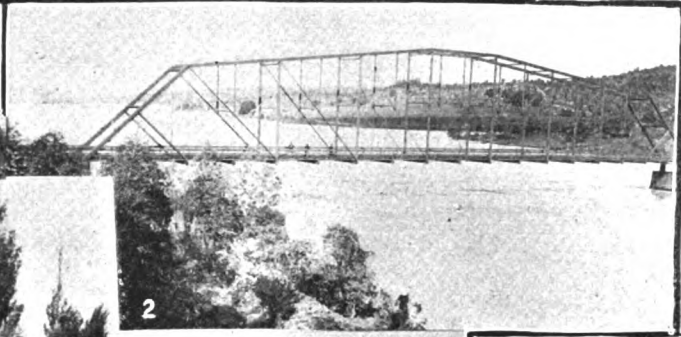
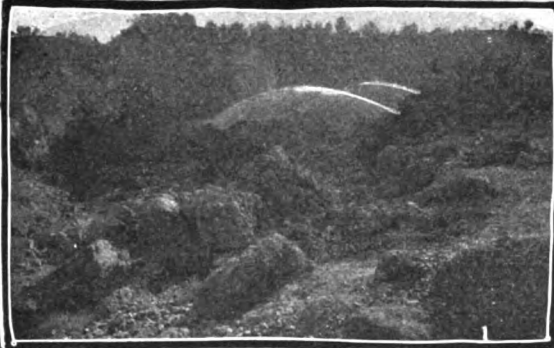


Transportation Blockading the Sacramento River.

ching for miles away, present a picture that few other localities can match.

The principal manufacturing enterprise is that of the Sierra Lumber Company. It has a large sash and door factory at Red Bluff. There is here, also, a well-equipped flour mill. In the mountains the S. L. Co. conducts large lumbering operations, bringing the rough lumber down the mountain sides and across the valley to its plant, on the river, for forty miles in a V flume. Its annual out-

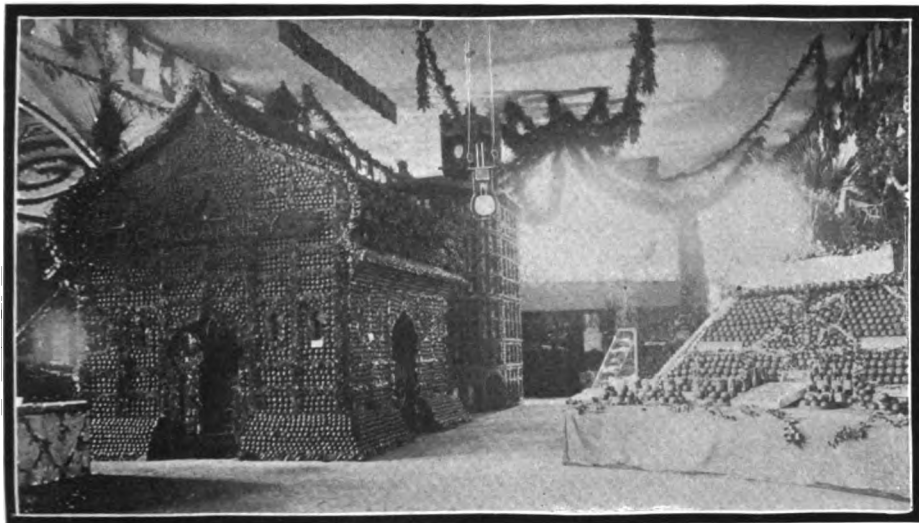
accommodations are here for invalids, and thousands of the lame and halt, and otherwise unfortunate, visit Tuscan in the course of the year, coming from all parts of the State, and from other States. For the special curative properties of these springs, inquiry should be made of the proprietor, Mr. E. B. Walbridge, Tuscan Springs P. O. Strong indications of petroleum are found near the foothills on both sides of the river in this county.



YUBA COUNTY.—1. Hydraulic Mine, Smartsville. 2. Yuba River. 3. Freighting to the mine. 4. Moving machinery from railroad to power house. 5. Stacking hay.



YUBA COUNTY.—Fruit Packing on Feather River Orchard. 2. Olive grove. 3. Hop field. Hop pickers weighing in their pick. 4. Hop yard and drying kiln.



YUBA COUNTY.—House of Oranges, Cit rus Fair.

Shasta County.

We have now reached the end of our journey, in Shasta County, having traversed an Empire where a million people may find happy homes and profitable employment. Approaching Redding, the

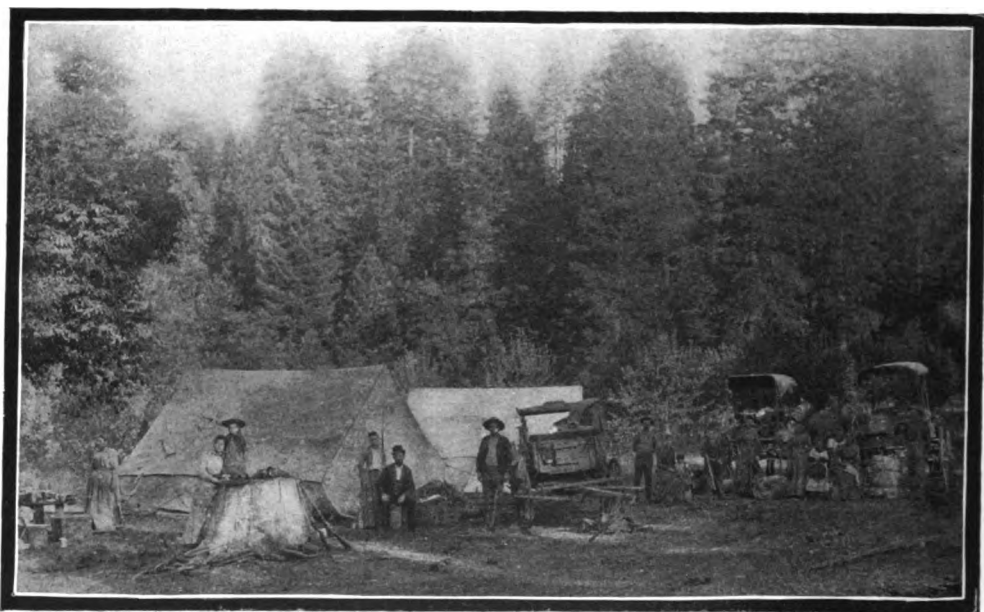
county-seat of Shasta County, we are impressed by the changed appearance of valley and mountain. We are nearer now to these giant ranges, and their carved and jagged surfaces begin to reveal themselves. Looking from the lower end of the valley at Woodland, for example, the mountains on either side are mantled



Almond Orchard in the Sacramento Valley.

with an exquisitely delicate ultramarine blue, ever changing with the degrees and slant of the sun's rays and cloud shadows; at this distant point of view the anatomy of the mountains is not unfolded. Lassen looms up on the east; the Trinity and Yalla Balla Peaks, in the upper Coast Range, on the west, and the dome of noble Mt. Shasta, rises dimly at the northern horizon. All these features become more, and more beautiful as we approach the head of the valley. The mountain slopes which were spread before the eye, as upon a canvas, now

ern slope of the Sierras, from foot to summit, stretches out before you, with Lassen towering over all, at this point seemingly more majestic than proud Shasta itself. One now can look into the canyons, that open on the mountain declivities, their profound depths enshrouded in a blue semi-translucent atmosphere that delicately veils their ragged and rock-ribbed sides. It is worth a trip on the west side to Redding (not the east side, for the effects are not there so pronounced) to view the enhanced beauties of the landscape in the stretches of the



Camping in the Sierras, Northern California.

have life and distinct form and individuality, and one begins to feel their presence. The views from Red Bluff are enchanting, but I have often felt that at Redding we have the culmination of nature's effort in this marvelously beautiful valley. The great white cone of Shasta is visible down to its base, and seems to rise out of a vast forested horizon, the mountain range on which it rests being shut out by intervening rolling, wooded hills.

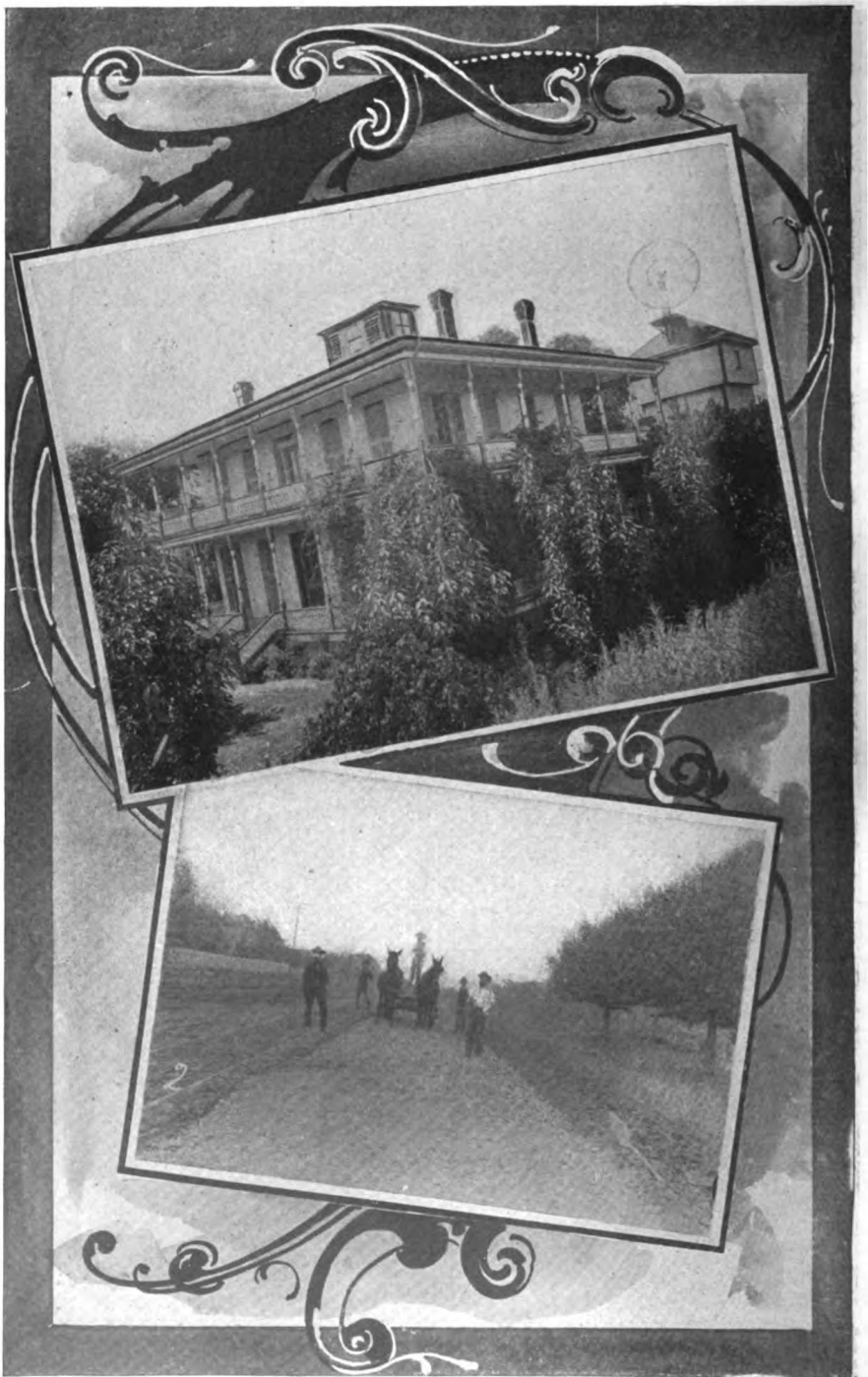
Looking east from the elevated plateau on which the town is situated, the west-

upper portion of the valley.

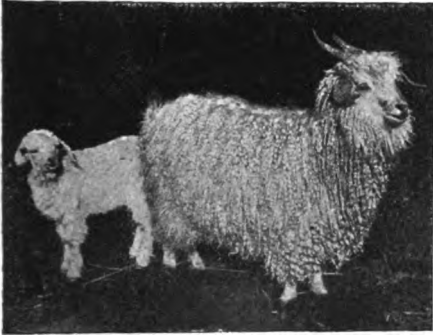
As heretofore indicated, the Coast Range and the Sierras approach at the north of Redding, and surround the county on all sides except that of the south. Enclosed by them is a semi-circle of valley and foothills, and plateaus forming the head of the Sacramento Valley, and containing about 500,000 acres, with an elevation of from 500 to 2,500 feet. The central and southern portions consist of table lands of about 700 feet elevation. Along the Sacramento are some rich river bottom lands. The valley soils



SUTTER COUNTY.—1. Ice house and fruit shed, Yuba City. 2. Raisin drying. 3. A fruit packing house.



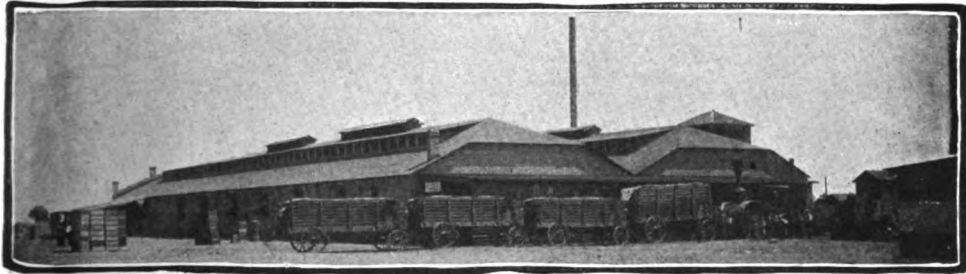
SUTTER COUNTY.—1. A residence in Yu ka City. 2. Making good roads.



Angora goat and kid, Glenn County.

are alluvium, largely intermixed with disintegrated rock and gravel; color, light red or reddish brown. The mesa, or tablelands, are a sandy loam, with a large percentage of clay, while to the south-

Redding, the county-seat, population, 2,940; Keswick (a town recently brought into existence by the Mountain Copper Company), 2,000; Anderson, estimated, 625; Cottonwood, 450; French Gulch, 450; Shasta (formerly the county-seat, and famous in the early mining history of the State), 450. In area, Shasta is the largest county in the group—3,906 square miles. About one-sixth of the land is reported suitable for farming operations, and about three-quarters for grazing, including herein a part of the forested land. Nearly one-half is covered with good timber belts and the entire county is well watered. About 4,000 acres are cultivated in wheat; 10,000 in hay; 500 in alfalfa; 150 in hops. Livestock industry is quite extensive: 20,000 sheep, 20,000 cattle, 4,500 horses and mules. The county is well adapted to stock raising, as ample



A Butte County Cannery.

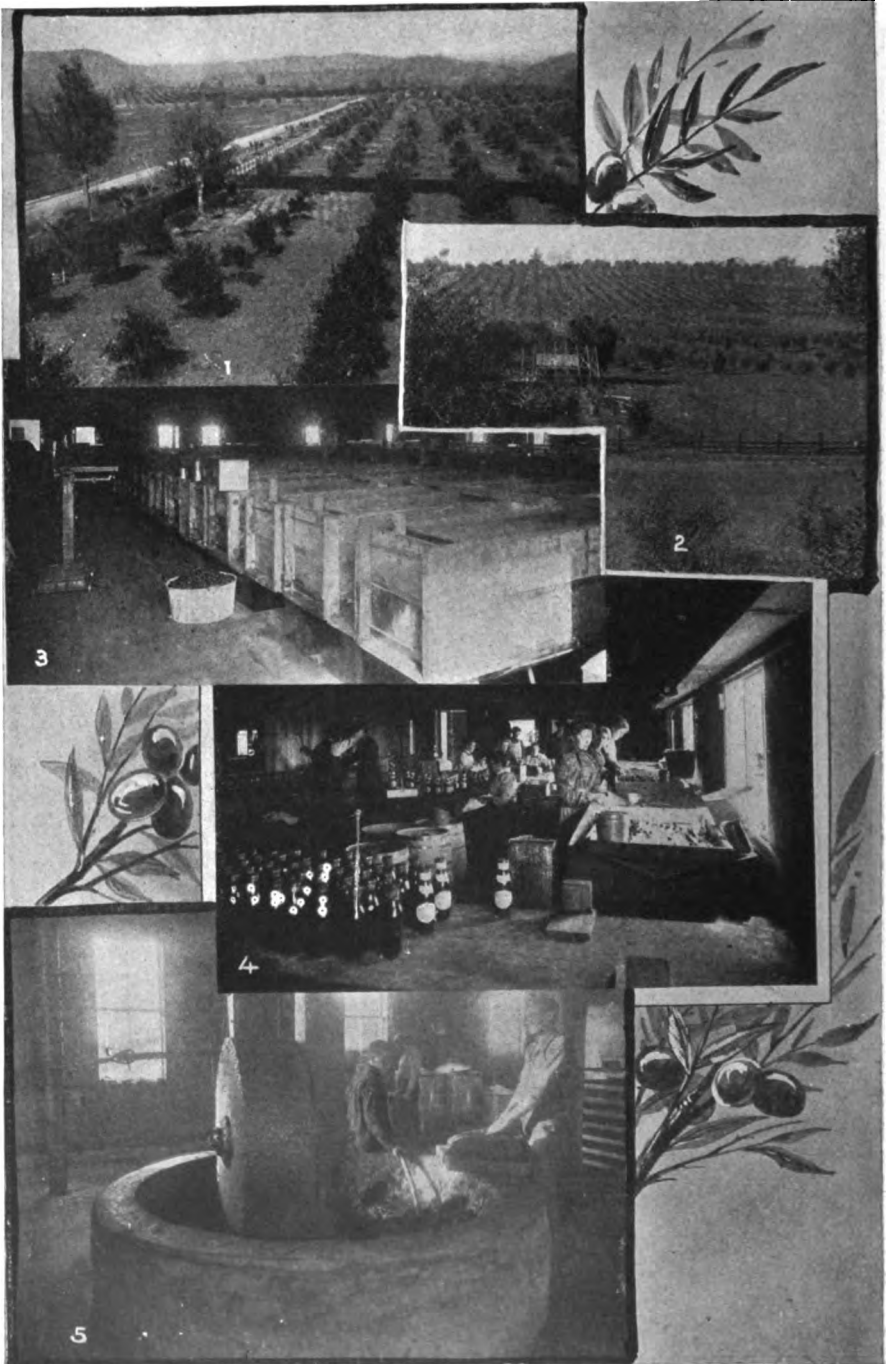
west the soil is adobe. All of these soils are generally rich and productive for grain, grasses, vines and fruits. In Burney Valley, over the crest of the Sierras, is a plateau which extends throughout this range up into Eastern Oregon. This plateau, having an elevation of 3,500 feet, has valleys, reclaimed swamp lands, and rolling highlands. The principal rivers and creeks are Fall River, Pitt, Hat Creek, McCloud River and the Sacramento.

grazing, winter and summer, are afforded. The local markets are excellent, owing to the large population engaged in non-agricultural pursuits. There is a fine field

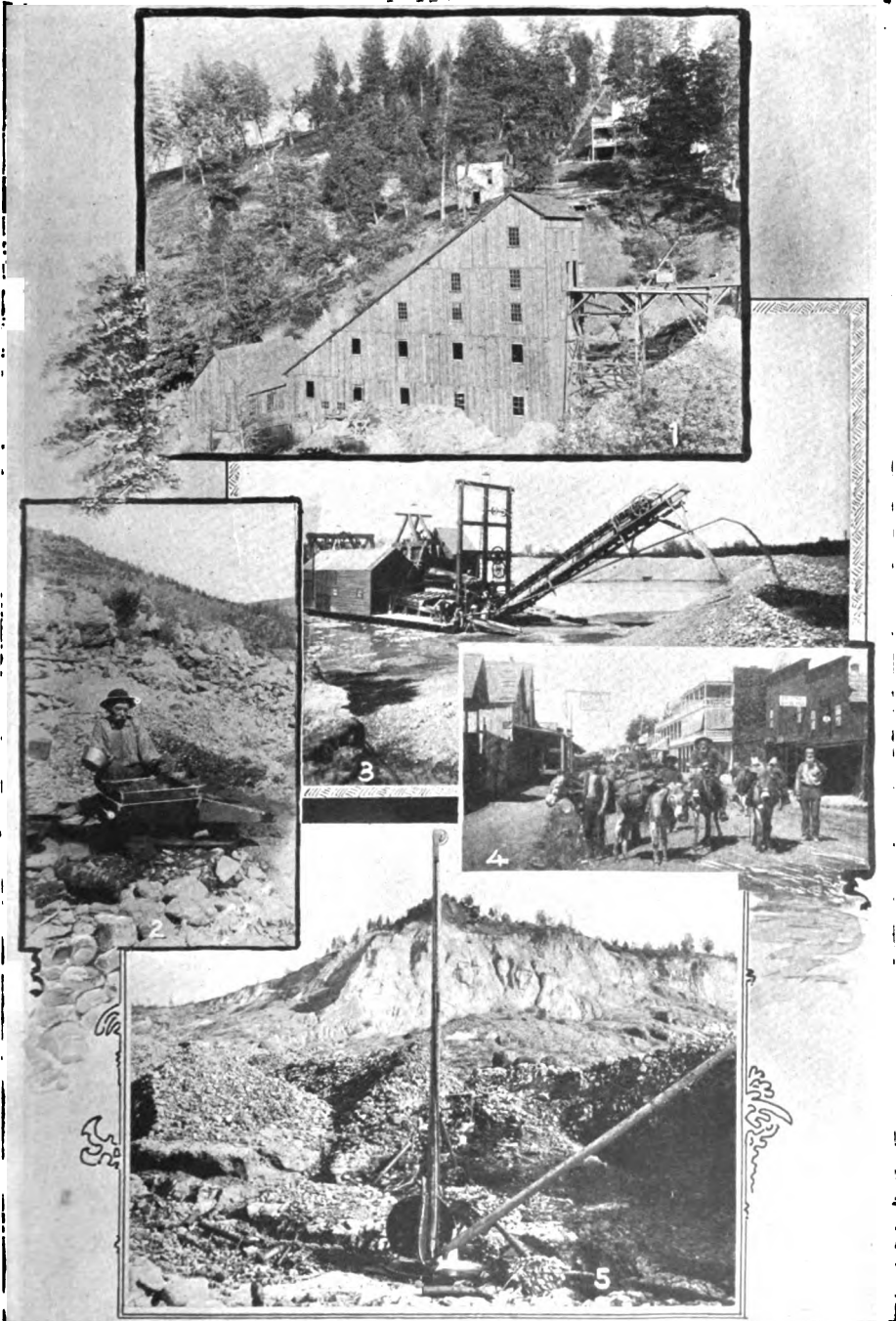


Angora Fleeces, Glenn County.

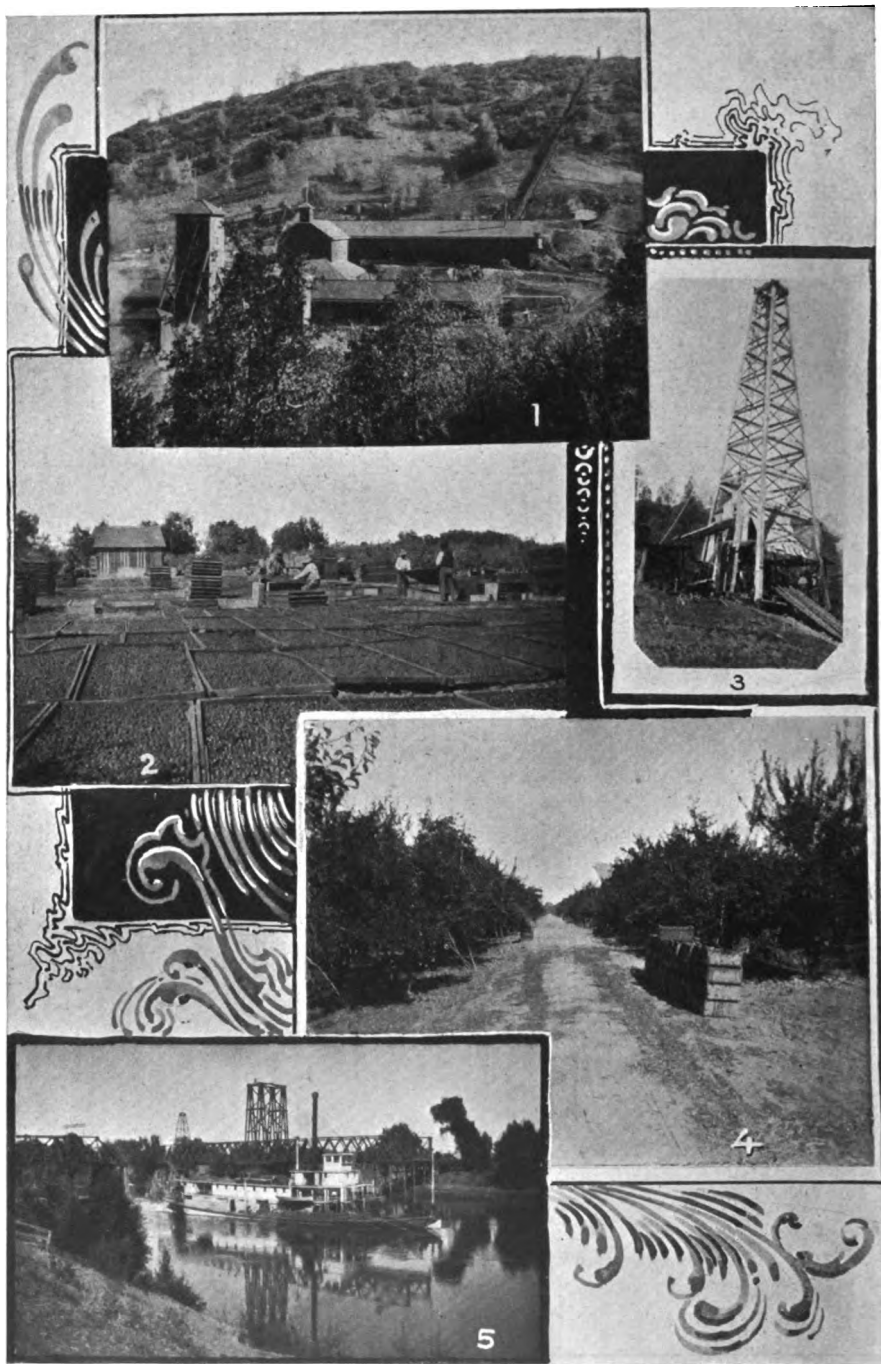
The population of Shasta County is 17,318, showing an increase of 5,135 in ten years—the greatest per cent of increase, I think, in any of the twelve counties, due largely to the awakened interest in the mining industry and somewhat to the greater development of the lumber enterprises. The principal towns are:



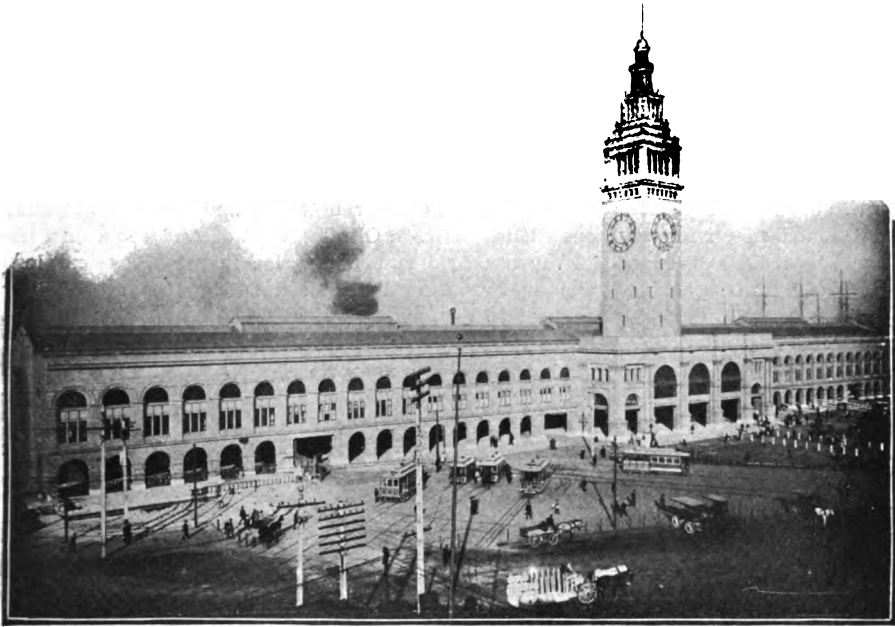
THE OLIVE INDUSTRY IN BUTTE COUNTY.—1. Olive and orange orchard at Thermalito. 2. Olive and Fig Orchard at Wyandotte. 3. Olive Pickling tanks at Oroville. 4. Bottling pickled olives. 5. Olive oil mill at Oroville.



MINING SCENES IN BUTTE COUNTY.—1. Hoist at Gold Bank Mine. 2. Primitive mining. 3. A gold dredge. 4. Prospecting party. 5. Hydraulic mine.



COLUSA COUNTY.—1. Quicksilver mine. 2 Fruit drying yard. 3. First oil derrick in Northern California. 4. Prune orchard. 5. Transportation on Sacramento River.



Ferry Building, San Francisco. Built of Colusa sandstone.

here for bee culture; thousands of acres are covered with manzanita and other flowering shrubs, affording the best of feed for bees. About 5,000 acres are under irrigation. The people are happily situated in the matter of summer resorts, for a half day brings them into lovely mountain retreats. The mineral springs in the vicinity of Castle Crags—giving us the world-renowned Shasta water—are known by the traveling public everywhere, and Shasta Retreat, near by, is

a favorite summer resort for thousands of people. There are reported to be 20,000 acres of available and desirable land for sale in small tracts at prices ranging from \$10 to \$40 per acre. The lumber output is 20,000,000 feet annually. A branch railroad leads from Anderson to Bella Vista, on the east side of the river, the terminus of a lumber flume, and here a box factory is operated. Large electrical power plants are being erected—one on the McCloud River and one on Battle



Grain warehouses and transportation. Sacramento river, Colusa County.

Creek, near Shingletown. The mining industry is quite large—the county standing at the head of the list in the State—copper, gold, silver, iron, limestone, sandstone, kaolin, chromite, and cinnabar, being among the mineral products. Croppings of coal have been found, but none yet developed in commercial quantities. Recent years have brought into great prominence the copper ore deposits in this county, which alone are destined to

The smelters now in operation and under construction will have a wide influence on the mining industry of the State. Fruit grown in this county attains a high flavor, and is rich in saccharine. The orchards are principally near Anderson on the river bottoms, and in Happy Valley (P. O. Olinda) west of Anderson. An important enterprise is projected—no less than building a railroad from Redding to Eureka, Humboldt Bay. Should this

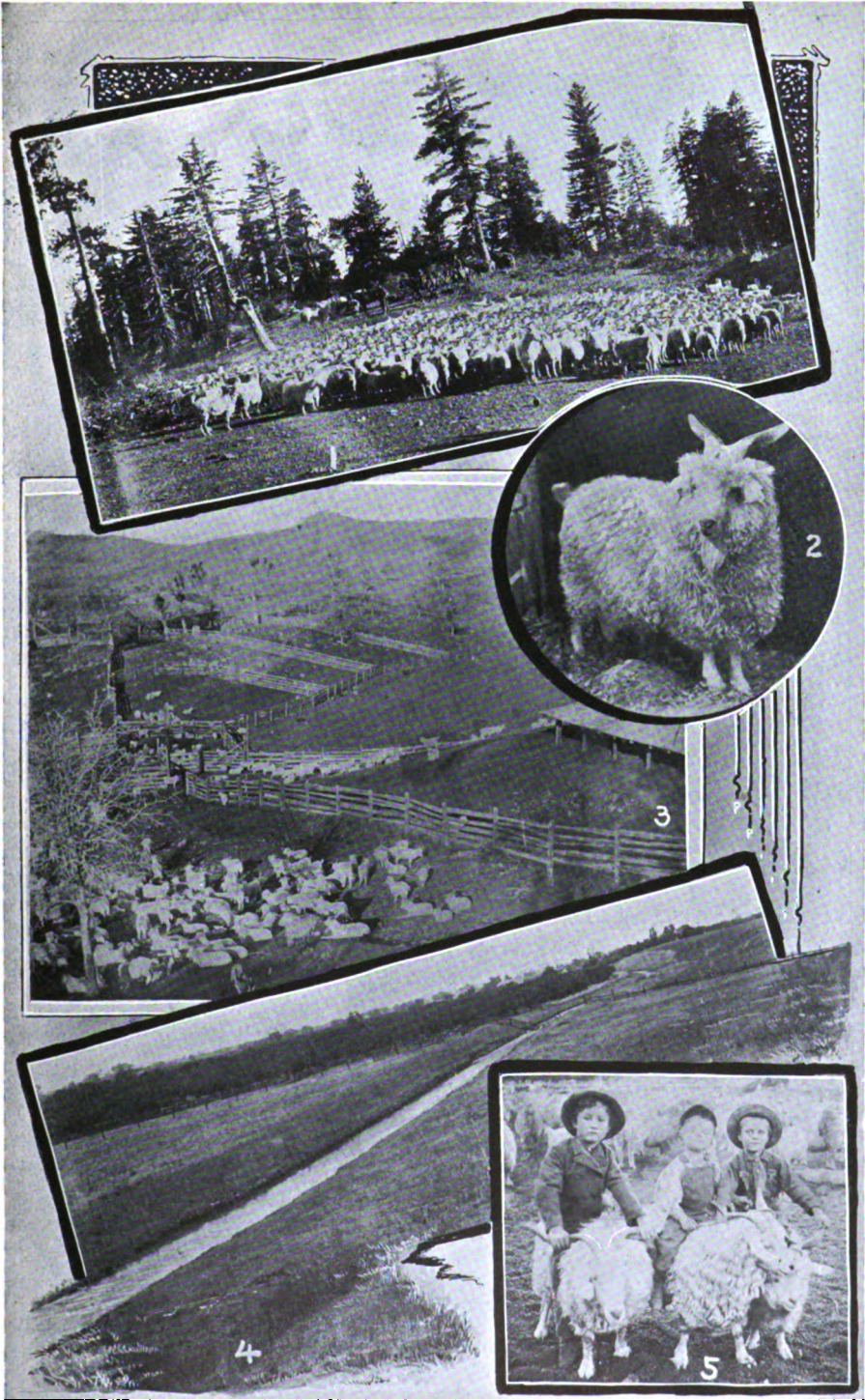


Young Banana Palm at Oroville, Butte County, Cal.

greatly enlarge its importance and wealth. The Mountain Copper Company, near Keswick, on west side of river, is producing not far from five million dollars worth of copper annually. On the east side even greater properties are predicted, and immense sums are being expended in the establishment of plants.

long-talked-of enterprise become accomplished, it will bring into commercial relations two of the leading regions of the State, now almost as completely separated as if in different States widely apart.

There are two United States fisheries in Shasta County. To cap the climax of



GLENN COUNTY.—1. A band of Angora Goats in their summer range at an altitude of 7,000 feet. 2. Angora goat. 3. Goat ranch two miles west of Orland. 4. Irrigation ditch west of Orland. 5. "The Start"—A Glenn County race.



An oak tree in Yolo County.

Shasta's attractions to the business world it is now claimed on high authority that petroleum exists within a few miles of Redding. Two exploration wells are now being driven on the faith of opinion expressed by the experts. In fact, it is now believed that petroleum will be found in all the counties I have described, which will add enormously to their wealth.

As the purpose of this article is to give information and to anticipate as far as possible the inquiries naturally arising in the mind of an intending settler, I give here a specimen letter recently received, hundreds of which come to the State Board of Trade, and also the answer sent by the secretary and manager, J. A. Filcher.

J. A. Filcher, San Francisco, Cal.—Dear Sir: I recently received a copy of the book entitled "California," published by the State Board of Trade which was sent to me by your body on request for literature regarding your State. Please accept my thanks for the same.

The book I received says that for special information as to localities I can apply to you as secretary and manager of the State Board of Trade. I have long been anxious to go to a warmer climate, but have not been able to do so for the want of means to travel with, and by reason of family ties, but now I see my way clear to realize my hopes in the near future.

I am at a loss to know to what part of

your great State to go to, for I am sure that with a family and small means it would be inconvenient to travel around much after I got there. I would like, therefore, to know what are the attractions and drawbacks to the following sections; viz., the extreme south, the central section and the northern section of California and of Humboldt County. I would like, also, to be informed in regard to the following questions: First, Is there any United States Government land in California subject to homestead law? Second: If not, what are the general prices of land in the sections referred to? Third: What are the products of those places? Fourth: Can good apples be raised in California? If so, where? Fifth: Can a sober, industrious man get land that is improved to work on shares? If so, on what terms? Sixth: Could a poor man with a family, and a stranger, come to your State, and readily get work on farms? Seventh: What are the usual wages for farm hands?

I have no great fault to find with my own State, except that we have about six months winter, during which time we eat up what we have raised during the summer. I always dread the winter when we have to keep busy feeding stock to keep it alive and cutting wood to keep us warm.

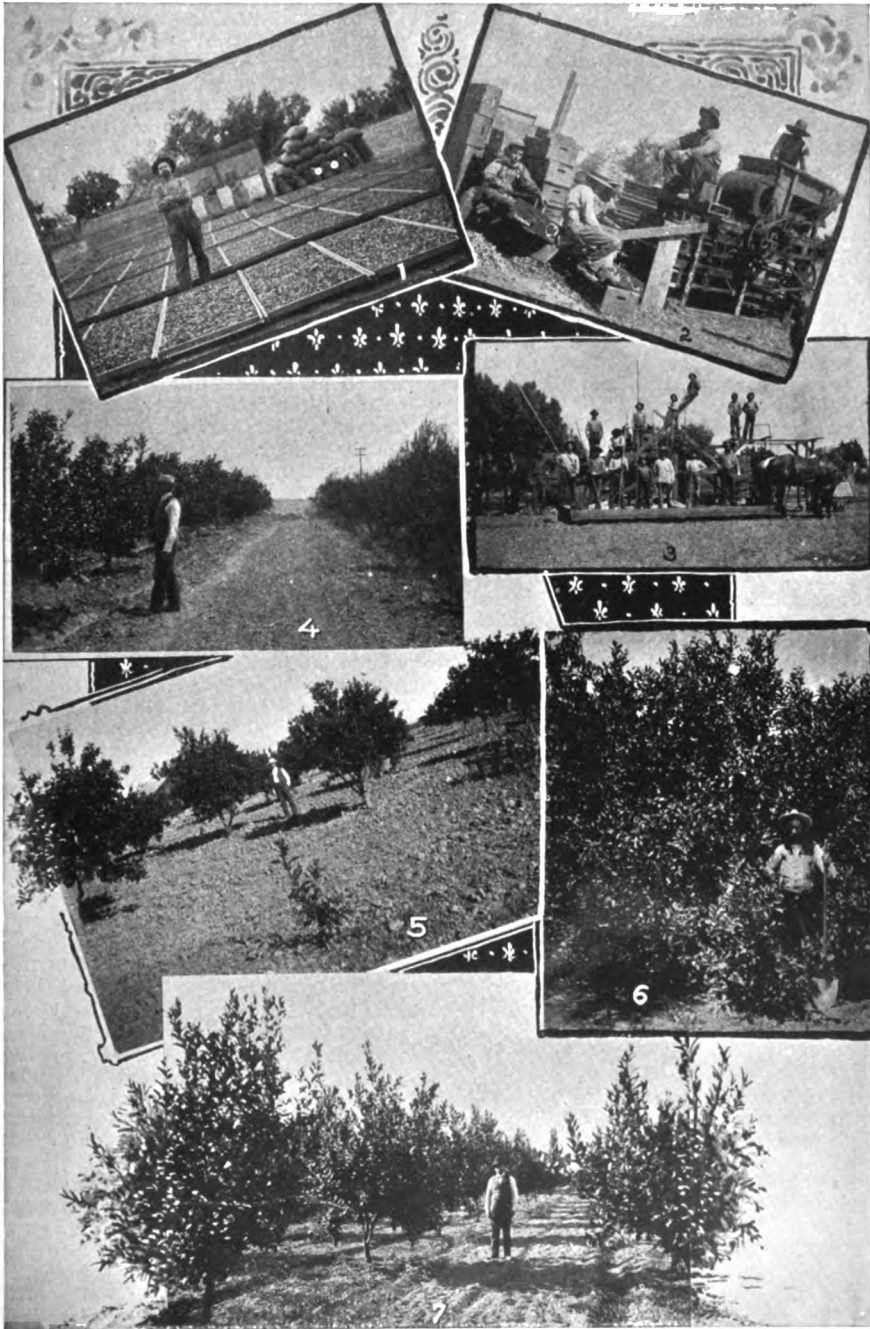
Could you put me in communication with some honest and reliable farmer and stock-raiser in Humboldt County, or in some of the other parts of the State here referred to, that would need a hired man, or that would have a farm to let to be worked on shares?

I fear I will tire you with so many questions, but if you put me in the way of the desired information I will be very grateful. I will enclose my picture so you can get some idea how this inquisitive New York farmer looks, and begs to remain,

Yours respectfully,

THOMAS G. STOCKWELL.

Thomas G. Stockwell, Esq., West Windsor, New York—Dear Sir: I have your favor of January 10th, making inquiry regarding California in general, and certain localities in particular. The pamphlet we mail you to-day will answer your inquiries largely in regard to Humboldt County. What you say about your height and weight is interesting but your economic traits, business management and industrial propensities are more likely to lead to success than your physical qualifications. While you say that you do not care to travel around much after you get here, my advice to new comers generally is to inspect the country some before locating. I would, therefore, suggest that in event you immigrate to California that you quarter your family temporarily in some city in the central interior and



ORANGES, OLIVES AND LEMONS AT ORLAND, GLENN COUNTY.—1. Drying almonds. 2. Hulling almonds. 3. The gatherers; 4. Four-year-old orange and olive orchard. 5 Six-year-old orange grove (result of irrigation.) 6. Ten-year-old lemon trees. 7. Four-year-old lemon grove.

spend a few dollars looking up and down the country. I believe that what money such a personal inspection might cost would be more than saved to you in your final investment.

You ask for the attractions and drawbacks of certain sections; viz., the extreme south, the central portion of California, the northern portion and Humboldt County.

The attractions of the South are a mild climate, an enterprising community, and a fairly good market for their stable products. The drawbacks consist of a comparative shortage of water, an item essential to the successful cultivation of diversified products in nearly all parts of California. By a shortage, I do not mean that they have no water; on the other hand, they have a great deal, but the average rainfall is less than in the regions further north.

In the central portions of the State at the same altitude, the winter climate is very similar to southern portions, while the summers in the interior valleys average some warmer. With irrigation all the staple fruits, vegetables, and cereals, including oranges and lemons, in favored localities, can be grown as successfully as in any other portion of the State. The land and water rights are easily obtained and at fair figures in proportion to what can be produced.

In the northern portion at the same altitude, conditions are very similar to the central portion, except that there is a greater amount of rain-fall and a lower average summer temperature, and less irrigation is necessary. The minimum temperature in the Sacramento Valley and San Joaquin Valleys average about the same, land values do not differ materially and the range of products is similar.

For climatic conditions I would refer you to our table of temperatures in the different parts of California, published on page 46 of the pamphlet which we have sent you. The average annual temperature varies very little, indeed, for a distance of five or six hundred miles north and south, or say from Redding on the north to Riverside on the south. A study of the lines of temperature on the official map under the cover of the Government pamphlet sent you by this mail will convince you of this fact. By reason of the Japan current which strikes the coast of California almost at a right angle, temperature is maintained at about the same degree throughout almost the entire length of California, regardless of latitude, while rain-fall varies according to latitude about as your temperature varies as you go from north to south. The farther you go south on the Atlantic Coast the warmer you find the weather; the farther you go south in California the less you find the average amount of rain-

fall; otherwise conditions here at the same altitude are very similar. The soil, of course, varies in different localities, but this variation has more to do with the locality and local physical conditions than latitude.

Humboldt, on the coast, has a very mild summer climate and is not cold in the winter, but is subject to fogs, especially near the sea. This is mainly a lumber county, though stock raising, dairying, agriculture and some horticulture is carried on. Apples do very well in this county. Its principal drawback is its remoteness from markets, as access to the county is only convenient by coast vessels, and products for export either go direct from Humboldt harbor or by re-shipment from San Francisco. There is a prospect at present, however, that Humboldt will soon be connected by railroad with the rest of the world. I send you a publication on Humboldt County which will give you some detailed information.

In regard to the questions which you ask in numerical order, I will say, first: there is no United States Government land in California subject to the homestead law, that under present conditions of altitude and accessibility, will make a desirable home; second, land is reasonable both in price and terms, varying, of course, according to quality and distance from market. Good land in the central sections, with water right, can be had for \$40 an acre and upwards. Third, products of the different sections you referred to include all the cereals, staple fruits, and citrus fruits of the country. Southern California makes more of a specialty of citrus fruits, though it produces good grain and deciduous fruits and good vegetables of all staple varieties. The central and northern valleys make more of a specialty of cereals and deciduous fruits and vegetables, though as far north as Redding citrus fruits are successfully and profitably grown. In some localities in the northern and central region good money is being made out of oranges and lemons. Fourth, apples are raised successfully in nearly all portions of California, though the best apples come from near the coast, or from the mountain counties. From one to three thousand feet altitude, along the entire western slope of the Sierras, seems to be the natural apple belt of the State, including certain sections of San Diego and other southern counties that have a high altitude; fifth, I think a good, sober and industrious man would have little trouble in finding a desirable place to work on shares, as leases of improved places are very common, and it is reasonable to assume that as some expire others will be made. The terms vary according to the nature of the crop and the extent and condition of the place and its productive

capability. If you should not rent easily you would have no difficulty in finding a desirable piece of land which you could buy on very easy terms, on which you could build a comfortable home. Industrious men with small capital have done this in California in thousands of instances, and what one has done, others can do; sixth, I think a good steady man should easily obtain employment; if he proved himself apt in caring for and pushing the interests of his employer, he would have no difficulty in retaining his job. Wages for farm hands vary from \$25 and upwards in the winter months to \$35 and upwards in the summer months. Apt and reliable men who develop a faculty for managing others obtain correspondingly better salaries.

I believe I have pretty fully answered your questions. Your letter interests me, and if I can be of further service, feel perfectly free to ask any other questions which you desire to be informed upon. In the meantime I remain,

Yours very truly,

J. A. FILCHER,

Secretary and Manager.

In taking leave of the Sacramento Valley, I can recommend all parts of it unhesitatingly to the home-seeker, wherever he may be. One of the great embarrassments he will experience will be to decide where, in this vast section of desirable country, to select his home. I have endeavored to lighten the task

and expense to him of ascertaining where to go by stating facts as to the valley generally, and as to the counties somewhat particularly. Intelligent inquiry will in most cases lead to satisfactory results; and wherever he may determine to make his abiding place, he will find so much to charm and delight him that contentment is sure to follow.

In conclusion, I desire to express my thanks to the gentlemen in the several counties who were designated by the Sacramento Valley Development Association to furnish me with specific information, and upon whose reports the main facts relating to individual counties are stated. As the object of this article is not only to convey reliable information to intending settlers, but also to put them in communication with sources of accurate knowledge concerning the valley it would seem proper to give the names of the officers of the Association, who will cheerfully respond to all questions, and will give the names of persons in each county to whom inquirers may write. They are:

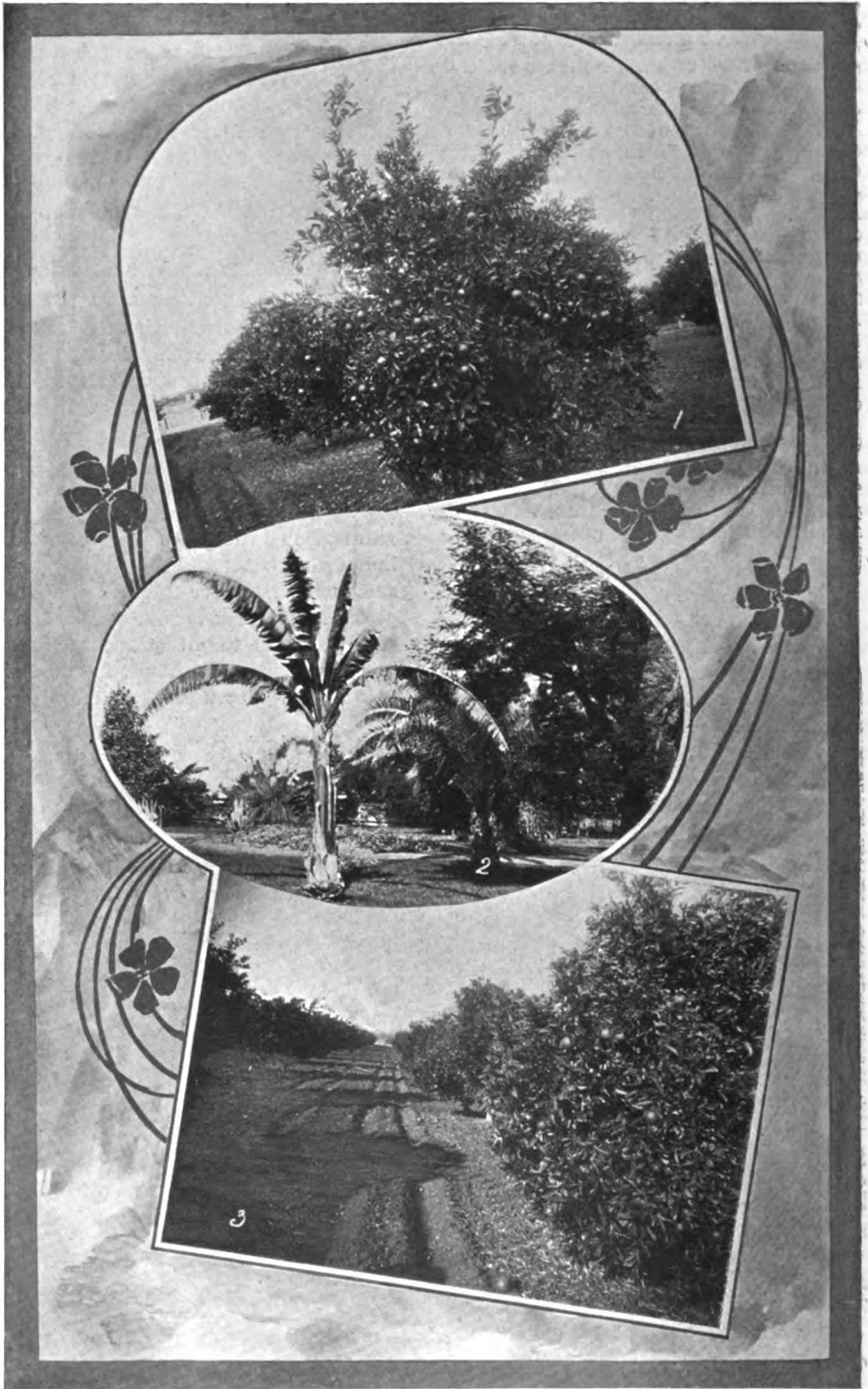
W. S. GREEN, Colusa, President.

F. E. WRIGHT, Colusa, Secretary.

FRANK MILLER, Sacramento, Treasurer



Picturesque Placer County.



OUR SICILY.—PALERMO.

1. Naval orange. five years from the bud. 2. Side view of a home garden, 3 Palermo-orange grove ready for irrigation.



PALERMO.

1. Golden oranges ready for the harvest. 2. Manager's residence, Palermo Colony. 3. A shady corner, manager's homeplace.

Our Sicily.

The historic wheat fields of the Sacramento Valley may be compared to the granary of Italy. But for our specific purpose, we may compare it to the ever picturesque Sicily—whose capital, Palermo, is the site of un-falling gardens of the most delicious fruits in Europe.

Is there anything in California at all resembling that historic spot? Certainly. We have a Palermo in the Sacramento Valley that can show you sky as serenely blue, a range of Sierras as grandly picturesque, a history as full of romance and miles of gardens, whose products will hold their own in any horticultural show in the world.

Palermo of California has everything that Sicily possesses. The great Mt. Lassen peak, once sent its ashes over this district, and its disintegrating lava beds furnish us now with most excellent nourishment for our vineyards and orchards. That is what happened at Palermo, Sicily, as well. So you observe the town comes honestly by the name.

In a table of statistics we have before us, it is seen that the varieties of fruits now growing at Palermo comprise oranges, lemons, table grapes, wine grapes, raisin grapes, peaches, pears, nectarines, quinces, apples, French prunes, silver prunes, olives, pomegranates and almonds. Oranges and lemons are planted 100 trees to an acre and the average weight of fresh fruit is 20 tons. Grapes average 7 tons; prunes from 8 to 13½ tons, peaches 10½ tons, pears 13½ tons, nectarines 9½ tons and almonds 5,400 pounds. Raisin grapes average about 435 pounds to the acre and dried French prunes 9,000 pounds. Even dried pears from seven year old trees average 5,400 pounds to the acre. Our oranges packed with an average weight of 70 pounds have brought as high as \$7.50 per box. Lemons, packed in the same manner, with an average weight of 80 pounds to the box have sold for \$3.50. Dried fruits packed in half crates of 20 pounds each have produced \$2.50 per half crate. When shipped in 50-pound boxes with no waste and no packing nor culling, they have produced from \$48.42 to \$83.90 per acre.

These are figures that talk and can be verified at a moment's notice.

Palermo has a mean average temperature of 64 degrees, an average temperature of 53 degrees during the winter months, and less than 79 degrees for the summer season.

Comparative Climate Tables.

Place.	—Mean for—		
	Year.	Winter.	Cold'st
Rome	60.05	46.07	45.00
Madrid	58.03	45.02	43.02
Jerusalem ...	62.06	49.06	47.04
Marseilles ...	58.03	40.02	43.02
Algiers	64.08	61.12	53.02
Palermo, Butte County, Cal. . .	64.09	53.00	52.25

On the principle of "sending coals to Newcastle" many carloads of oranges were sent to Florida during the recent disastrous freeze in that State.

If you come to Palermo in the winter, you can lie down in the midst of an orange grove and luxuriate. You can stretch your hand above your head, pluck a luscious orange from one of the clusters and taste its health-giving meat and juice. You can do this in the middle of January. Where else under the blue canopy of Heaven, in latitude 39 4-10 degrees, can you do the same thing?

The above only tells half the tale. Palermo is a place where life is worth living and where that living will be prolonged.

Lands in this district are very accessible, being offered by the Palermo Land and Water Company at \$75 per acre. An estimate of \$16 per acre is perhaps a maximum estimate of the cost of cultivating this land. Fencing may be dispensed with in many cases, due to the strict enforcement of the pound law.

The Bay Counties
Power Company
is the result of a
consolidation of
two companies,
which previously

owned power plants and supplied power in Yuba and Nevada Counties, viz., the Yuba Electric Power Company and the Nevada County Electric Power Company. This company, by means of a seemingly inexhaustible supply of ingenuity and enterprise, has pushed its pro-



General View of Palermo, Butte County, Cal.

Interior of Powerhouse



Powerhouse

jects through with remarkable success, and is now supplying to the towns, commercial centers, farms, and mines of Northern California an amount of power almost beyond human belief. It has done wonders for the development of Northern California, and judging by the plans it is now making for further advancement, it promises to do much more in the future. The work carried out by this company is one of the largest transmission undertakings in California—not to say in the world, despite the fact that comparatively few have recognized its magnitude. On the first of April, it completes a double 140-mile pole line to deliver power to Oakland and the eastern shores of San Francisco bay, preparatory to imparting the bulk of power to that city. The transmission line and apparatus is designed for 60,000 volts, line pressure.

This month the company completes the introduction of its lines into the Northern Counties of Butte, Colusa, Yuba, Nevada, Sutter, Yolo, Placer, Solano, Napa, Sacramento, Contra Costa and Alameda. Electricity for the above counties is nothing short of an unqualified blessing, as it furnishes a power infinitely cheaper than that given by steam, and it obviates much superfluous labor in cases of both small and large installation. Electricity in these cases is a great saver of power, as the direct application to motors does away with the losses always incurred through the medium of bulk transmission. Some slight idea of the variety of industries which depend on the power furnished by the Bay Counties Power Company can be gained from the following facts:

The company is supplying power for mining in all its methods and branches in the counties of Yuba and Nevada; for the operating of gold dredgers in Butte County; for the running of street cars and stationary machinery in Sacramento and Marysville, and in the counties of Solano, Contra Costa, and Alameda; for the operating of important industries such as Selby's, California Powder Works, and the Consolidated Railroad in Oakland; and in all the towns reached by its 500 miles of pole line, for the supplying of electric light. Twenty towns

and cities in all get their currents from this company's line, as supplied by its four immense power houses.

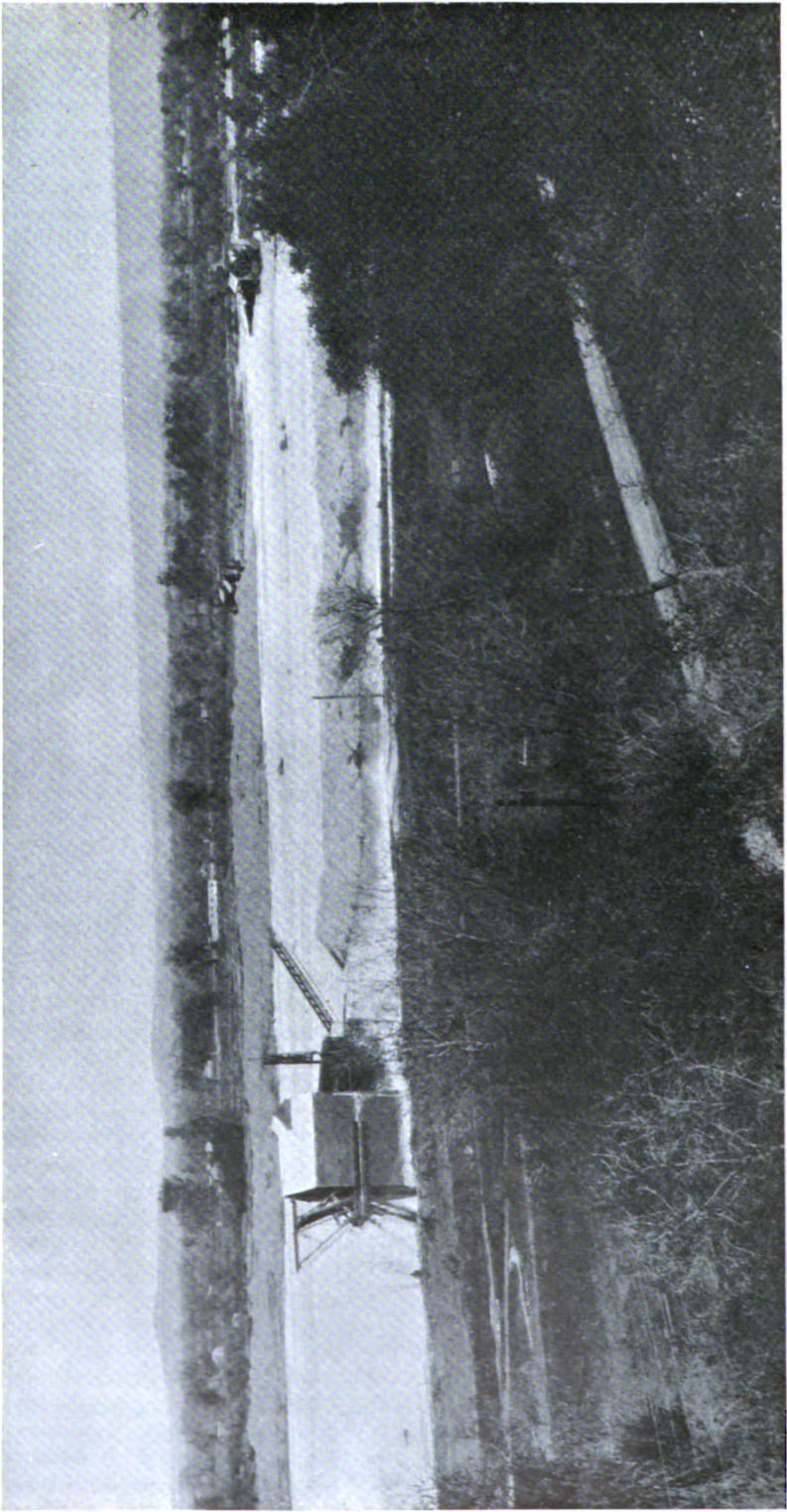
The company has developed a hydraulic capacity of 30,000 horse-power and an electric capacity of 15,000 horse-power. This, great as it is, is soon to be added to. During the present year it has been increased by 6,000 horse-power. As a feat of engineering, nothing has ever surpassed the company's remarkable transmission across the Straits of Carquinez. This is done with a span 4,700 feet long, and is the longest in the world.

This latter achievement is characteristic of the Bay Counties Power Company, which, in the boldness of its conceptions and its success in carrying them out, is peculiar in commercial history. It has done many things never dreamed of elsewhere, and the number of its innovations and the length of its lines is the marvel of the scientific world. The length of its transmission is unique of its kind. In size, it is second only to Niagara, which it surpasses in the amount of territory which it covers.

The Sacramento Valley benefits directly from the introduction of electricity to its farming sections as furnished by the Bay Counties Power Company. Electricity is the best power known for the irrigating of farms and orchards, and for the pumping in winter of surface water from low lands.

The Northern California farmers and miners may congratulate themselves that they have at hand, ready to aid their work and nourish their crops, a greater force than mythology ever dreamed of—the Genii of Electricity to turn their wheels and move their streams, and light their villages, and to aid by its beneficent influence in making the Sacramento Valley one of the wonders of the world for fertility and resource, enterprise and commercial prosperity.

The company's office is at 324 Pine street, San Francisco. The officers are: E. J. de Sabla Jr., President and General manager; Wm. M. Pierson, vice-president; C. A. Grow, secretary and treasurer; F. M. Ray, assistant manager; J. M. Hancock, general superintendent; T. E. Theberath and R. H. Sterling, division superintendents.



Gold Dredging on the Upper Sacramento River, Cal.

This enterprise has opened up a new industry throughout the valley of the Sacramento. The conditions there

Gold Dredging in the are more favorable Sacramento Valley. able for gold dredging than in any other part

of the United States, mainly owing to the decomposed lava ash bed rock, which we find throughout the foothills in this valley. The Yuba River, Bear River, and Feather River are the three principal fields, the latter presenting the largest dredging area opened up in the United States.

On the Feather River for five miles below the town of Oroville, on both sides of the stream and on the interior ground, are running twelve massive gold dredges, handling in the neighborhood of 20,000 cubic yards of gravel each 24 hours, the tailings being piled up as shown in the accompanying illustration, behind the dredge.

The exploration and development of gold dredging in this State is largely due to the efforts of one of our leading engineering concerns, viz.: the Risdon Iron and Locomotive Works, of this city. Some five years ago, they made a thorough investigation of this dredging field, prospecting the ground; they discovered that the values would pay, and then proceeded to design machinery suitable for the handling of the gravel.

To-day the scene of activity in gold dredging throughout the Sacramento Valley is entirely due to the impetus given this industry by this concern. On the Bear and the Yuba River, we find the same character of bed rock existing, and the study of the economic conditions governing the operation of the various fields, shows that with the system of dredging used—on the Feather, Yuba, and Bear Rivers—ground can be handled for four and one-half cents per yard, including all wear and tear, and depreciation.

To show the great advantage in operating this class of mining, we show the cost of operation and the returns from a dredging proposition of 100 acres of land, which can be purchased in many parts of the State as low as \$100 per

acre. Hundreds of thousands of acres are available throughout the river valleys in this State, which should be opened up and developed by this means. From all parts of the United States, inquiries are directed to California, and demands are made from time to time as to what the returns from the ordinary dredging plant will be, and for the purpose of laying before intending investors, the writer has made up the following schedule as to what might be expected from a dredging proposition, working under the local conditions in California. Electric power is available throughout the Valley of the Sacramento, the Bay Counties Electric Power Co. having stations in Nevada and Yuba Counties, and having hundreds of miles of wires stretching throughout all parts of the dredging section, furnishing power at a rate of approximately \$5 per H. P. per month, which is a remarkably low rate for a 24-hour day.

The basis of figuring is from results as to capacity attained on the Feather River field, below Oroville, during the first three years:

100 acres of land at \$100.....	\$10,000 00
1 dredge, 5 foot buckets.....	50,000 00
Boarding house, blacksmith-shop, and tools.....	2,500 00
Cash on hand.....	12,500 00

Cost per acre—\$750. Total..\$75,000 00

Cost of Operating per Month.

Power, 75 H. P. at \$5 00.....	\$ 375 00
Dredge Master.....	130 00
3 Winch Men, \$90.....	270 00
3 Deck Men, \$75.....	225 00
Repairs and Depreciation.....	400 00
	<hr/>
	\$1,400 00

Say—\$17,500 00 per year.

Ten acres per year, 30 ft. deep, worked, say, 500,000 yards per year, 20 cents.....	\$100,000 00
Expenses, \$1,500 x 12..	\$17,500
10 acres land, \$750....	7,500 25,000 00

Profit per year.....\$75,000 00
Say—Capital, 100,000 shares at 75 cts.,

\$75,000. Dividend, \$75,000, 100 per cent per year, and return of 10 per cent on capital per year.

	capital,	\$75,000	Per Cent
1 year			profit..100
2	"	67,500	" ..111
3	"	60,000	" ..125
4	"	52,500	" ..142
5	"	45,000	" ..166
6	"	37,500	" ..200
7	"	30,000	" ..250
8	"	22,500	" ..333
9	"	15,000	" ..500
10	"	7,500	" .1000

The repairs and depreciation account of \$4,800 per year should keep everything up in first-class condition, and before the end of ten years should have enough money on hand together with last installment of capital, viz.: \$75,000, to purchase some more land. It will be noted that the cash on hand, \$12,500, will provide in addition to working capital, \$1,250 per year for extraordinary expenses.

The Risdon Iron Works publish a pamphlet regarding this class of mining.

Books: to read or not to read

The Satire of Our Friend Mark.

If that secretly-written book of Mark Twain's, which is to be published some too many years after his death, is anything like as vigorous as his utterances in the February North American Review, we can envy the longevity of the Wandering Jew. Under the coaxing title of "The Person Sitting in Darkness," our friend Mark is delivered of one of the most biting bits of satire in his whole career. With the rapier Mr. Clemens starts in just where Mr. Dooley and his dialect quit. Never quite so funny as when dealing in facts, Mr. Clemens says, as he expounds the facts to the Sitter in Darkness:

"There have been lies; yes, but they were told in a good cause. We have been treacherous; but that was only in order that real good might come out of apparent evil. True, we have crushed a de-

ceived and confiding people; we have turned against the weak and the friendless who trusted us; we have stamped out a just and intelligent and well-ordered republic; we have stabbed an ally in the back and slapped the face of a guest; we have bought a Shadow from an enemy that hadn't it to sell; we have robbed a trusting friend of his land and his liberty; we have invited our clean young men to shoulder a discredited musket and do bandit's work under a flag which bandits have been accustomed to fear, not to follow; we have debauched America's honor and blackened her face before the world; but each detail was for the best. We know this. The Head of every State and Sovereignty in Christendom and ninety per cent of every legislative body in Christendom, including our Congress and our fifty State Legislatures, are members not only of the Church, but also of the Blessings-of-Civilization Trust. This world girdling accumulation of trained morals, high principles, and justice, cannot do an unfair thing.

It knows what it is about. Give yourself no uneasiness; it is all right."

Satire was invented by a just God to make the Other Man feel small when neither argument nor abuse would touch him in the seat of his unwisdom. Far be it from ourselves, whose aims are literary rather than political, and whose vote is a secret of the ballot-box, to take sides for or against Mr. McKinley. But we are admirers of Mr. Clemens; we believe his to be one of the great minds of the time in which this magazine has lived; and in sure truth we are of the notion that a barbed joke of this kind from the pen of one of the greatest living writers of English will have more weight with the world than all the hot-mouthed orations that have been shouted and all the fiery-penned editorials that have been written. Mark Twain is perhaps the one living American whose audience is the world. It is well for those who take themselves seriously, and ill for those who love the best of their native humor, that Mark's book is to be published for a posterity that doubtless will appreciate it half as much as we would.

TO THE romancer, the West offers great stretches of yet unused "material."

And in popularity scenes of western life, at this time outside the phases of Western Stories by Western Writers. New England life, which ground has been rather thoroughly gone over) or the Southern novels which seemed not long ago to be in the ascendancy. On the Eastern coast there is to be sure a civilization to depict, somewhat more settled than ours, and a more thickly populated country; but in the West we have still new conditions, undeveloped country, the freedom from conventionality, and the great hope for the future, which has always stood as pure Americanism. The West is the home of adventure, and unrestrained enjoyment of outdoor life. And California herself lies along the eastern boundary of the ocean which washes the very shores of the Orient, teeming with the spirit of mystery

and poetry. No writer has known better how to show the people of the East what life in the West means than has Mary Hallock Foote. Her books seem filled with the bracing, and daring spirit of the western plains and mountains. Whether she treats of the life of miners, or of that of the educated eastern settler on arid lands, or the cowboy of the ranges, her touch is both true and loving of her subject, and people who have lived "out West," recognize in her characters and descriptions the very amplitude and warmth which makes the charm of the Land of Sunshine. The scene of her latest book "The Prodigal," is laid in San Francisco. However, it is not the city of to-day but "The Stranger City," (as she calls it) of almost twenty years ago. "An August fog," the tale begins, "was drifting inland from the bay. In thin places the blue Contra Costa hills showed through, and the general grayness was tinged with pearl. San Francisco dripped and steamed along her water-front; derricks loomed black, and yards and topmasts reddened, as a fringe of winter woodland colors up at the turn of the year." "The Prodigal" himself is an aggressive, big hearted, faulty, charming young Englishman, from far away Australia, who is "another gentleman wool-gatherer, come back shorn." It would have been natural to guess this tale written by a masculine hand, as Stevenson and Kipling ideals have prevailed in its writing to such an extent that the heroine says only twelve words throughout the book. The main interest is condensed in the words of one Bradshaw, a ship-owner—"you can't lead a wild colt with a long halter. So you will just keep track of the festive Clunie as well as you can, but don't meddle with him. It's his own fight now. It would be a pity to interfere when Mother Nature takes him across her knee. She gave him a fore-taste down at the Cape, but it's nothing to what she has in soak for him if I know this city." But the neatest bit of literary workmanship in this little book is where Miss Foote tries her far from "apprentice hand" on a concise description of the sinking of an over-loaded steamer while going through the Golden Gate.

"Wind and tide opposing and a strong

tide running out, and the white-caps, as it looked from shore, were great combers on the bar. Already the Parthenia was far out beyond help. Her passengers were thinking of their luncheon. The two spectators watched her come nosing around the cliffs. They marked how she wallowed and settled by her stern quarter. They were letting the air out of her then; she was part in air and part in water ballast when she met the Bar. A beast of a Bar it was that morning. It clapped paw upon her, rolled her to starboard, as a cat tumbles a mouse and the play was over. Her stern went under sideways, her staggering bow shot up, and she sank, like a coffin, with all on board. So sudden and silent and prepared it was, she might have walked out there, a deliberate suicide, and made away with herself. And so strong was the ship's personality that it was quite a moment before the two witnesses of her fate could gather the sense that she was not perishing alone, but was digging the grave of living men and women."

..("The Prodigal," by Mary Hallock Foote. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Publishers.)

NO other writer on Western themes is so well known by his work as Hamlin Garland, who first wrote of the main travelled roads of Illinois and Minnesota, forging west by way of Colorado, to Wyoming and the unregenerate cowboy life at "Wagon Wheel." He has the greatest sympathy for the free, wild life of the plains, and the untamed but not evil heart of the good natured "cow-puncher." His love of nature sweeps through his books, like the flower-laden wind off the prairies, or off the rugged mountain peaks of the Rockies in sight of which one "has room to become a man." One of his latest western romances, "The Eagle's Heart," (Appleton & Company) follows its hero (the inevitable preacher's son) from an Eastern village out through the gradually developing country, west of the Missouri to the Cheyenne County pioneer struggles of some forty years ago. The development of the smooth-faced but fiery

hearted young preacher's son, into "Black Mose," the dreaded fire-eater of the Wyoming district, still saddled with a reputation thrust upon him rather than earned, is carefully depicted, involving a number of strong situations and moving incidents. The boy from the first, "had no care or thought of cities or the East. He dreamed of the plains and horses and herds of buffalo and troops of Indians filing down the distant slopes. Every view of the range, every word of the wild country, every picture of the frontier remained in his mind." And we are not surprised when we find him a number of years later standing in the streets of Wagon Wheel, the most famous dead-shot in the State. The love story is convincing and interesting. Altogether the book shows a deeper sentiment, with perhaps a less pleasing conciseness than marked Mr. Garland's earlier work.

("The Eagle's Heart," by Hamlin Garland. D. Appleton & Co., Publishers.)

Good Poetry from
Lane Press.

For society versifiers, French forms are, in certain cases, good enough. They are sufficiently furnished with metrical mechanism to conceal from the un-

thinking whatever the author might have lacked in thought or art, and to give a certain degree of pleasure to the ear, while saying very little or nothing at all. But when the serious English versifier attempts to confine his good Anglo-Saxon words in these imported garments, his results can never hope to be more fortunate than not to be entirely unfortunate. Alexander Blair Thaw has written a book of verses—mostly sonnets and French forms—and his results, in the latter efforts, cannot but remind us that he has attempted what even an Austin Dobson could not do with the King's English—compel it to sing successfully with a French accent. Mr. Thaw has a daring talent and no lack of originality. Too bad he should not have selected better. Plenty of the verse is alive and timely. "To a Laureate of Empire" is obviously written to Kipling.

"To an Unknown Goddess" is the sym-

bold dedication of "Ad Astra," a poem of some two hundred and thirty long stanzas by Charles Whitworth Wynne. The poem is of a religious nature, and, as the work of a young author, is more a promise than a fulfillment. The author, in describing the manifold aspects of Love, writes not infrequently in a lofty strain that gives tone to the poem; but his pen is a rash one, and, by the drift of many of his stanzas, one cannot but conclude that his verse is better than his politics or religion. There is, however, in the tone of the verse, an echo of Tennyson, and a serious regard of life and nature, none too common to the jingling modern Muse. When the author has learned to put a little closer bridle on his inspiration he will recognize the mistakes of "Ad Astra," and improving on the gifts the poem has revealed to us, fulfill its promise.

("Poems," by Alexander Blair Thaw, and "Ad Astra," by Charles Whitworth Wynne. John Lane, Publisher, New York.)

**Interesting
Coast History**

It is not the events of history that make history dull; nay, it is rather the manner of the setting forth of history that makes the reader sigh and turn him to

the historical novel for his diluted information. It is not histories, but historians, that are at fault. And so, when we say that Eva Emery Dye's "McLoughlin and Old Oregon," reads like a novel, we mean that the author has so selected the facts concerning the early Coast settlements as to make us feel and live the adventures of our early pioneers.

The author has vividly portrayed the circumstances of Oregon's founding, so far as those circumstances surrounded her central figure, Dr. John McLoughlin—and what can be more worthy a tale than the adventures, day by day, and year by year, of that knot of missionaries, soldiers, traders, trappers, and gentlemen adventurers who dared Providence, a handful of men against the million savage horrors that lurked among the pri-

meval Northwestern forests which fringed the Columbia? And what can be more romantic than a mere truthful chronicle of the life and works of that leader of men and queller of nature, Chief Factor McLoughlin, later Governor of Oregon? The book has some of the charm of Irving about it, and combines the knack of administering information without letting you know that you have swallowed that bitter pill. It has now appeared in its second edition, and merits the recognition of the West.

("McLoughlin and Old Oregon, a Chronicle," by Eva Emery Dye. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.)

FREDERICK S. Dellenbaugh, a veteran anthropologist, whose experience (including explorations with Major John Wesley Powell in the second Colorado River expedition) has fitted him perhaps more emi-

**Concerning
the American
Indian**

nently than any other living American expert, to discuss and describe the history, written and unwritten, which the American aborigine has left behind him, has compiled a volume entitled "The North Americans of Yesterday." The volume, a little less than five hundred pages in length, discusses thoroughly the relics of the old possessors of America from Alaska to Yucatan, and the book as a whole is a pretty thorough resumé of what has been done by scientists toward unearthing the evidences of past life under our feet and on every hand.

So, in attempting the book, Mr. Dellenbaugh has undertaken a colossal task, no less a task than that of describing a whole forgotten race from the few fragmentary relics they have left behind them. Although he has not succeeded in doing this, for no one man nor no one book can begin to accomplish such a feat, yet he has pretty well summed up the work which American anthropologists have accomplished up to the present day, and he has presented in a fascinating style a history of the researches made, since the discovery of the Continent, and a comprehensive reading of the records which the departed nations have graven in curious inscriptions. The book

is elaborately illustrated with several hundred pictures of Indian hieroglyphs, utensils, and weapons, and with half-tones of ruins and excavations. The cover, which is drawn by the author, has for its central figure a sketch of a stone head of prehistoric workmanship.

("The North Americans of Yesterday," by Frederick S. Dellenbaugh. G. P. Putnam's Sons, Publishers, New York and London.)

The "White Flame" is a psycho-religious novel by Mary A. Cornelius. It deals with a haunted chair which stood as an advisory friend to the heroine through 402 not always interesting pages. The story is over-smug and platitudinous, and too long, to sustain interest, though the plot is occasionally original and might please if better told.

("The White Flame," by Mary A. Cornelius. The Stockham Publishing Company, Chicago.)

A good sized volume on the subject of ethics of the work of Professor S. E. Mezes of the University of Texas. "The purpose of the present book," the author begins, "is to give as adequate, critical, and methodical an account as possible of what morality and immorality are. * * * This does not mean that moral and immoral conduct will be examined as physical phenomena. * * * This book, then, is an attempt to conduct a positive or purely scientific theory of ethics." The reader can judge of the contents by these excerpts from the introduction. The reviewer leaves an estimate of the book's value to those specialists for whom it is written.

("Ethics, Descriptive and Explanatory," by S. E. Menzes, Ph. D. The Macmillan Co., New York.)

In the line of economic study "Municipal Service Industries" is a valuable work. Allan Ripley Foote, the author, has already gained considerable reputation in his "Discussion of the Economic Principles Involved in 'The Law of Incorporated Companies Operating Under Municipal Franchises.'" The present volume includes three discussions coming under the heads of ownership, operation

and proper regulation of municipal enterprises. The book will be a valuable addition to the library of those who think along the line of municipal ownership.

("Municipal Public Service Industries," by Allan Ripley Foote. The Other Side Publishing Co., Chicago.)

"Introductory Lessons in English Literature," by I. C. McNeill and S. A. Lynch is a well selected advanced reader for High schools and academies. The book contains some of the best prose and verse in the language, and will doubtless become a standard text book.

("Introductory Lessons in English Literature," by I. C. McNeill and S. A. Lynch. American Book Company, Publishers)

James Ball Naylor has written a realistic novel of the Middle West which makes interesting reading in parts and rather dreary plodding in others. The author has attempted a line of character sketches of the "Samantha at Saratoga" order which is more newspaper writing than literature. The scene of the book is the not over attractive town of Babylon where a young druggist (not even disguised as an apothecary) goes to ply his profession and study the natives. The book is loosely written and will bear a deal of trimming.

("Ralph Marloe," by James Ball Naylor. The Saalfeld Publishing Company, Akron, Ohio.)

In the way of Pacific Coast literature D. A. Shaw, a notable California pioneer, has made a valuable addition by an account of his personal experiences among the early Argonauts, in a little book entitled, "El Dorado." Mr. Shaw was among those first to be touched with the gold fever, and forging ahead, among the earlier enthusiasts, was in the State almost in the van of history. The author's adventures are many, and are realistically told in a reminiscent vein. Coming as it does from one who has helped to live our State history, the book is of double value to students of Western lore. The volume contains several illustrations of notable persons and events in the history of California.

("El Dorado," by D. A. Shaw. B. R. Baumgardt, Publisher, Los Angeles.)





"She stood in the snow at the Greek girl's door."

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THE SCORN OF WOMAN.

BY JACK LONDON.

(S) NCE Freda and Mrs. Eppingwell clashed. Now, Freda was a Greek girl and a dancer. At least she purported to be Greek; but this was doubted by many, for her classic face had over-much strength in it, and the tides of hell which arose in her eyes made at rare intervals her ethnology the more dubious. To a few—men—this sight had been vouchsafed, and though long years may have passed, they have not forgotten, nor will they ever forget. She never talked of herself, so that it were well to let it go down, that when in repose, expurgated, Greek she certainly was. Her furs were the most magnificent in all the country from Chilcoot to St. Michaels, and her name was common on the lips of men. But Mrs. Eppingwell was the wife of a captain; also a social constellation of the first magnitude, the path of her orbit marking the most select coterie in Dawson—a coterie captioned by the profane as the "official clique." Sitka Charley had traveled trail with her, once, when famine drew tight and a man's life was less than a cup of flour, and his judgment placed her above all women. Sitka Charley was an Indian; his criteria were primitive; but his word was flat, and his verdict a hall-mark in every camp under the circle.

These two women were man-conquering, man-subduing machines, each in her own way, and their ways were different. Mrs. Eppingwell ruled in her own house, and at the Barracks, where were younger sons galore, to say nothing of the chiefs of the police, the executive, and the judiciary. Freda ruled down in the town; but the men she ruled were the same who functioned socially at the Barracks or

were fed tea and canned preserves at the hand of Mrs. Eppingwell in her hillside cabin of rough-hewn logs. Each knew the other existed; but their lives were apart as the Poles, and while they must have heard stray bits of news and were curious, they were never known to ask a question. And there would have been no trouble had not a free lance in the shape of the model-woman come into the land on the first ice, with a spanking dog-team and a cosmopolitan reputation. Loraine Lisznayi—alliterative, dramatic, and Hungarian—precipitated the strife, and because of her Mrs. Eppingwell left her hillside and invaded Freda's domain, and Freda likewise went up from the town to spread confusion and embarrassment at the Governor's ball.

All of which may be ancient history so far as the Klondike is concerned, but very few, even in Dawson, know the inner truth of the matter; nor beyond those few are there any fit to measure the wife of the captain, or the Greek dancer. And that all are now permitted to understand, let honor be accorded Sitka Charley. From his lips fell the main facts in the screed herewith presented. It ill befits that Freda herself should have waxed confidential to a mere scribbler of words, or that Mrs. Eppingwell made mention of the things which happened. They may have spoken, but it is unlikely.

II.

Floyd Vanderlip was a strong man, apparently. Hard work and hard grub had no terrors for him, as his early history in the country attested. In danger he was a lion, and when he held in check half a thousand starving men, as he once did, it was remarked that no cooler eye

ever took the glint of sunshine on a rifle-sight. He had but one weakness, and even that, rising from out his strength, was of a negative sort. His parts were strong, but they lacked co-ordination. Now it happened that while his amative-ness was pronounced, it had lain mute and passive during the years he lived on moose and salmon, and chased glowing Eldorados over chill divides. But when he finally blazed the corner-posts and center-stakes on one of the richest Klondike claims, it began to quicken; and when he took his place in society, a full-fledged Bonanza King, it awoke and took charge of him. He suddenly recollected a girl in the States, and it came to him quite forcibly, not only that she might be waiting for him, but that a wife was a very pleasant acquisition for a man who lived some several degrees north of 53. So he wrote an appropriate note, enclosed a letter of credit generous enough to cover all expenses, including trousseau and chaperon, and addressed it to one, Flossie. Flossie? From the connotation one could imagine the rest. However, after that he built a comfortable cabin on his claim, bought another in Dawson, and broke the news to his friends.

And just here is where the lack of co-ordination came into play. The waiting was tedious, and having been long denied the amative element could not brook further delay. Flossie was coming; but Loraine Lisznayi was here. And not only was Loraine Lisznayi here, but her cosmopolitan reputation was somewhat the worse for wear, and she was not exactly so young as when she posed in the studios of artist queens and received at her door the cards of cardinals and princess. Also her finances were unhealthy. Having run the gamut in her time, she was now not averse to trying conclusions with a Bonanza King whose wealth was such that he could not guess it within six figures. Like a wise soldier casting about after years of service for a comfortable billet, she had come into the Northland to be married. So, one day, her eyes flashed up into Floyd Vanderlip's as he was buying table linen for Flossie in the P. C. Company's store, and the thing was settled out of hand.

When a man is free much may go unquestioned, which, should he be rash enough to cumber himself with domestic ties, society will instantly challenge. Thus it was with Floyd Vanderlip. Flossie was coming, and a low buzz went up when Loraine Lisznayi rode down the main street behind his wolf-dogs. She accompanied the lady reporter of the "Kansas City Star" when photographs were taken of his bonanza properties, and watched the genesis of a six-column article. At that time they were dined royally in Flossie's cabin on Flossie's table linen. Likewise there were comings and goings and junketings, all perfectly proper by the way, which caused the men to say sharp things and the women to be spiteful. Only Mrs. Eppingwell did not hear. The distant hum of wagging tongues rose faintly, but she was prone to believe good of persons and to close her ears to evil; so she paid no heed.

Not so with Freda. She had no cause to love men, but by some strange alchemy of her nature her heart went out to women—to women whom she had less cause to love. And her heart went out to Flossie, even then traveling the Long Trail and facing into the bitter North to meet a man who might not wait for her. A shrinking, clinging sort of a girl, Freda pictured her, with weak mouth and pretty pouting lips, blow-away sun-kissed hair, and eyes full of the merry shallows and the lesser joys of life. But she also pictured Flossie, face nose-strapped, and frost-rimed, stumbling wearily behind the dogs. Wherefore she smiled, dancing one night, upon Floyd Vanderlip.

Few men are so constituted that they may receive the smile of Freda unmoved; nor among them can Floyd Vanderlip be counted. The grace he had found with the model-woman had caused him to re-measure himself, and by the favor in which he now stood with the Greek dancer he felt himself doubly a man. There were unknown qualities and depths in him, evidently, which they perceived. He did not know exactly what those qualities and depths were, but he had a hazy idea that they were there, somewhere, and of them was bred a great pride in himself. A man who could force two

women such as these to look upon him a second time was certainly a most remarkable man. Some day, when he had the time, he would sit down and analyze his strength; but now, just now, he would take what the gods had given him. And a thin little thought began to lift itself, and he fell to wondering whatever under the sun he had seen in Flossie, and to regret exceedingly that he had sent for her. Of course Freda was out of the running. His dumps were the richest on Bonanza Creek, and they were many, while he was a man of responsibility and position. But Loraine Lizsnayi—she was just the woman. Her life had been large; she could do the honors of his establishment and give tone to his dollars.

But Freda smiled, and continued to smile, till he came to spend much time with her. When she, too, rode down the street behind his wolf-dogs, the model-woman found food for thought, and the next time they were together dazzled him with her princes and cardinals and personal little anecdotes of courts and kings. She also showed him dainty perfumed missives, superscribed, "My dear Loraine," and ended "Most affectionately yours," and signed by the given name of a real live queen on a throne. And he marveled in his heart that the great woman should deign to waste so much as a moment upon him. But she played him cleverly, making flattering contrasts and comparisons between him and the noble phantoms she drew mainly from her fancy, till he went away dizzy with self-delight and sorrowing for the world which had been denied him so long. Freda was a more masterful woman. If she flattered, no one knew it. Should she stoop, the stoop were unobserved. If a man felt she thought well of him, so subtly was the feeling conveyed that he could not for the life of him say why or how. So she tightened her grip upon Floyd Vanderlip and rode daily behind his dogs.

And just here is where the mistake occurred. The buzz rose loudly and more definitely, coupled now with the name of the dancer, and Mrs. Eppingwell heard. She, too, thought of Flossie lifting her moccasined foot through the endless hours; and Floyd Vanderlip was invited

up the hillside to tea, and invited often. This quite took his breath away, and he became drunken with self-appreciation. Never was man so mal-treated. His soul was a thing for which three women struggled, while a fourth was on the way to claim it. And three such women!

But of Mrs. Eppingwell and the mistake she made. She spoke of the affair, tentatively, to Sitka Charley, who had sold dogs to the Greek girl. But no names were mentioned. The nearest approach to it was when Mrs. Eppingwell said, "this—er—horrid woman," and Sitka Charley with the model-woman strong in his thought, had echoed, "this—er—horrid woman." And he agreed with her that it was a wicked thing for a woman to come between a man and the girl he was to marry. "A mere girl, Charley," she said, "I am sure she is. And she is coming into a strange country without a friend when she gets here. And we must do something." Sitka Charley promised his help, and went away thinking what a wicked woman this Loraine Lizsnayi must be, also what noble women Mrs. Eppingwell and Freda were to interest themselves in the welfare of the unknown Flossie.

Now, Mrs. Eppingwell was open as the day. To Sitka Charley, who took her once past the Hills of Silence, belongs the glory of having memorialized her clear-searching eyes, her clear-ringing voice, and her utter downright frankness. Her lips had a way of stiffening to command, and she was used to coming straight to the point. Having taken Floyd Vanderlip's measurement, she did not dare this with him; but she was not afraid to go down into the town to Freda. And down she went, in the bright light of day, to the house of the dancer. She was above silly tongues, as was her husband, the captain. She wished to see this woman and to speak with her, nor was she aware of any reason why she should not. So she stood in the snow at the Greek girl's door, with the frost at sixty below, and parleyed with the waiting-maid for a full five minutes. She had also the pleasure of being turned away from that door, and of going back up the hill, wroth at heart for the indignity which had been put upon her. Who was this woman that she



"She was in little haste to begin."

should refuse to see her? she asked herself. One would think it the other way round, and she herself but a dancing girl denied at the door of the wife of a captain. As it was, she knew that had Freda come up the hill to her,—no matter what the errand,—she would have made her welcome at her fire, and they would have sat there as two women, and talked, merely as two women. She had overstepped convention and lowered herself, but she had thought it different with the women down in the town. And she was ashamed that she had laid herself open to such dishonor, and her thoughts of Freda were unkind.

Not that Freda deserved this. Mrs. Eppingwell had descended to meet her who was without caste, while she, strong in the traditions of her own earlier status, had not permitted it. She could worship such a woman, and she would have asked no greater joy than to have had her into the cabin and sat with her, just sat with her for an hour. But her respect for Mrs. Eppingwell, and her respect for her-

self who was beyond respect, had prevented her doing that which she most desired. Though not quite recovered from the recent visit of Mrs. McFee, the wife of the minister, who had descended upon her in a whirlwind of exhortation and brimstone, she could not imagine what had prompted the present visit. She was not aware of any particular wrong she had done, and surely this woman who waited at the door was not concerned with the welfare of her soul. Why had she come? For all the curiosity she could not help but feel, she steeled herself in the pride of those who are without pride, and trembled in the inner room like a maid on the first caress of a lover. If Mrs. Eppingwell suffered going up the hill, she too, suffered, lying face downward on the bed, dry-eyed, dry-mouthed, dumb.

Mrs. Eppingwell's knowledge of human nature was great. She aimed at universality. She had found it easy to step from the civilized and contemplate things from the barbaric aspect. She could

comprehend certain primal and analogous characteristics in a hungry wolf-dog or a starving man, and predicate lines of action to be pursued by either under like conditions. To her, a woman was a woman, whether garbed in the royal purple or the rags of the gutter; Freda was a woman. She would not have been surprised had she been taken into the dancer's cabin and encountered on common ground; nor surprised had she been taken in and flaunted in prideless arrogance. But to be treated as she had been treated, was unexpected and disappointing. Ergo, she had not caught Freda's point of view. And this was good. There are some points of view which cannot be gained save through much travail and personal crucifixion, and it were well for the world that Mrs. Eppingwells should, in certain ways, fall short of universality. One cannot understand defilement without laying hands on pitch, which is very sticky, while there be plenty willing to undertake the experiment. All of which is of small concern, beyond the fact that it gives Mrs. Eppingwell ground for grievance, and bred for her a greater love in the Greek girl's heart.

III

And in this way things went along for a month—Mrs. Eppingwell striving to withhold the man from the Greek dancer's blandishments, against the time of Flossie's coming; Flossie lessening the miles each day on the dreary trail; Freda pitting her strength against the model-woman; the model-woman straining her every nerve to land the prize; and the man moving through it all like a flying shuttle, very proud of himself whom he believed to be Don Juan come to earth again.

It was nobody's fault, except the man's, that Lorraine Lisznayl at last landed him. The way of a man with a maid may be too wonderful to know, but the way of a woman with a man passeth all conception; whence the prophet were indeed unwise who would dare forecast Floyd Vanderlip's course twenty-four hours in advance. Perhaps the model-woman's attraction lay in that to the eye she was a handsome animal; perhaps she fascinated him with her old-world talk of pal-

aces and princes. Leastwise she dazzled him whose life had been worked out in uncultured roughness, and he at last agreed to her suggestion of a run down the river and a marriage at Forty Mile. In token of his intention he bought dogs from Sitka Charley,—more than one sled is necessary when a woman like Lorraine Lisznayl takes to the trail,—and then went up the creek to give orders for the superintendence of his Bonanza mines during his absence.

He had given it out, rather vaguely, that he needed the animals for sledding lumber from the mill to his sluices, and right here is where Sitka Charley demonstrated his fitness. He agreed to furnish dogs on a given date, but no sooner had Floyd Vanderlip turned his toes up-creek, than Charley hied himself away in great perturbation to Lorraine Lisznayl. Did she know where Mr. Vanderlip had gone? He had agreed to supply that gentleman with a big string of dogs by a certain time, but that shameless one, the German trader, Meyers, had been buying up the brutes and skimmed the market. It was very necessary he should see Mr. Vanderlip, because of the shameless one he would be all of a week behind hand in filling the contract. She did know where he had gone? Up creek? Good! He would strike out after him at once and inform him of the unhappy delay. Did he understand her to say that Mr. Vanderlip needed the dogs on Friday night? that he must have them by that time? It was too bad, but it was the fault of the shameless one who had bid up the prices. They had jumped fifty dollars per head, and should he buy on the rising market he would lose by the contract. He wondered if Mr. Vanderlip would be willing to meet the advance. She knew he would? Being Mr. Vanderlip's friend, she would even meet the difference herself? And he was to say nothing about it? She was kind to so look to his interests. Friday night, did she say? Good! The dogs would be on hand.

An hour later, Freda knew the elopement was to be nulled off on Friday night; also, Floyd Vanderlip had gone up-creek and her hands were tied. On Friday morning, Devereaux, the official courier, bearing dispatches for the Governor,

arrived over the ice. Besides the dispatches, he brought news of Flossie. He has passed her camp at Sixty Mile; humans and dogs were in good condition; and she would doubtless be in on the morrow. Mrs. Eppingwell experienced a great relief on hearing this; Floyd Vanderlip was safe up-creek, and ere the Greek girl could again lay hands upon him his bride would be on the ground. But that afternoon her big St. Bernard, valiantly defending her front stoop, was downed by a foraging party of trail-starved Malemites. He was buried beneath the hirsute mass for about thirty seconds, when rescued by a couple of axes and as many men. Had he remained down two minutes, the chances were large that he would have been roughly apportioned and carried away in the respective bellies of the attacking party; but as it was, it was a mere case of neat and expeditious mangling. Sitka Charley came to repair the damages, especially a right fore-paw which had inadvertently been left a fraction of a second too long in some other dog's mouth. As he put on his mittens to go, the talk turned upon Flossie and in natural sequence passed on to the "—er—horrid woman." Sitka Charley remarked incidentally that she intended jumping out down river that night with Floyd Vanderlip, and further ventured the information that accidents were very likely at that time of year.

So Mrs. Eppingwell's thoughts of Freda were unkindner than ever. She wrote a note, addressed it to the man in question, and intrusted it to a messenger who laid in wait at the mouth of Bonanza Creek. Another man, bearing a note from Freda, also waited at that strategic point. So it happened that Floyd Vanderlip, riding his sled merrily down with the last daylight, received the notes together. He tore Freda's across. No, he would not go to see her. There were greater things afoot that night. Besides, she was out of the running. But Mrs. Eppingwell! He would observe her last wish,—or rather,—the last wish it would be possible for him to observe,—and meet her at the Governor's ball to hear what she had to say. From the tone of the writing it was evidently important; perhaps—he smiled fondly, but failed to shape the

thought. Confound it all, what a lucky fellow he was with the women anyway! Scattering her letter to the frost, he "mushed" the dogs into a swinging lope and headed for his cabin. It was to be a masquerade, and he had to dig up the costume used at the Opera House a couple of months before. Also, he had to shave and to eat. Thus it was that he, alone of all interested, was unaware of Flossie's proximity.

"Have them down to the water-hole off the hospital, at mid-night, sharp. Don't fail me," he said to Sitka Charley, who dropped in with the advice that only one dog was lacking to fill the bill, and that that one would be forthcoming in an hour or so. "Here's the sack. There's the scales. Weigh out your own dust, and don't bother me. I've got to get ready for the ball."

Sitka Charley weighed out his pay and departed, carrying with him a letter to Loraine Lisznayi, the contents of which he correctly imagined to refer to a meeting at the water-hole off the hospital, at mid-night, sharp.

IV

Twice Freda sent messengers up to the Barracks where the dance was in full swing, and as often they came back without answers. Then she did what only Freda could do—put on her furs, masked her face, and went up herself to the Governor's ball. Now there happened to be a custom,—not an original one by any means,—to which the official clique had long since become addicted. It was a very wise custom, for it furnished protection to the womankind of the officials and gave greater selectness to their revels. Whenever a masquerade was given, a committee was chosen, the sole function of which was to stand by the door and peep beneath each and every mask. Most men did not clamor to be placed upon this committee, while the very ones who least desired the honor were the ones whose services were most required. The chaplain was not well enough acquainted with the faces and places of the townspeople to know whom to admit and whom to turn away. In like condition were the several other worthy gentlemen who would have asked nothing better than to so serve. To fill

the coveted place Mrs. McFee would have risked her chance of salvation, and did, one night, when a certain trio passed in under her guns and muddled things considerably before their identity was discovered. Thereafter only the fit were chosen, and very ungracefully did they respond.

On this particular night Prince was at the door. Pressure had been brought to bear, and he had not yet recovered from amaze at his having consented to undertake a task which bid fair to lose him half his friends, merely for the sake of pleasing the other half. Three or four of the men he had refused were men whom he had known on creek and trail,—good comrades, but not exactly eligible for so select an affair. He was canvassing the expediency of resigning the post there and then, when a woman tripped in under the light. Freda! He could swear it by the furs, did not he know that poise of the head so well. The last one to expect in all the world. He had given her better judgment than to thus venture the ignominy of refusal, or, if she passed, the scorn of women. He shook his head, without scrutinizing; he knew her too well to be mistaken. But she pressed closer. She lifted the black silk ribband and as quickly lowered it again. For one flashing, eternal second he looked upon her face. It was not for nothing, the saying which had arisen in the country, that Freda played with men as a child with bubbles. Not a word was spoken. Prince stepped aside, and a few moments later might have been seen resigning, with profuse incoherence, the post to which he had been unfaithful.

A woman, flexible of form, yet rhythmic of strength in every movement, now pausing with this group, now scanning that, urged a restless and devious course among the revelers. Men recognized the furs, and marveled—men who should have served upon the door committee; but they were not prone to speech. Not so with the women. They had better eyes, for the line of the figure and tricks of carriage, and they knew this form to be one with which they were unfamiliar; likewise the furs. Mrs. McFee emerging from the supper-room where all was in readiness, caught one flash of the blazing,

questioning eyes through the silken mask-slits, and received a start. She tried to recollect where she had seen the like, and a vivid picture was recalled of a certain proud and rebellious sinner whom she had once encountered on a fruitless errand for the Lord.

So it was that the good woman took the trail in hot and righteous wrath, a trail which brought her ultimately into the company of Mrs. Eppingwell and Floyd Vanderlip. Mrs. Eppingwell had just found the opportunity of talking with the man. She had determined, now that Flossie was so near at hand, to proceed directly to the point, and an incisive little ethical discourse was titillating on the end of her tongue when the couple became three. She noted, and pleasantly, the faintly foreign accent of the "Beg pardon" with which the furred woman prefaced and excused her immediate appropriation of Floyd Vanderlip; and she courteously bowed her abdication and permission for them to draw a little apart.

Then it was that Mrs. McFee's righteous hand descended, and accompanying it in its descent was a black mask torn from a startled woman. A wonderful face and brilliant eyes were exposed to the well-bred curiosity of those who looked that way, and they were everybody. Floyd Vanderlip was rather confused. The situation demanded instant action on the part of a man who was not beyond his depths, while he hardly knew where he was. He stared helplessly about him. Mrs. Eppingwell was perplexed. She could not comprehend. An explanation was forthcoming, somewhere, and Mrs. McFee was equal to it.

"Mrs. Eppingwell," and her Celtic voice rose shrilly, "it is with great pleasure I make you acquainted with Freda Moloof, Miss Freda Moloof, as I understand."

Freda involuntarily turned. With her own face bared, she felt as in a dream, naked, upon her turned the clothed features and gleaming eyes of the masked circle. It seemed, almost, as though a hungry wolf-pack girdled her, ready to drag her down. It might chance that some felt pity for her, she thought, and at the thought, hardened. She would



"The situation demanded instant action on the part of a man who was beyond her depth."

by far prefer their scorn. Strong of heart was she, this woman, and though she had hunted the prey into the midst of the pack, Mrs. Eppingwell or no Mrs. Eppingwell, she could not forego the kill.

But here Mrs. Eppingwell did a strange thing. So this, at last, was Freda, she mused to herself, the dancer and the destroyer of men; the woman from whose door she had been turned. And she, too, felt the imperious creature's nakedness as though it were her own. Perhaps it was this, her Saxon disinclination to meet a disadvantaged foe, perhaps, forsooth, that it might give her greater strength in the struggle for the man, and it might have been a little of both; but be that as it may, she did do this strange thing. When Mrs. McFee's thin voice, vibrant with malice, had raised, and Freda turned involuntarily, Mrs. Eppingwell also turned, removed her mask, and inclined her head in acknowledgment.

It was another flashing, eternal second, during which these two women regarded each other. The one, eyes blazing, meteoric; at bay, aggressive; suffering in advance and resenting in advance the scorn and ridicule and insult she had thrown herself open to; a beautiful, burning, bubbling, lava cone of flesh and spirit. And the other, calm-eyed, cool-browed, serene; strong in her own integrity; with faith in herself, thoroughly at ease; dispassioned, imperturbable; a figure chiseled from some cold marble quarry. Whatever gulf there might exist, she recognized it not. No bridging, no descending; her attitude was that of perfect equality. She stood tranquilly on the ground of their common womanhood. And this maddened Freda. Not so, had she been of lesser breed; but her soul's plummet knew not the bottomless, and she could follow the other into the deeps of her deepest depths, and read her aright. Why do you not draw back your garment's hem? she was fain to cry out, all in that flashing, dazzling second. Spit upon me, revile me, and it were greater mercy than this. She trembled. Her nostrils distended and quivered. But she drew herself in check, returned the inclination of head, and turned to the man.

"Come with me, Floyd," she said simply "I want you now."

"What the ——" he began explosively, and quit as suddenly, discreet enough to not round it off, but not discreet enough to have suppressed it in the first place. Where the deuce had his wits gone, anyway? Was ever a man more foolishly placed? He gurgled deep down in his throat and high up in the roof of his mouth, heaved as one his big shoulders and his indecision, and glared appealingly at the two women.

"I beg pardon, just a moment, but may I speak first with Mr. Vanderlip?" Mrs. Eppingwell's voice, though flute-like and low, predicated will in its every cadence.

The man looked his gratitude. He, at least, was willing enough.

"I am very sorry," from Freda. "There isn't time. He must come at once." The conventional phrases dropped easily from her lips, but she could not forbear to smile inwardly at their inadequacy and weakness. She would much rather have shrieked.

"But how comes it, Miss Moloof? Who are you that you may possess yourself of Mr. Vanderlip and command his actions?"

Whereupon relief brightened his face, and the man beamed his approval. Trust Mrs. Eppingwell to drag him clear. Freda had met her match this time.

"I—I——". Freda hesitated, and then her feminine mind putting on its harness ——"and who are you to ask this question?"

"I? I am Mrs. Eppingwell, and——"

"There!" the other broke in sharply. "You are the wife of a captain, who is therefore your husband. I am only a dancing girl. What do you want with this man?"

"Such unprecedented behavior!" Mrs. McFee ruffed herself and cleared for action, but Mrs. Eppingwell shut her mouth with a look, and developed a new attack.

"Since Miss Moloof appears to hold claims upon you, Mr. Vanderlip, and is too obdurate to grant me a few seconds of your time, I am forced to appeal directly to you. May I speak with you, alone, and now?"

Mrs. McFee's jaws brought together

with a snap. That settled the disgraceful situation.

"Why, er—that is, certainly," the man stammered. "Of course, of course," growing more effusive at the prospect of deliverance.

Men are only gregarious vertebrates, domesticated and evolved, and the chances are large that it was because the Greek girl had in her time dealt with wilder masculine beasts of the human sort; for she turned upon the man with hell's tides afloat in her blazing eyes, much as a bespangled lady upon a lion which has suddenly imbibed the pernicious theory that he is a free agent. The beast in him fawned at the lash.

"That is to say, ah, afterward. Tomorrow, Mrs. Eppingwell; yes, tomorrow. That is what I meant." He solaced himself with the fact, should he remain, that more embarrassment awaited. Also, he had an engagement which he must keep shortly, down by the water-hole off the hospital. Ye Gods! he had never given Freda credit. Wasn't she magnificent!

"I'll thank you for my mask, Mrs. McFee."

That lady, for the nonce, speechless, turned over the article in question.

"Good-night, Miss Moloof." Mrs. Eppingwell was royal, even in defeat.

Freda reciprocated, though barely downing the impulse to clasp the other's knees and beg forgiveness—no, not forgiveness, but something, she knew not what, but which she none the less greatly desired.

The man was for her taking his arm; but she had made her kill in the midst of the pack, and that which led kings to drag their vanquished at the chariot-tail, led her toward the door alone, Floyd Vanderlip close at heel and striving to re-establish his mental equilibrium.

It was bitter cold. As the trail wound, a quarter of a mile brought them to the dancer's cabin, by which time her moist breath had coated her face frostily, while his had massed his heavy moustache till the conversation was painful. By the greenish light of the aurora borealis, the quicksilver showed itself frozen hard in the bulb of the thermometer which hung outside the door. A thousand dogs, in pitiful chorus, wailed their ancient

wrongs and claimed mercy from the unheeding stars. Not a breath of air was moving. For them there was no shelter from the cold, no shrewd crawling to leeward in snug nooks. The frost was everywhere, and they lay in the open, ever and anon stretching their trail-stiffened muscles and lifting the long-wolf-howl.

They did not talk at first, the man and the woman. While the maid helped Freda off with her wraps Floyd Vanderlip replenished the fire, and by the time the maid had withdrawn to an inner room, his head over the stove, he was busily thawing out his burdened upper lip. After that he rolled a cigarette and watched her lazily through the fragrant eddies. She stole a glance at the clock. It lacked half an hour of midnight. What was his mood? What mood of hers could meet his best? Not that she doubted herself. No, no. Hold him she could, if need be at pistol point, till Sitka Charley's work was done, and Devereaux's, too.

There were many ways, and with her knowledge of this, her contempt for the man increased. As she leaned her head on her hand, a fleeting vision of her own girlhood, with its mournful climateric and tragic ebb, was vouchsafed her, and for the moment she was minded to read him a lesson from it. God! It must be less than human brute who could not be held by such a tale, told as she could tell it, but—bah! he was not worth it, nor worth the pain to her. The candle was positioned just right, and even as she thought of these things, sacredly shameful to her, he was pleasuring in the transparent pinkness of her ear. She noted his eye, took the cue, and turned her head till the clean profile of the face was presented. Not the least was that profile among her virtues. She could not help the lines upon which she had been builded, and they were very good; but she had long since learned those lines and though little they needed, was not above advantaging them to the best of her ability. The candle began to flicker. She could not do anything ungracefully, but that did not prevent her improving upon nature a bit, when she reached forth and deftly snuffed the red wick from the

midst of the flame. Again, she rested head on hand, this time regarding the man thoughtfully. Any man is pleased when thus regarded by a pretty woman; Floyd Vanderlip was any man; and it happens the syllogism is lusty enough to stand on its own legs.

She was in little haste to begin. If dalliance were to his liking, it was to hers. To him it was very comfortable, soothing his lungs with nicotine and gazing upon her. It was snug and warm here, while down by the water-hole began a trill which he would soon be hitting through the chilly hours. He felt he ought to be angry with Freda for the scene she had created, but somehow he didn't feel a bit wrathful. Like as not there wouldn't have been any scene if it hadn't been for that McFee woman. If he were the Governor he would put a poll tax of a hundred ounces a quarter upon her and her kind, and all gossip sharks and sky pilots. And certainly Freda had behaved very lady-like—held her own with Mrs. Eppingwell besides. Never gave the girl credit for the grit. He looked lingeringly over her, coming back now and again to the eyes, behind the deep earnestness of which he could not guess lay concealed a deeper sneer. And Jove, wasn't she well put-up! Wonder why she looked at him so? Did she want to marry him, too? Like as not. But she wasn't the only one. Her looks were in her favor, weren't they? And young—younger than Loraine Lisznayl. She couldn't be more than twenty-three or four, twenty-five at most. And she'd never get stout. Anybody could guess that the first time. He couldn't say it of Loraine, though. She certainly had put on flesh since the days she served as model. Huh! Once he got her on the trill he'd take it off. Put on the snow-shoes to break ahead of the dogs. Never knew it to fall yet. But his thoughts leaped ahead to the palace under the lazy Mediterranean sky—and how would it be with Loraine, then? No frost, no trill, no famine now and again to cheer the monotony, and she getting older and piling it on with every sunrise. While this girl Freda—he sighed his unconscious regret that he had missed being

born under the flag of the Turk, and came back to Alaska.

"Well?" Both hands of the clock pointed perpendicularly to midnight, and it was high time he was getting down to the water-hole.

"Oh!" Freda started, and she did it prettily, delighting him as his fellows have ever been delighted by their woman-kind. When a man is made to believe that a woman, looking upon him thoughtfully, has lost herself in meditation over him, that man needs be an extremely cold-blooded individual in order to trim his sheets, set a lookout, and steer clear.

"I was just wondering what you wanted to see me about," he explained, drawing his chair up to hers by the table.

"Floyd," she looked him steadily in the eyes. "I am tired of the whole business. I want to go away. I can't live it out here till the river breaks. If I try I'll die. I am sure of it. I want to quit it all and go away, and I want to do it at once."

She laid her hand in mute appeal upon the back of his (which turned over and became a prison). Another one, he thought, just throwing herself at him. Guess it wouldn't hurt Loraine to cool her feet by the water-hole a little longer.

"Well?" This time from Freda, but softly and anxiously.

"I don't know what to say," he hastened to answer, adding to himself that it was coming along quicker than he had expected.

"Nothing I'd like better, Freda, you know that well enough." He pressed her hand, palm to palm.

She nodded. Could she wonder that she despised the breed?

"But you see, I—I'm engaged. Of course you know that. And the girl's coming into the country to marry me. Don't know what was up with me when I asked her, but it was a long while back and I was all-fired young."

"I want to go away, out of the land, anywhere," she went on, disregarding the fable obstacle he had reared up and apologized for. "I have been running over the men I know, and reached the conclusion that—that—"

"I was the likeliest of the lot?"

She smiled her gratitude for his having

saved her the embarrassment of confession. He drew her head against his shoulder with the free hand and somehow the scent of her hair got into his nostrils. Then he discovered that a common pulse throbbed, throbbed, where their palms were in contact. This phenomenon is easily comprehensible from a physiological standpoint, but to the man who makes the discovery for the first time, it is a most wonderful thing. Floyd Vanderlip had caressed more sbovel-handles than women's hands in his time, so this was an experience quite new and delightfully strange. And when Freda turned her head against his shoulder, her hair brushing his cheek till his eyes met hers, full and at close range, luminously soft, aye, and tender—why, whose fault was it that he lost his grip utterly? False to Flossie, why not to Loraine? Even if the woman did keep bothering him, that was no reason he should make up his mind in a hurry. Why, he had slathers of money, and Freda was just the girl to grace it. A wife she'd make him for other men to envy. But go slow. He must be cautious.

"You don't happen to care for palaces, do you?" he asked in pursuance thereof.

She shook her head.

"Well, I had a hankering after them myself, till I got to thinking, a while back, and I've about sized it up that one'd get fat living in palaces, and soft and lazy."

"Yes, it's nice for a time, but you soon grow tired of it, I imagine," she hastened to reassure him. "The world is good, but life should be many-sided. Rough and knock about for awhile, and then rest up somewhere. Off to the South Seas on a yacht, then a nibble of Paris, a winter in South America and a summer in Norway, a few months in England——"

"Good society?"

"Most certainly—the best, and then heigho! for the dogs and sleds and the Hudson Bay country. Change, you know. A strong man like you, full of vitality and go, could not possibly stand a palace for a year. It is all very well for effeminate men, but you weren't made for such a life. You are masculine, intensely masculine."

"Think so?"

"It does not require thinking. I know. Have you ever noticed that it was easy to make women care for you?"

His dubious innocence was superb.

"It is very easy. And why? Because you are masculine. You strike the deepest chords of a woman's heart. You are something to cling to—big—muscled, strong and brave. In short, you are a man."

She shot a glance at the clock. It was half after the hour. She had given a margin of thirty minutes to Sitka Charley; and it did not matter, now, when Devereaux arrived. Her work was done. She lifted her head, laughed her genuine mirth, slipped her hand clear, and rising to her feet called the maid.

"Alice, help Mr. Vanderlip on with his parka. His mittens are on the sill by the stove."

The man could not understand.

"Let me thank you for your kindness, Floyd. Your time was invaluable to me, and it was indeed good of you. The turning to the left, as you leave the cabin, leads the quickest to the waterhole. Good-night. I am going to bed."

Floyd Vanderlip employed strong language to express his perplexity and disappointment. Alice did not like to hear men swear, so dropped his parka on the floor and tossed his mittens on top of it. Then he made a break for Freda, and she ruined her retreat to the inner room by tripping over the parka. He brought her up, standing with a rude grip on the wrist. But she only laughed. She was not afraid of men. Had they not wrought their worst with her, and did she not still endure?

"Don't be rough," she said finally. "On second thought," here she looked at his detaining hand, "I've decided to not go to bed yet awhile. Do sit down and be comfortable instead of ridiculous. Any questions?"

"Yes, my lady, and reckoning, too." He still kept his hold. "What do you know about the water-hole? What did you mean by—no, never mind. One question at a time."

"Oh, nothing much. Sitka Charley had an appointment there with somebody you may know, and not being anxious

for a man of your known charm to be dear?" Flossie snuggled closer.

present, fell back upon me to kindly help him. That's all. They're off now, and a good half hour ago."

"Where? Down river and without me? And he an Indian:

"There's no accounting for taste, you know, especially in a woman."

"But how do I stand in this deal? I've lost four thousand dollars worth of dogs and a tidy bit of a woman, and nothing to show for it. Except you," he added in an afterthought, "and cheap you are at the price."

Freda shrugged her shoulders.

"You might as well get ready. I'm going out to borrow a couple of teams of dogs, and we'll start in as many hours."

"I am very sorry, but I'm going to bed."

"You'll pack if you know what's good for you. Go to bed or no go to bed, when I get my dogs outside, so help me, onto the sled you go. Mebbe you fooled with me, but I'll just see your bluff and take you in earnest. Hear me?"

He closed on her wrist till it hurt, but on her lips a smile was growing, and she seemed to listen intently to some outside sound. There was a jingle of dog bells, and a man's voice crying, "Haw!"—as a sled took the turning and drew up at the cabin.

"Now will you let me go to bed?"

As Freda spoke she threw open the door. Into the warm room rushed the frost, and on the threshold, garbed in trail-worn furs, knee-deep in the swirling vapor, against a background of flaming borealls, a woman hesitated. She removed her nose-strap, and stood blinking blindly in the white candle-light. Floyd Vanderlip stumbled forward.

"Floyd!" she cried and met him with a tired bound.

What could he do but kiss the armful of furs and flesh? And a pretty armful it was, nestling against him wearily, but happy.

"It was good of you," spoke the armful, "to send Mr. Devereaux with fresh dogs after me, else I would not have been in till to-morrow."

The man looked blankly across at Freda, then the light breaking in upon him, "and wasn't it good of Devereaux to go?"

"Couldn't wait a bit longer, could you,

"Well, I was getting sort of impatient," he confessed glibly, at the same time drawing her up till her feet left the floor, and getting outside the door.

That same night an inexplicable thing happened to the Reverend James Brown, missionary, who lived among the natives several miles down the Yukon, and saw to it that the trails they trod led to the white man's paradise. He was roused from his sleep by a strange Indian, who gave into his charge not only the soul but the body of a woman, and, having done this, drove quickly away. This woman was heavy, and handsome, and angry, and in her wrath unclean words fell from her mouth. This shocked the worthy man, but he was yet young and her presence would have been pernicious (in the simple eyes of his flock) had she not struck out on foot for Dawson with the first gray of dawn.

The shock to Dawson came many days later, when the summer had come and the population honored a certain royal lady at Windsor by lining the Yukon's bank and watching Sitka Charley rise up with flashing paddle and drive the first canoe across the line. On this day of the races, Mrs. Eppingwell, who had learned and unlearned numerous things, saw Freda for the first time since the night of the ball. "Publicly, mind you," as Mrs. McFee expressed it, "without regard or respect for the morals of the community," she went up to the dancer and held out her hand. At first, it is remembered by those who saw, the girl shrank back, then words passed between the two, and Freda, great Freda, broke down and wept on the shoulder of the Captain's wife. It was not given to Dawson to know why Mrs. Eppingwell should crave forgiveness of a Greek dancing girl, but she did it publicly, and it was unseemly.

It were well not to forget Mrs. McFee. She took a cabin passage on the first steamer going out. She also took with her a theory which she achieved in the silent watches of the long dark nights; it is her conviction that the Northland is unregenerate because it is cold there. Fear of hell-fire cannot be bred in an ice-box. This may appear dogmatic, but it is worthy of speculation.

THEOSOPHY AND THEOSOPHISTS.

BY H. S. OLCOTT.



H. S. Olcott.

WHEN a society has had an unbroken career of a quarter of a century, and at the end of that time finds its prospects as good as could be desired, with its usefulness increasing, and its members devoted, there is good reason to believe that it was born at the right time. Such is the situation as regards the Theosophical Society, of which I have the honor to be the President-Founder. The society celebrated, in December last, its twenty-fifth anniversary, and from the official report any one can trace the history of the rise and spread of this notable sociological movement. The unpretentiousness of its beginnings makes all the more striking contrast with its rapid growth and the influence it has exercised upon contemporary literature and thought. The formation of the society was heralded

with no parade or clamor. No celestial portends appeared, nor did the earth show by seismic tremors that she was giving birth to another great evolutionary agency. There was just an impromptu meeting in a private drawing-room in New York of a handful of ladies and gentlemen to listen to a discourse on the Egyptian Canon of Proportion, which resolved itself finally into an assemblage which adopted a proposition to form a society for specific purposes—in short, that known as the Theosophical Society. I was the proposer of the resolution, and my motive was the following:

At that time—1875—there was a very much more decided drift of the mind of the educated class toward atheism, and religious scepticism of a variety of forms than at present. The intelligent and broad-minded class of the day were under the influence of the newly announced Darwinian theory of evolution, and all the old theological foundations were being rudely shaken. Colonel Robert Ingersoll, Mr. Bradlaugh, and Mrs. Besant were triumphantly battling against orthodoxy; and the axes of Herbert Spencer, Huxley, Tyndall, Haeckel, Renan, Bain, and the other leaders of the army of Progress, were being laid to the root of the tree of Dogma. It was becoming as fashionable to disbelieve in religion as it was at the time of the French Revolution, when the barber boasted that he had no more religion than his lordship. Not only was the Church in danger, but the very ground upon which it stood was imperilled. The irruption of Modern Spiritualism had, it is true, done much to counteract this materialistic tendency, but still it lacked organization. Its phenomena was seldom given to competent scientific experts under test conditions, and its philosophy was too optimistic and emotional to win the sympathies of the best educated class. True, we must

except such leading men of science as Professor Robert Hare, Mr. Crookes, Mr. Alfred R. Wallace, Professor Zollner, of Leipsic, Professor Boutleroff, of Russia, Camille Flammarion, and a few others. But the number was not large enough to persuade the great body of their contemporaries, who, being indisposed to take trouble in the matter, contented themselves with questioning their sanity. It occurred to me that a society of an undogmatic and eclectic character which could win the sympathy and aid of the learned men of the East, who were the custodians of the ancient classical literature, which should plant itself upon the recognition of an essential human brotherhood, and which should promote scientific inquiries into the nature of human consciousness and the origin and destiny of man and things, might do much good to the friends of religion. So, as above said, I proposed at the meeting in question that we should organize ourselves into such a society. The idea proved acceptable; it was determined to form the society; I was chosen temporary chairman, and a committee on by-laws was chosen. In due course of time the persons interested were called together, the by-laws adopted, officers chosen, and on the 17th of November, 1875, I delivered my first Presidential Address, at Mott Memorial Hall, New York City.

When the first enthusiasm had worn off, the movement dragged, a good many old spiritualists, who had joined in the hope of seeing Madame Blavatsky make miracles that should exceed in weirdness anything that they were accustomed to see in the seance-room, were disappointed and dropped out, and the nucleus dwindled to a mere handful. All the while, however, Madame Blavatsky and I carried on an active propaganda and polemic in the press of America and England, and she undertook the colossal task of writing a great book, in two volumes, of about 700 pages each, in which the evolution of modern science and religion was traced back to their source in the occult schools of the Orient. She called it "Isis Unveiled." The first edition was exhausted within ten days; it at once became a classic and its popularity has been maintained up to the present time. Our press articles and correspondence re-

vealed to us the existence, in various English-speaking countries, of many persons who were deeply interested in these branches of research, especially in London, where early in 1878 our first branch was organized under the name of the "British Theosophical Society." Its members were all well-educated persons, with whom it was an honor and privilege to be associated.

In 1877 our correspondence with India and Ceylon began, and a desire grew up in the minds of Madame Blavatsky and myself to go to India and take up residence in, what to all students of Oriental philosophy and occult science, is a sort of "Holy Land." By the end of 1878 things had so shaped themselves that we were able to carry out this scheme, and by the beginning of February, 1879, we had installed ourselves at Bombay. Until then no white man had come forward as the ardent champion of their ancestral religion and philosophy, so that when it became known that such a society as ours had been formed, and that its two chief officers had come to India, we were thrust into a troublesome popularity which forced us to emerge from our intended life of privacy to champion our views on the platform and in the press.

After a time the second branch of our Society was organized at Bombay, and at about this time our second in Europe, at Corfu, Ionian Islands, was chartered. The burden of correspondence becoming at last insupportable, we founded in October, 1879, the first Theosophical magazine, the Theosophist, which has continuously appeared up to the present time, and is now in its 22nd volume.

The Buddhists of Ceylon, excited by our arrival at Bombay, invited Madame Blavatsky and myself to go to the Island and allow them to give us public greetings. This we did in 1880, receiving everywhere throughout the Maritime Provinces popular welcomes, such as are usually given to royalty only. Eight branches of the Society were formed, and in my public addresses I laid the foundation for an educational movement among the Buddhists, which has been so supported that at the present date more than two hundred schools, containing some 23,000 pupils are in existence. These have all been founded and are sup-



Group of Theosophists at Adyar. Colonel Olcott and Mrs. Besant in the center.

ported by the Sinhalese Buddhists, and, of course, are receiving grant-in-aid from the Government under the provisions of the Education Code.

The same blighting influence upon the religious spirit of the educated Sinhalese prevailed as we have seen spreading throughout our western countries. In going from village to village, I found, on questioning the village children, that scarcely any of them knew anything about the fundamental basis of their religion; so I suggested to the High-Priest Sumangala and other priests the policy of a catechism on the lines of those used by our Christian sects for the instruction of the young. But I was met everywhere with the objection that they knew nothing about such literary work, and a request that I myself should undertake the task. So in 1881 I brought out the first edition of the "Buddhist Catechism," a summary digest of the contents of southern Buddhism, a little brochure which could be read through in a couple of hours, but which cost me the reading of more than 10,000 pages of Buddhist literature. The work received the imprimatur of Samangala, and it was published simultaneously in English and the vernacular of the Islands. So rapidly did it win popularity that two presses were kept continuously at work to get out edition after edition, and, in point of fact, it found admission into nearly every household. Within a month it was admitted in Court as authority to decide a question as to the provisions of the Buddhists Canon. It was translated into a number of European languages as well as those of the Orient, and up to the present time has appeared in about twenty translations and reached its 33rd edition. Branches of our Society sprang up throughout India and also in Europe. The movement has gone on unchecked, reaching country after country, as is shown in the following memorandum, which I quote from the twenty-fifth annual address of the President, delivered before the annual convention of the Society in December last:

"The Society was founded at New York, U. S. A., in 1875, and its membership has spread throughout the world as follows:

1875-1880: England, Greece, Russia,

India, Ceylon, Scotland.

1880-1885: United States of America (charters from India), Ireland, Java, British Borneo.

1885-1890: Sweden, Japan, Australian Continent, Philippine Islands, Austria, Tasmania.

1890-1895: New Zealand, Holland, Norway, Denmark, Spain, Germany, Argentine Republic, France, Dominion of Canada, Hawaiian Islands, Bohemia, Canary Islands, Bulgaria, China.

1895-1900: Switzerland, Italy, Belgium, South Africa, British Columbia, British West Indies, Nicaragua, C. A., Cuba, Mexico, Egypt, Finland, Algeria.

This makes in all 42 countries. The geographical boundaries of the movement are as follows: From Latitude 66 5 N. to Latitude 46 S., and all around the globe. In English miles the distance between the northern and southern boundaries is 7,919 miles."

It has been my practice to append to my official addresses, among other official documents, memorandum giving the number of branch charters issued from the beginning down to the close of the current year, and perhaps I can offer no better indication of the importance of the movement than by citing the following statistics:

Charters issued by the T. S. from 1878 to the close of 1900:

1878, 1; 1879, 2; 1880, 10; 1881, 25; 1882, 52; 1883, 95; 1884, 107; 1885, 124; 1886, 136; 1887, 158; 1888, 179; 1889, 206; 1890, 241; 1891, 279; 1892, 304; 1893, 352; 1894, 394; 1895, 408; 1896, 428; 1897, 492; 1898, 542; 1899, 570; 1900, 607.

Deducting lapsed charters, there are, at the present time, in existence more than 500 living ones. We have done so little towards advertising ourselves and our doings, that the general public has scarcely any conception of what the Society has actually achieved in the way of practical results. From the first we have been bandied and derided by ignorant writers and speakers, and treated with contemptuous patronage, as though we were a party of mere fanatics and charlatans. In self-defense, therefore, I must state that the leaders of the Society have received no salaries, and some of us not even the cost of our daily bread: nor have we accepted any presents of

money, or other recompense, for our own use—the facts giving flat contradiction to the theory that we have been working from interested motives. I think we have the right to have this known, and also the fact that we have outlived all opposition, overcome all obstacles, built up in an incomparably short time, a sociological movement of the first rank, which to-day embraces people of all classes and most nationalities. Long since we passed the stage of experiment, and, if we may judge from present appearances, there stretches before us a career of great good fortune.

Let me make a calm and dispassionate survey of what the Society and its members have accomplished since 1880; that is to say, since the beginning of our active operations, after the transfer of our headquarters to India. I will divide it into seven categories:

Firstly, then: We have spread throughout the world the teachings of the ancient Sages and Adepts about the universe, its origin and its laws, showing its intimate agreement with the latest discoveries of Science; and about man, his origin, evolution, manifold powers and aspects of consciousness, and his planes of activity.

Secondly: We have won thousands of the most cultured and religiously inclined people of the day to the perception of the basic unity and common source of all religions.

Thirdly: In loyalty to our declared object of promoting human brotherhood, we have created in Western lands among our members a kindlier feeling towards colleagues of other nationalities; and, far more wonderful than that, we have effected a fraternal agreement between the Northern and Southern schools of Buddhism to accept a platform of fourteen statements of belief as common to both; thus bringing about for the first time in history such a feeling of common relationship.

Fourthly: We have been the chief agents in bringing about this revival of Hinduism in India which, we are told, by the highest Indian authorities, has revolutionized the beliefs of the cultured class and the rising generation. An outcome of this is the revival of Sanskrit literature, much of the credit for which was given us by the late Professor Max

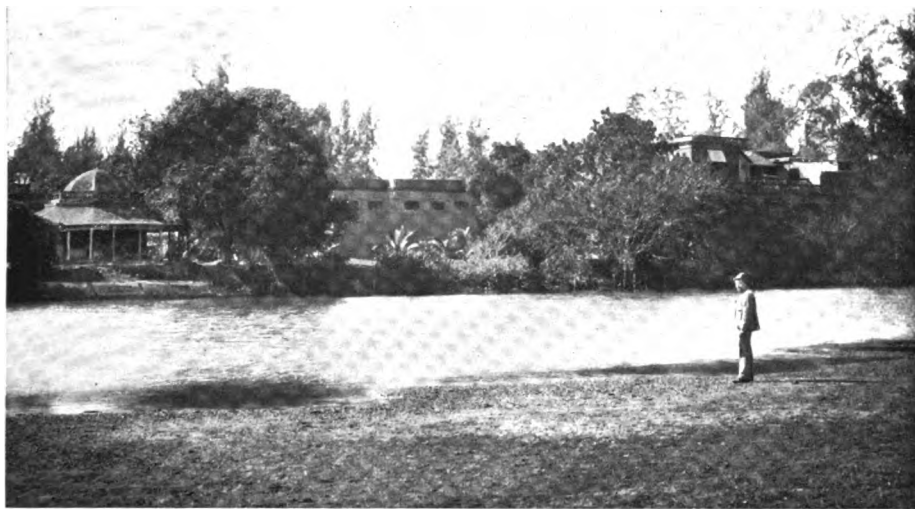
Müller, and, so far as India is concerned, has been conceded by the whole native press and the pandit class. Another evidence is the foundation of the Central Hindu College at Benares, which, within the past two years, has received gifts in cash of 140,000 rupees and in real estate of 80,000 rupees. After only this short time we see success achieved, for the College, contributions of money flowing in, and every augury of a grand future career of beneficence before it.

Fifthly: We have revived Buddhism in Ceylon to such an extent that the situation as regards the relations between the Sinhalese and Missionaries has been completely changed; the people generally are now familiar with the fundamentals of their religion, and their children, previously ignorant of even the smallest feature of it, are now being taught it in every respectable household.

Sixthly: We have started an educational movement in Ceylon, which has already led to the opening of 150 schools, attended by 18,400 pupils, under the management of our Society members in Ceylon, and some fifty other Buddhist schools under private management, whose pupils would bring up the above registered attendance to about twenty-four thousand.

Seventhly: An attempt to educate and uplift the distressfully down-trodden Pariahs of Southern India is promising the most gratifying results. Not only Miss S. E. Palmer, B. A., B. Sc., the General Superintendent, Mr. P. Krishnasawmy and his subordinate teachers, all Pariahs themselves by caste, deserve credit for this showing. Miss Palmer is a graduate of Minnesota University, both in Arts and Sciences, as her titles show and had had an experience of sixteen years in teaching in Minnesota and California when, in answer to my appeal for help, she offered herself most generously to work with me for the Pariahs, without salary. On arriving at Madras she set herself to work to learn the Tamil vernacular, so as to fit herself for the work, and has rendered invaluable services to the poor community whose welfare has become so very dear to her.

In 1886 I opened, with appropriate ceremonies, the Adyar Library, which has already grown into two sections; one for Western and the other for Oriental



The Headquarters in India.

literature. The latter comprises a collection of palmleaf manuscripts numbering 4,000 volumes, and about as many more printed books in Sanskrit, Siamese, Burmese, Sinhalese, Persian, Arabic, Chinese, Japanese, and Pali languages. There are in the collection more than 200 important Sanskrit works which are not to be found in any other library in the world, not even excepting the British Museum, the French National Library at Paris, or the Bodleian at Oxford. These have cost us nothing, but are worth much money from a commercial point of view. Among many curios in this section we have a copy of what is called "the smallest book in the world," a little bound volume smaller than a postage stamp, containing verses from the Sacred Scriptures of the Sikhs, which was given me by the custodian of the Golden Temple, at Amritsar; and three religious paintings on single grains of dry rice, made with a camel-hair pencil by a Japanese priest, without the aid of a magnifying glass.

Although, as above stated, the growth of our Society has been progressive and uninterrupted, we, naturally enough,

when one considers the incongruous elements included in our membership,—people of all races, colors, and creeds,—have had our internal frictions, and a genuine secession after the old pattern, which we survivors of the rebellion knew so well. One of the founders, an Irishman named Judge, who began his active work eleven years after the Society's foundation, but who, thenceforward, was most active, intelligent, and devoted in the building up of the movement in the United States, conceived the unfortunate idea of making himself the successor of Madam Blavatsky in the department of occult science, but without her qualifications. The result was the detection of his trickeries, and his withdrawal from the Society, in view of the prospect of his speedy expulsion. So active had been his labors, so practical his talent, and so genial his personality that he drew with him 90 out of the 102 branches of our Society which had been chartered in the United States, and which had, as members, some of our most respected and able colleagues. The seceders took possession of our title, records, seal, stationery, and other official property, and even went

to the ridiculous length of declaring that the Society had never really existed outside the little group which Madam Blavatsky and I left behind us in New York on leaving for India. This, despite the fact that during the whole time every charter and diploma had been issued by me; that Mr. Judge had accepted, successively, the offices of "General Secretary" in our

There are other little groups which have seceded from the seceders; naturally, since the elements of secession were in their blood, they couldn't expect to remain long without disruption. Long before their day there had been a little schism caused by the vain glorious promises of a small party headed by an English convict going under the alias of Bur-




Madame H. P. Blavatsky.

American Section, and "Vice-President" of the Society, and had throughout acted as an official of a perfectly legal and constitutional body. Poor Judge didn't live to enjoy the fruits of his treason, for about a year later he died, and into his vacant shoes stepped a woman who has for some time past been figuring as the "Supreme Head of the Theosophical Movement throughout the World."

goyne, to show a short-cut to the attainment of divine wisdom. It called itself the "Hermetic Brotherhood of Luxor." But this did not make even a ripple upon the surface of our calm waters. The sum total of all the little splits has been to leave us untouched, our strength undiminished, and the zeal of our members as warm as ever. And, so we face the future with full confidence.

GREATER TEXAS

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

EXAS will be a greater surprise to the world in the next five years than Japan has been in the past ten. She is, even now, a wonderful surprise to all who pass that way. Texas is a big thing. Texas is the biggest and the best thing, at this hour, under the path of the sun.

Once a famous, or infamous, man said: "If I owned Hell and Texas, I would rent out Texas and live in Hell." Maybe this great man acted on his grand idea, for he is not living in Texas now. The man has gone, gone far, far away, and has not left his address behind him. Another very smart man from Ohio is reported to have said long ago in the Senate that Texas was, perhaps, a very good country, if only it had water and a little good society. "But," added this eminent blackguard, "the same thing might be said of Hell." I only refer to these coarse expressions, in line with so many such, to show what this brave, broad land had to endure at the hands of hard and cruel politicians, who feared this baby Hercules, even as he lay in his cradle.

Texas has water now. It has more than any two States in the Union, except Oregon and Washington. As for "good society," this may not be measured as you measure water, but if churches, school-houses and the best public buildings in the United States mean civilization, Texas is on horseback and right at the head of the procession. It may not mean much, but Texas is the greatest church-going State in which I ever attended church. Possibly it is because they have no great diversions, as in Mexico or New York, but I should say that Texas attends church because "it is good to be there."

First, then, of material things, and about water. To say nothing of the Sabine and Rio Grande rivers, that flank

Texas right and left, there are quite half a dozen lesser streams flowing nearly the full breadth of this broadest of all the States, pouring their floods forever into the sea. Water enough, when Texas cares to lay strong hands on them and bridle them as California is doing. But Texas thinks she can do better by bringing the waters up from below. And this the newest and greatest of all great new things of Greater Texas. Only last year did this punching of holes down into the earth become general; now Texas is getting to be like a pin cushion. The King Ranch, of more than a million acres, has two complete outfits boring all the time. You see the spouting waters flashing in the sun a few miles out from Corpus Christi, on the gulf, any day, and a full day's ride down the way that General Taylor led his men and hauled water for his thousands of horses and mules at the time when we "expanded," away back in the morning, aye, before the dawn of California. Millions on millions of cattle perished here of thirst first and last, but such things will never happen any more. This bringing to the surface of so much water has moistened the air and made the "still, small rain" so frequent that all the Houston region, re-inforced by this added moisture in the air, has opened an industry that pays best of all things that grow, better than cotton; fifty dollars to the acre, profits on rice, men say. But profit, more or less, is detail. It is this added industry, this feeding of the world at our own doors and keeping the cash at home that counts. Land, of course, is getting away up in the air, but is not nearly so high as in California, and as there are millions on millions of idle acres, the lift upward is ponderous and will, of course, be not in great haste. The capital for the rice fields is from California.

And here is something newer still. The

Rio Grande coal mines are towards Mexico. I clip this official report of Jan. 17, as to the kind and quality of the coal:

"The coal is light and black in appearance, has a conchoidal fracture, and for a lignite bears transportation well; in fact, as well as the black coals of Indi-

which it closely resembles, both in appearance and in combustion. It does not soil the fingers in handling, kindles readily, and makes a bright and cheerful fire, being very high in volatile matter.

"Following is an analysis of the coal: Moisture, 2.50; volatile matter, 51.05;



Rincon de Tio Pancho Well. Mr. Sam Ragland admiring it.

ana, Ohio, and Pennsylvania. It does not slack by exposure to the weather, and but for the fact that it is met in the cretaceous strata, would be mistaken by experts for a carboniferous deposit of the better class of black coals.

"It ought to be classed as a semi-cannel

fixed carbon, 39.10; ash, 7.35; total, 100; sulphur, 1.50.

"The mines of the Rio Grande Coal Company are drift openings, situated on the Texas front of the river, the mouth of the drift being fifty feet above the bed of the stream."

Years ago I went to that region to look at some land. It was held at sixty-five cents an acre. But this was when Texas was only Texas, and was used mainly as a background by "blood and thunder" writers of books. They point out a station away down in this part of Texas where fifteen hundred car-loads of water melons were shipped last year; they show you miles and miles of green fields on either side as you bowl away from the gulf toward the Rio Grande, alfalfa and "green truck," only made possible by the new discovery of artesian water in such generous flows. Twelve hundred car-loads of cabbages from Corpus Christi alone. But besides coal, cabbage and cattle, here is the newest and strangest of all things. The Rothschilds will have to open their vaults if half of what one hears about Texas cinnabar be true. Here is the Government report, half Greek to me:

"The deposits are located in Brewster county, about sixty-eight miles in a direct line southwest from the station of Marathon on the Southern Pacific Railroad. The deposits of cinnabar are found in massive caprina limestone of the cretaceous formation and in a siliceous state and in a white earthy, clay-like rock; also, in part, in a true breccia of grayish white siliceous shale, dense and compact, embedded and cemented in a red and chocolate colored ferruginous mass also dense and hard. The cinnabar is more generally crystalline than amorphous and is found in distinctly separate grains and small but brilliant rhomboidal crystals, having the brilliant red color characteristic of vermilion. In addition to these crystalline granules which occur in the brecciated shale, and in the more massive white rock, there are amorphous bunches of cinnabar found in the shales and in the limestone and breccia. Mr. H. W. Turner of the United States geological survey, visited the region in the spring of 1900 and at that time a considerable amount of development work had been done, and the ore extracted had yielded about 1000 flasks of quicksilver."

"It never rains," so runs the old saw. The great deluge of artesian water was hardly discovered when the wondrous

Beaumont oil "gusher" was pouring out daily a flood: 20,000 barrels of oil. But as all the world went there to see, this oil industry is fairly well-known abroad as well as at home.

However, I must not leave the impression that all the active artesian wells are entirely new. They drove three wells in Taylor county some time ago, 2,700 feet each, and up out of all the water poured and still pours with great force. One of these furnishes water for the entire town and flows in quite a stream for miles. The Texas of to-day is a land of water. But the wonder of all these new things, the newest, and, perhaps, in a national sense, the most important and lasting, is a flood of hot sulphur water found by accident near the asylum, a mile south of San Antonio. It is called Hot Wells. The water was struck more than 2,000 feet below, and boils up, away up sixty feet in the air, when not controlled, and all, visitors and residents, doctors and patients, seem to vie with one another in praising its medicinal qualities. The baths were opened only a few months back. A stream of people is coming and going all the time. The water is leased from the State. The baths are very incomplete as yet. A company is building an immense hotel. I hesitate to report all of what is said in praise of this hot water that boils up bigger than a sluice head, for fear of being misunderstood, but here is a paragraph from "one having authority" on this theme of Greater Texas:

"I have been stopping for the past ten days at the Hot Sulphur Baths with a patient I brought here from Chicago, stopping en route at Hot Springs, Arkansas. I am interested in the study of resorts of this character, as I want to know where to send my patients, where the best results can be obtained. I have investigated and am familiar with the baths of Hot Springs, Ark., of West Baden, Ind., of Mt. Clemens, Mich., of South Dakota, and of Carlsbad, Germany, and from my personal association and inquiry among guests of the various resorts I have no hesitation in saying that the results accomplished at the Hot Sulphur Baths of San Antonio far surpass those of the other resorts named—in fact,

they astonish me beyond words to express."

Perhaps the next newest and most curi-



Geronimo, before civilization.

ous of all curious artesian wells are those of Roswell, not strictly in Texas, yet tributary to Texas, and against the southern wall of New Mexico. This is a very new country. You can see antelope any day on the rounded hills, and you are told that the buffalo held this place last—died here on his native heath. He could not retreat, being entirely surrounded by settlers and railroads. A great big-hearted man of fortune has a buffalo ranch not far from here, on the Texas side, where the antediluvian cow, a queer creature of ancient days, of whatever date, still is made to feel at home. You read now and then that the buffalo crosses with cattle. Not so. There is a calf sometimes, but sexless as a mule.

What would you think of a thousand acre cantaloupe patch? Here there are plenty of such things. Men expect to ship several car-loads a day to the north. This can be done to great profit, because the artesian water all along the line of the Pecos valley is warm, as warm as milk. Right here in sight of the snow

mountains of New Mexico men go in bathing in these warm springs every day of the year. So this warm water makes warm soil, and such things as melons, squashes, fruits of all sorts, and "garden truck" can be grown on this side of Texas weeks before we can have them in California. The apples here are extraordinary; they are as heavy and watery as the juicy red apples of Japan, where the little women water their fruit trees each day by pouring water on the roots. There is a standing offer of fifty dollars each every year at the Fair for worm holes. Let some enterprising Oregonian or Californian bring down a pocketful of worm-holes into Pecos valley and make a fortune selling worm holes to the Fair,

The biggest reservoir for irrigating in the world, except one in India, is here at the head of the Pecos River. The next biggest town at Wichita, Wichita Falls, right against the Indian Territory, 114 miles west of Fort Worth, on the Fort Worth and Denver road. Wichita county grows more wheat than any other



Geronimo, after civilization.

county in Texas. The irrigation dam now being constructed is six miles west of

the town and is one and a half miles long. When filled it will cover 2,500 acres of land. It is being constructed by I. H. Kempner, of Galveston, and H. M. Sayles, of Abilene; and the contractor is Mr. A. H. Johnson, once foreman for Lucky Baldwin in California. Ten thousand acres of land will be put under irrigation from this reservoir, and planted to cotton. The Indian is only across the river, but he is quiet. The last of the once dreaded Comanches are as close to their old-time empire as they can get, as if they crossed the Red River, still looking back, like the Moor of the Alhambra. The chief is half white. The story of his mother is pitiful. Taken prisoner when a child, the chief of the Comanches, in the course of time, made her his wife. In the last great fight the chief and Captain Ross, afterwards Governor of Texas, met in hand to hand fight; the chief fell and his white wife and her boy, the present chief, were taken home to her people. She pined away, and said she would not stay. Taking her boy she stole away at night and joined the Comanches, where she lived and died, leaving her son still chief of the savages. He has a fine house, but prefers to sleep out on the grass under the trees. The once terrible Geronimo is his close friend. He is bound for Geronimo's good behavior. The great Apache savage, who will live in story while Miles, Crook and King live, is still a savage. The other day, when the Comanche chief and Geronimo were in a pretty town named after the Comanche chief, a certain man wished to be presented to the Arizona savage. The Comanche chief was all politeness, but the other chief turned his back short about, stiff as a post, and looked steadily the other way. He is not a bit bent, nor does he seem broken in any way. He is a fine figure to look upon. He might write a book or lecture on scalps, and how to raise hair; for you see hair is about the only thing you can trust poor Mr. Lo to even attempt to raise. The Indian has too many dogs. Long ago when I traveled through a certain part of the Union, I found that nearly every man had a pack of dogs. I read these honest but mistaken people a short lecture, the sub-

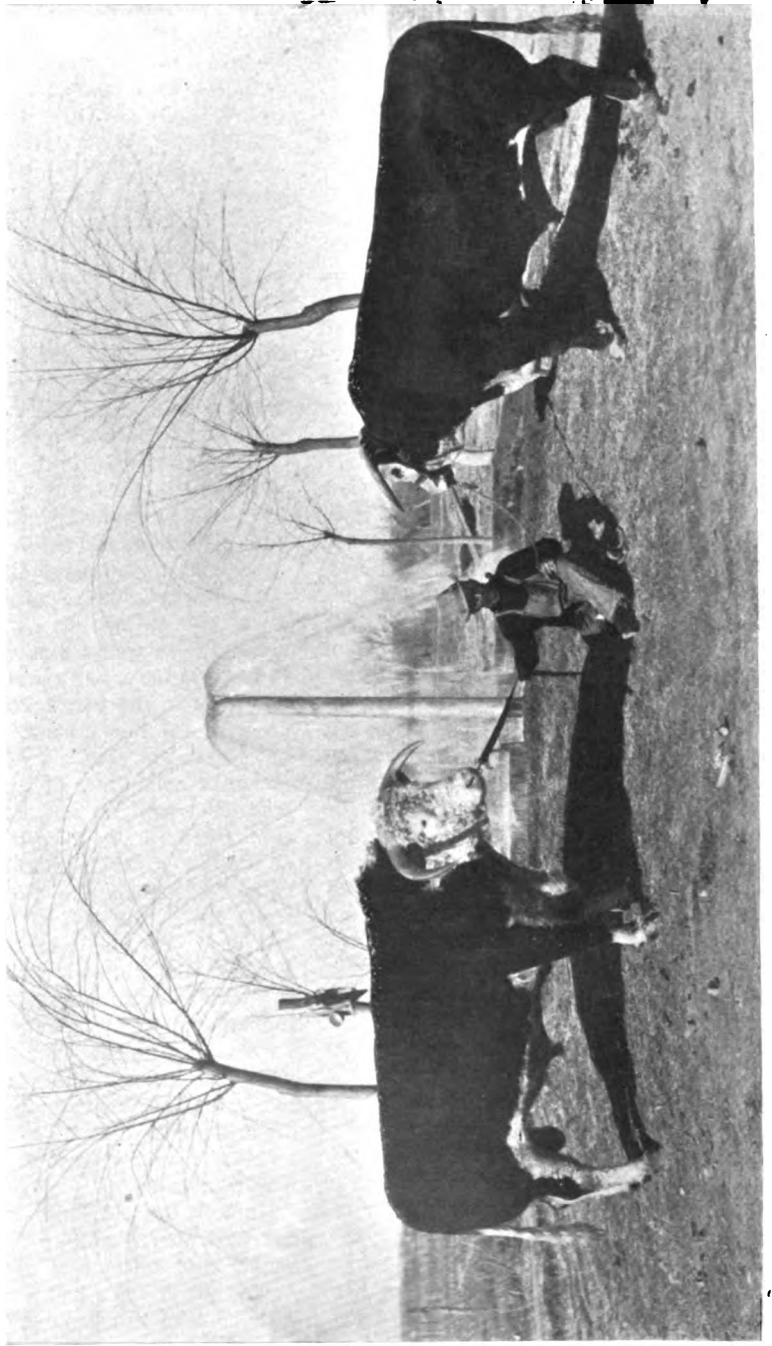
stance of which was: "Plough up your dogs and plant turkeys."

As you pass on from the line of the Indian Territory toward the gulf, you come upon classic land, sacred to story and song of other days. At La Grange, you see a noble shaft in the Court House square to the memory of "The black bean men." One hundred and seventy Texan prisoners were taken. Santa Ana decreed that every tenth man should be shot. Who were the tenth men was to be decided by putting seventeen black beans in a gourd, along with white beans. The men being blindfolded, each put in his hand and drew out a bean. One old man with a family, on finding he had a black bean, went away in a corner with his face to the wall and wept in silence.

"Look here," said a boy, "I have a white bean. Let's swap. I have no family." They swapped beans. The boy died with a smile on his face.

Of course you have heard about the miraculous fields of cotton throughout Texas. "Millions in it, millions!" as Mark Twain would say. I have no time to tell you here, and then you might wonder what in the world Texas is going to do with all her money. I don't know, but I have not been out of sight of a new house or something of that sort for two months' travel up and down Texas, except when in the desert. One example of cotton growth must answer. The county of Guadalupe (look out for the wolf) has a tax roll of only about five millions. Yet the crop alone this year is about six million dollars. But this is the banner cotton county, as Wichita is the banner wheat county. At Gonzales I went down to the river bank, and stood with bared head where old Sam Houston had rolled his cannon into the river, great General that he was, and set out on his immortal retreat before Santa Ana. And what a trap!

Here is the old home of Jack Hayes, our first sheriff of San Francisco. The banker and editor took me out to Santa Ana's mound. We had a gentle old man with us who has been here in Gonzales ever since 1828. His father was one of those who fell in the Alamo with Crockett, and the others of this modern Thermopylae. The boy was with his



Herefords and Artesian fountain, Pecos Valley, Texas.

mother here when Houston burned the town and ordered a retreat en masse toward New Orleans. But after the first day's retreat the boy and mother went back and got a cow and a calf, the cow waiting, watching, and the little calf so glad to see them. The boy put his arms about the calf's neck. Silly? Well, some one choked up and could not speak as the old man told how he left the cow and calf with his mother and went on into the battle of San Jacinto by the side of Sam Houston. But this is ancient history. The world wants to know of new Texas, rather than the old. Yet Greater Texas never would have been great Texas but for these little things, these boys of La Grange and Gonzales.

For truly, the most beautiful and the best crop in this prolific land remains unmentioned: big boy babies, and some of them big girl babies, too. Their cheeks are as the rose or the rising sun; and such health, such quiet manners! And to me it seems strange that they are not dusky or tawny from the fervid sun. I should have thought they would at least be dark-haired. Not so. Looking over a hallful, a thousand boys and girls gathered from the school-rooms, is like looking over a field of ripening grain. They are in this quite like the boys and girls of California, but they are more numerous than with us, it seems to me; thicker on the ground. And there are people, people! The cars are crowded, crowded as never before. Never were nearly so many people in Texas as today. Texas has just now, for the first time in all her stormy history, been about half-discovered. The talk is of new railroads all the time, all along, from one

end of the vast empire to the other; and they will be built. At this very hour two big railroad promoters are in San Antonio. Up and down they have been traveling, inspecting, directing; energetic George Gould at the head of the T. P., and President Mays of the great S. P. Well, do you think the presence of these two ablest builders and generators here now, along with the unusual rush of tourists, means nothing? Read a lot between the lines here. The fact is, new roads must be built and old ones reorganized; for the roads are not strong enough or long enough or broad enough to handle the tremendous traffic. Even the staid old S. P. is often crowded to suffocation, and, a new thing for this solid road, she is now and then away behind time. But the question, "Why?" "Cannot handle the stuff on time." Wells, Fargo's Express seems to be the bother; at least I am told that, although they put on extra cars, they cannot get the goods in and out of the cars in time. People are sending so many things by express. You see, Texas sold, during the past few months, about one hundred million dollars worth of mules and horses, and she is spending her money. Texans, like Californians, are not given to burying their money in napkins.

"That train there has been side-tracked for days," said a railroad man, nodding through the window as we dashed past.

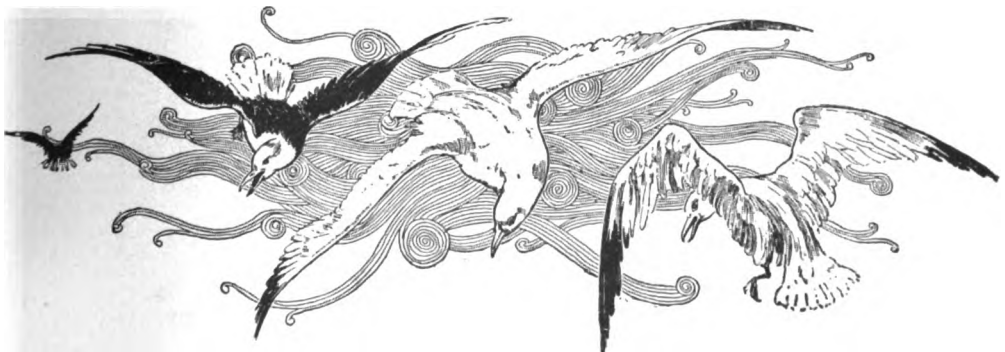
"What's her freight?"

"Furniture."

"What sort of furniture?"

"Well, pianners, and little things like that, I s'pose."

San Antonio, Texas.



YOSEMITE

BY IRVING OUTCALT.

A shadowy vale, where many fountains meet;
A sunlit vale, where airs from Heaven are sweet
With earthly bloom; while through the gloom is felt
A mighty pulse's slow, majestic beat.

The waters, pour'd from many a distant rill,
Some dreaming, others fierce from battle still,
Forget themselves in this unruffled stream,
And soon are one in knowledge—one in will.

The self-same Voice that rent the rock asunder,
Whose echo was the riven mountain's thunder,
Now whispers in the pinetops, and distils
Clear harmony throughout the realm of wonder.

From cliff and woodland many voices start;
They mingle, and as from a common heart
The praise ascends; and angels, leaning, hear
A spirit singing to its God apart.

Up to Half-Dome the happy valley sings;
Thence to the Light the chasten'd anthem rings;
And Heaven, responsive, on the mountain's face,
Kindles a thousand blessed beckonings.

The granite sentinels stand night and day,
And by no sign to mortals would betray
The beauties that they guard. The skies are free:
The Angels ever find an open way.

We hoped—then fear'd—the Heav'n we dimly sought
Was that low sky, of earthy vapors wrought,
That spann'd the plain. Ascend this mount How pure—
How far away is Heav'n. Hopes, fears, are nought!

Here Mirror Lake yearns for the mountain's crest,
Or sighs for Heaven's bluer, deeper, rest;
Then calms herself,—and lo, the peaks and skies,
The lights and shadows all—are in her breast!

Behold the dawn! The peaks are all agleam
And Half-Dome's face is dusky through the stream
Of light. The Lake? Her spirit lingers yet
Among the shadowy vistas of her dream.

The weaver brook hath caught in passing by
The thousand-tinted threads of earth and sky;
And by his wondrous art he weaves the Veil,
Pure white, that streams from yonder mountain high!

The granite cliff ne'er gave Nevada birth!
A summer cloud, she wept o'er human dearth,
Till—ever whiter in her purity—
She gave up Heaven for her love of earth.

The sun has left the valley. Swiftly turns
The shadow. Yet a dying glory burns
Long on Half-Dome; for though the God of day
Must pass, he fondly backward looks, and yearns.

Look! From the crag a rosy cloud mounts high,
And lights the deep serene of evening sky,—
Warm-tinted, like a dream of earthly love,
That drifts along an Angel's reverie.

To shoulder now the dusky Sentinel
Raises the silver-gleaming shield to tell
Diana's coming; and all sounds are blent
In echoes of the Huntress' distant shell.

O'er crag and seam the gentle moonbeams creep;
The ruin'd mount is heal'd, and, sooth'd to sleep,
Forgets the thousand agonies, in dreams
Of fragrant vales where silvery waters leap.

Serene El Capitan! Upon thy brow
The smiles and frowns of heav'n have rested. Thou
Art chasten'd and thy will is one with God's,
The ruins at thy feet—what are they now!



Making Kava.

LIFE ON THE GILBERT ISLANDS

BY ARTHUR INKERSLEY.

AWAY down in the Pacific Ocean—so far to the westward of Hawaii that Honolulu is called, by the masters of sailing vessels, the half-way house between San Francisco and the coral reefs I am about to describe—is a group of a score or more islands, sometimes called the Kingsmills or Bishops, but more commonly the Gilberts, stretching a few degrees to the north and south of the equator. The principal island, Butaritari, is in latitude 30 deg. 8 min. north, and longitude 172 deg. 48 min. east. It is shaped like an isosceles

triangle, with sides about fourteen miles in length, and its apex to the south. The southeastern side of Butaritari is a continuous grove of cocoanut and pandanus trees, with some undergrowth. On the two other sides is a reef, over which, except at its northwestern end, where there is a small inlet, the sea constantly breaks.

The soil of the Gilberts is but a few inches deep, and is made up of vegetable mould and coral sand, through which the rain water percolates till it reaches the coral rock beneath. The trees chiefly

cultivated are cocoanut and pandanus, for these are the principal sources of vegetable food, and the former also yields copra, the only export of the Gilbert Islands. Copra is the flesh of the cocoanut, which, after being cut from the nut and dried in the sun, is put into sacks and conveyed in canoes to Butaritari, where it is exchanged with the traders for merchandise. Thence vessels chartered in the Australian colonies carry it to Europe: on the voyage it generally loses four or five per cent of its weight by drying and from the depredations of rats and cockroaches. The oil is extracted by crushing; the refuse, which is still so rich that it burns like a candle, being compressed into cakes and sold as feed for pigs and other animals. The shipments of copra are increasing every year, and in a group of islands where the cocoanut is indigenous and requires very little labor to cultivate, a highly remunerative trade may be built up on this one product. At present the trade is entirely in the hands of the Germans and of an enterprising Chinese firm, which has its head office in Sydney, N. S. W.

Another product of the islands is taro, a species of which is grown with great care in trenches dug round the lagoon. It is a plant somewhat resembling rhubarb in appearance, but very much larger in size, having leaves averaging about five feet in length, while the stalk sometimes reaches a height of more than twelve feet. Taro is to South Sea Islanders what bread is to Europeans, and when roasted is by no means unpalatable. Besides taro, cocoanut and pandanus fruit, the natives eat almost every product of the sea, from the whale to the sea-slug. Great quantities of fish are taken in weirs on the coral reefs, and turtles are caught on the beaches during the season: shell-fish, with the sea-slug, commonly called beche-de-mer, are obtained by diving. The natives of the South Sea Islands are fond of catching fish by exploding submerged charges of dynamite, which stun the fish and cause them to float on the surface of the water, so that they are easily picked up. Since the annexation of the Gilberts by Great Britain, the use of dynamite has been prohibited, and it has been made a penal



A descriptive dance.



Warrior in armor and helmet.

offense for any trader to supply the natives with it.

The natives of the Gilberts are generally darker and coarser in appearance than those of other islands in the Western Pacific. They are also of larger and heavier build, some of the chiefs being very corpulent. This is somewhat remarkable for the Gilberts are the most barren of South Sea islands, and are, besides, so thickly populated that the pressure of the population on the food supply is often quite severe. The average height of the men is about five feet ten inches, and the women are proportionately tall; but in intelligence they are far inferior to the natives of the Society Islands, and other groups in the Pacific. In disposition they display a curious mixture of miserliness and wastefulness, of cruelty and affection. The preaching of the missionaries (who, poor as is the opinion entertained and expressed of them by most travelers, are sometimes sincere and hard working), and the example of white traders have not yet brought about any radical change in their characters. A curious proof of their yielding temper-

ament is found in the fact that, however much an islander may prize his gun, his canoe or his cocoanuts, persistent begging will cause him to give them up without payment. A more creditable trait is their strong recognition of the claims of hospitality. When an islander is at his meal, he is bound to ask any native who may pass his hut, no matter how bitter may be the enmity between them, to enter and eat with him. While the meal is in progress, hostilities are laid aside.

The first missionaries who visited the Gilbert Islands were those of the American Missionary Society, which has its headquarters in Boston, Mass. When they arrived about twenty-five years ago, they found the natives addicted to cannibalism. Even at the present day it is not unlikely that the taste for human flesh survives among the natives of the southerly islands of the Gilbert group, but they are so closely watched that it is almost impossible for them to get an opportunity of gratifying their desires. In the last twenty years only one or two cases of cannibalism have been heard of. A few years ago the Roman Catholics established in the Gilbert Islands a mission under



In gay attire.

the auspices of the Society of the Sacred Heart of Bourges, in France. So far their labors have met with but little success, owing to the king's dislike to what he terms innovation. Neither Catholic nor Protestant missionaries have accomplished much. In the presence of the white man, the islanders express an enthusiasm for religion, but when away by themselves they teach weird dances and incantations to their children, offering as their excuse the necessity of relieving the monotony of life on their coral islands. While the teachings of the missionaries is accepted outwardly, the native heart still clings to the customs practiced and beliefs entertained through by-gone centuries.

The present king of the Gilberts is Tibureimoa, who succeeded to power about eight years ago, after his brother, Napatukia's death. The kingdom over which he reigns comprises the islands of Butaritari and Makiu, which together contain a population of eighteen hundred. His revenue is derived partly from the tax of one hundred dollars per annum upon each of the thirteen traders on the two islands, and partly from the taxes levied upon his own subjects: one dollar on each man, fifty cents on each woman, and twenty-five cents on each child. In former days, when he received the fines



Digging taro.

imposed for trifling offenses against his dignity or the peace of his subjects, his total revenues reached the respectable sum of eight thousand dollars per annum. But since the British annexation, these have been diminished by more than one-half, for the head-tax hitherto paid has been abolished altogether, and the fines for minor offenses committed by the natives now go to the crown, to be expended upon public works. But the king still owns a good deal of land, from which he derives a regular income. Tibureimoa's palace, situated on the beach on the south side of the island, is a large, balconied house, constructed at considerable expense after a European design. It is roofed with zinc, but still remains unfurnished. Close by are the barracks where the bodyguard is quartered. The guard consists of twenty drilled men detailed from each village in turn; they are on duty for a week at a time, and, though they are in constant attendance upon the king, receive no pay.

Tibureimoa's table is always well-supplied with the choicest fish taken by his subjects from the adjacent sea; and whenever the king thinks fit to do so,



Policemen.

he serves notice upon a native that he wants his crop of cocoanuts, and it is at once made over to him. Tibureimoa usually takes his meals by himself, unless he has a visitor to whom he wishes to show hospitality. He sits on the ground on a mat, and for a table-cloth the leaves of trees are spread. The numerous attendants having placed the various dishes before him in baskets of leaves, and having filled cocoanuts with fresh and salt water, seat themselves round him. According to the invariable custom in the South Seas, the king be-

orders for the construction of a mole or breakwater at Butaritari. It is fourteen feet wide, eight feet above high water mark, and more than one thousand feet long. The work was accomplished entirely by natives undergoing punishment for various offenses, and cost many years of toil and pains, for the laborers had to transport blocks of coral, of which it is built, on their backs from various parts of the island.

On the mole is situated the "Moriapa," or parliament house, where trials are held, and where sits the council of old



The challenge to combat.

gins and ends his meal by washing his hands and rinsing his mouth. Taking it altogether Tibureimoa contrives to lead a jolly life, and one that is wholly typical of his race. He is Christian or heathen as may best suit his purpose, and does not hesitate to swear like a trooper, lie like a politician, or pray like a priest whenever it may seem to be to his interest to do so. But, though he is jovial, Tibureimoa is by no means idle, being constantly busy about something or another. When he became king, he gave

men, presided over by the king. When a subject of special importance is to be discussed, all the chiefs are summoned to attend. The council is called the Kaiburi, and consists of one high chief, from six to twelve minor chiefs, a magistrate and a scribe. The last two are modern additions to a very old institution.

In the early part of 1892, Tibureimoa came to San Francisco, his intention being to visit the President at Washington, and negotiate with him for a treaty of amity and commerce between the Gil-

bert Islands and the United States, and for the establishment of a protectorate over his kingdom. Tibureimoa wished to prevent foreign aggression, especially on the part of Great Britain and Germany, the action of these two powers in Samoa having made him apprehensive lest his own people should be forced by them to become their subjects. Tibureimoa saw the sights of the metropolis of California, rode out on cable or electric cars to some of the suburbs, but never reached the National Capital. Being very

Royalist, hoisted the Union Jack at Butaritari, and placed the islands under a British protectorate. In 1893, H.M.S. *Rapid* arrived, bringing Sir John Thurston, High Commissioner for the Western Pacific, under whose jurisdiction the Gilbert group had been placed. The High Commissioner's headquarters are at Fiji, but he paid his personal, though necessarily brief, visit to the Gilberts, because he wished to form an independent opinion upon the general condition of the group. As a result of his observations, he recom-



Catamarans.

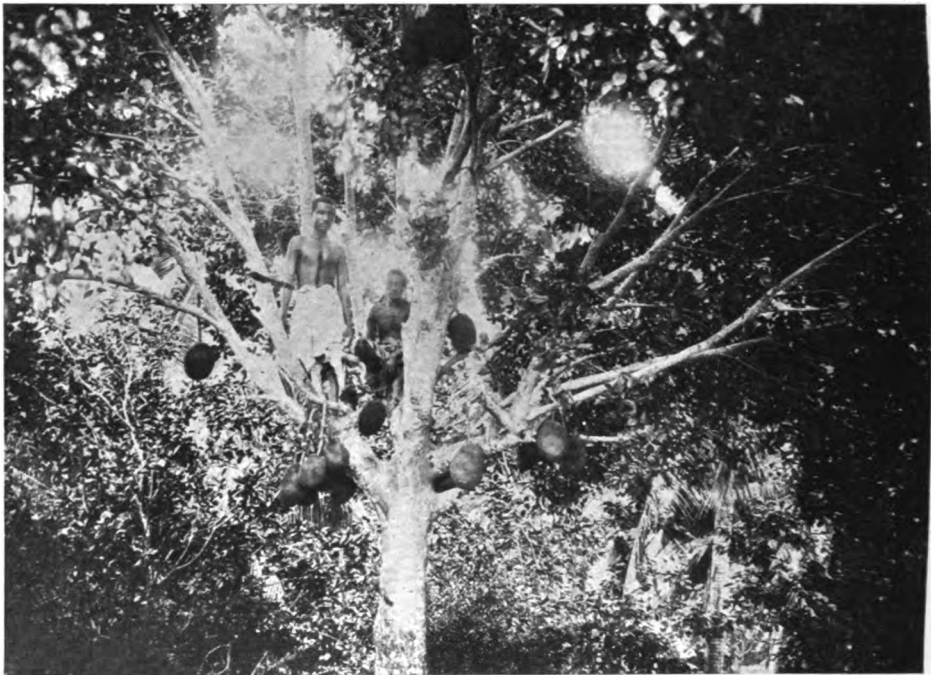
corpulent (he weighed nearly three hundred pounds) and having lived for forty-five years continuously under the equatorial sun, he was peculiarly liable to pulmonary complaints. In less than six weeks it became necessary for him to abandon the idea of going to Washington and to return to his island home. Though very ill when he left San Francisco, he recovered during the voyage, and reached Butaritari safely during the latter part of June. In July, Captain Ed. H. M. Davis of the Royal Navy, commanding H.M.S.

mended that a deputy commissioner, with the powers of a Governor and Chief Magistrate, should permanently reside in the Gilberts. The name of the present permanent resident is C. R. Swaine, by whom all matters affecting white men are tried.

In former days the king had absolute control over the lands of his subjects, and could confiscate them for certain offenses, but he no longer possesses this power. The boundaries of property are marked by little piles of coral, and the

owners grow so familiar with their holdings that they know every tree in the dense grove, and to whom it belongs; not infrequently can tell at once by the appearance of a cocoanut the very tree on which it grew. Cocoanuts are a universal medium of exchange, their value for barter in all the islands being one cent each, or one hundred to the dollar. The cocoanut tree is all important to the islander; it supplies him with meat, drink and clothing, and a home on land, and a boat on sea. The cocoanut is eaten green;

vary in size according to the use to which they are applied. Everything employed in their construction is of native manufacture, and in workmanship they surpass all the canoes of the South Seas, being built of pieces of wood sewn together so neatly with cocoanut fibre that it is difficult on the outside to see the joints. All the fastenings are inside, and pass through kants, or ridges, wrought on the edges and ends of the boards composing the vessel. Several thwarts are usually laid from side to side, and are securely



Jack fruit.

also dried, reduced to a paste and cooked. The juice tapped from the tree makes "toddy," which when boiled down, furnishes sugar of a highly sweetening quality. From the trunk of the tree are fashioned the native's canoe, and the walls of his house, while its bark and leaves supply the thatched roof, the mats for the beds, and material for clothing.

The Gilbert Islanders take great pride in their canoes, which are long, narrow, and very sharp at stem and stern; they

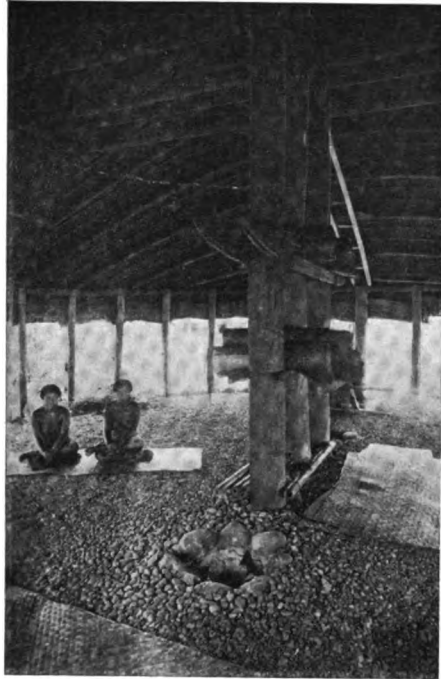
fastened, to strengthen the craft and make it seaworthy. The ordinary canoes are about thirty feet long, and are decked all over; at the side is an opening of about six inches, through which water may be bailed out. Both stem and stern being alike, they are steered by a paddle. As they are not more than fifteen or eighteen inches broad, they have outriggers, which are shaped and fitted with great ingenuity. They are very simply rigged, having only one mast, and a tri-

angular or lanteen sail, mast and sail being moved fore or aft as occasion may require, for the outrigger must always be on the weather side. They can run before the wind with great speed.

The Gilbert Islanders display less skill in the construction of their houses than of anything else belonging to them. They congregate in villages, but there is no uniformity in the size of their dwellings, some of which are large and commodious, while others are mere hovels. The frame of a house is made of light sticks, and the walls and roof are of dry grass firmly knit together. The door is only an oblong hole at either end or on the side; no light enters the house except at this opening, and though such close habitations may afford comfortable retreats in bad weather, they seem but ill-adapted to a warm climate. They are, however, remarkably clean, their floors being covered with dry grass, over which are spread mats for sitting or sleeping upon. The only furniture is a camphor-wood chest for their clothes, tools, and other belongings.

The church or meeting house is a building one hundred feet long by forty-eight wide, and is constructed entirely of native material, the walls and roof being of dried grass. At each end are doors, the southerly one being used only for the king and his family, and a fine of five dollars being imposed on any unauthorized native who dares to pass through it. The interior of the building has the appearance of having been left unfinished, for it is entirely devoid of furniture, with the exception of an enclosure in the center for the king and his suite.

The king invariably attends the principal service at nine o'clock, on Sunday, going to the church in state, preceded by his body-guards, who form in line at the door and present arms as he and his suite enter. Not until Tibureimoa and his retinue are all within are his subjects permitted to go inside. When all are seated, the national anthem, which is composed to the tune of "God Save the Queen," is sung. There is no regular preacher, but the old men get up and talk whenever the spirit moves them, so that during the service, which usually

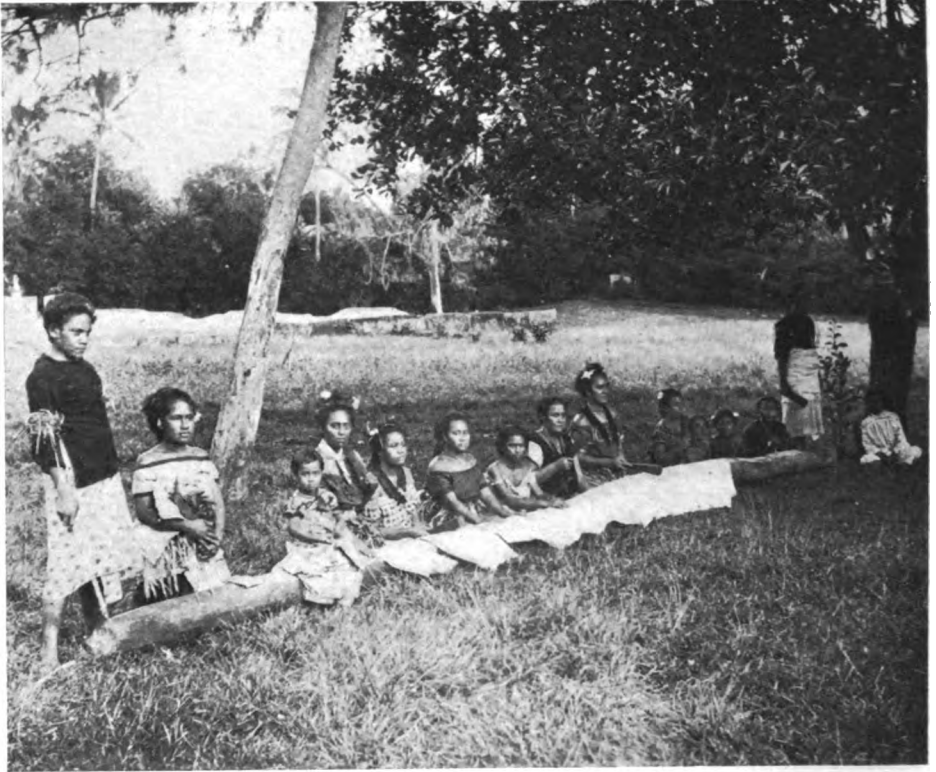


Interior of house.

lasts two hours, several persons offer their private interpretations of Scripture, often strangely mixing worldly with heavenly things, and making much noise and wild gesticulations to arouse the interest



Canoe under sail.



Making tappa clct'h.

of the audience. As there are no benches each native brings his mat, and at the evening service his lantern also, for if he did not, the church would be in darkness. Previous to the British annexation, the attendance at these services was very large, for a fine of five dollars, payable in cocoanuts or their equivalent, was imposed on every absentee of either sex. During the hours of service the police patrolled the village and its outskirts, entering the houses, taking the names of any found therein to the Chief. The Chief thereupon summoned the absentees to appear before the king next morning, prepared to pay the fine. Attendance at divine service is no longer enforced in this violent and arbitrary manner.

Each village is governed by a chief, who in turn is directly accountable to the king for his actions. The district is patrolled by two men, appointed by the Chief, who receive no remuneration whatever, but are charged with the duty of

maintaining order within its precincts. Almost the only thing they do is to parade through the village at four o'clock in the morning, sounding the reville on a native shell-horn. They repeat this hideous noise at 8:30 p. m., and any native found out of doors between the latter hour and the former is fined five dollars for the first offense, and for the second is sentenced to hard labor as well as a fine. At daybreak on an ordinary working day a third of the men in a village are told off by the Chief to fish in the lagoon, and to gather enough taro to last a day or two. While these are absent others are preparing an oven, and the rest may be carrying thatch or engaged in some other work, but most probably are either smoking or sleeping. An oven is made by building a fire in a hole dug in the ground and lined with stones. When the stones are hot enough, the dust and ashes are cleared away, leaves thrown in, and the food to be

cooked laid on them. The ordinary bill of fare consists of fresh or dried fish, and poi-poi—a native pudding of taro and coconut, which is more agreeable to the taste than its appearance suggests. On feast-days, which occur often, a suckling pig is added to the list of dishes. Neither tea nor coffee is drunk, but a liquor named karafee or toddy. It is the juice of the cocoanut tree, from which it is drawn daily at sunrise and sunset. To obtain it the natives climb up the tall trees, and while extracting it, keep up a constant yelling to let those below know that they are at work. The sap when fresh is a harmless and delicious beverage, but after it has been kept a day or two, fermentation sets in, and it becomes intoxicating. Karafee does not, however, fly to the head, but a man who drinks it to excess loses the control of his legs. However, when this befalls a native, he has sense enough to remain in doors, and show his face to no one, for, if his Chief should ever hear of it, he would be tried and sentenced to hard labor and a heavy fine. In former days a native found intoxicated was tied to a

tree, and received a hundred lashes, the blood fairly streaming down his back. Besides this, all his lands were confiscated to the king forever. Since British annexation, a trader who gives or supplies, directly or indirectly, any intoxicating beverage to natives or persons not of European descent, is liable to a fine of ten pounds sterling for the first offense and for the next to a larger fine with imprisonment.

The Gilbert Islanders are a very cleanly race, it being their habit to bathe several times a day. The women anoint their bodies with oil, perfumed with wild flowers, but the oil is often rancid and far from agreeable.

The children of both sexes up to five or six years of age dispense with apparel altogether, but adults ordinarily wear a primitive garment called a rere or lava lava, made of leaves, and about ten inches in length for a man, and about twelve for a woman. On Sundays and feast days the men put on trousers and white shirts, while the women wear print gowns of pretty designs and very decided colors. The king and the heir apparent



Making copra.

wear frock coats, but their feet, like those of their attendants, are bare. The ornaments of both sexes are wreaths, necklaces and bracelets of shells, bones and beads. Men and women alike have holes bored in their ears, and stretch them until they are large enough to admit a finger; bones, pieces of cloth or wood, the teeth of dogs or whales, and tobacco pipes are inserted in them. Both men and women are inveterate smokers, and would sooner go without food than give up their pipes. Many of the islanders, especially those of rank, are tattooed from the middle of the thigh to above the hips; the women having the tattoo marks, and these but slight ones, on their arms and fingers only. Both sexes have remarkably good teeth, which they retain to an advanced age. Women being regarded merely as cattle or any other property, the matrimonial knot is easily tied, and just as easily untied. If a man fancies a girl he seizes her by the hair of the head, wherever she may be, despite her protestations, and drags her away to his home. Her resistance is not often serious, the pretense of refusal being due to the coquettishness inherent in the sex. When the couple reach the house of the groom, a wedding feast is furnished forthwith, to which all the immediate friends of the bride and bridegroom are invited. But an acceptance of the invitation implies the contribution of some viands to the entertainment. Matrimony is attended by no further ceremony than this. When a husband grows weary of his wife, he simply orders her to leave him, and if she does not he turns her out of doors.

The population of the little kingdom is decreasing, for the rough treatment that a mother receives at her accouchement, and the practice of plunging the new-born infant into the ocean, tend directly to discourage large families. Yet mothers display much affection towards

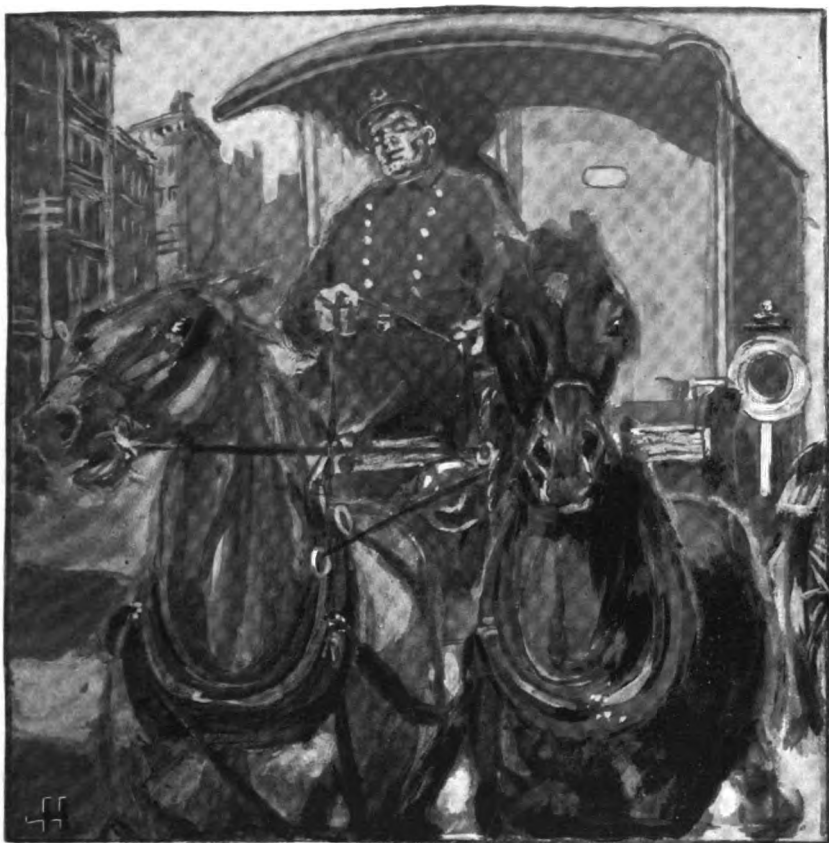
their infants, and the men readily tend and amuse them. But this kindness does not extend itself to the aged, who must provide for their own wants or starve.

Nor does their treatment of the sick show much gentleness. The patient having been carried out at sunset, and placed on a mat at the edge of the sea, the native "doctor" marches three times around him waving slowly in measure with his step a flaming brand made of the split bark of the cocoanut tree, and at the same time chanting in a low tone. This mummery is repeated at intervals until the patient recovers or is happily released by death from the physician's ministrations.

Little regard is paid to the old while living, but no sooner has the spark of life quitted the body than the neighbors rush about to scrape together enough rice, fish, poi-poi, and other native delicacies to furnish a funeral feast. The dead body is neither buried, nor cast into the sea, nor burned, but is preserved as an object of ardent veneration. During the night it lies on a mat in the hut, but every morning it is carried out into the open air, where it remains until sunset, being then taken inoors. This goes on until the flesh has entirely perished and only the skeleton remains. The bones are then stuck up in cracks round the house, and like imperial Caesar's clay, stop holes to keep the wind away.

The islanders fear the shades of the departed more than any living person or animal. Those who wander along the beach or penetrate the thick tropical darkness at night, carry rifles with them, and when asked why they do so, answer "ghosts." To their minds the islands are peopled with ghosts, which, though they believe them to be the spirits of their dead friends and relatives, fill them with terror.





THE MAD PATROL

BY LUCY BAKER JEROME.

JIMMY was the driver of the patrol-wagon. He was short, and fat, and had a chubby, freckled face, surrounded by a shock of rough, red hair. His daily duty was the picking up of certain objects, in different localities, to whom he was directed through the telephone, and the subsequent endeavor to escort them safely to the prison tanks. Jimmy was used to picking up objects, and rather liked the business. Some of the older offenders against the law, were accustomed to salute Jimmy on his fre-

quent appearances on the scene of action, with sundry ancient and savorless jokes, to which pleasantries Jimmy replied with a broadly humorous smile, conveying his appreciation of the situation. To the loud-voiced complaints and revilings of the less philosophical class, he turned a stony face, and a deaf ear. He was particular, too, about the degree and quality of the misdemeanor committed, and relegated the unwilling occupants of the van to their proper position, by mysterious and unalterable decrees

of his own. In addition to these characteristics, he possessed the fighting grit of a bull-terrier, as Mulligan, the police-officer of the Eleventh Ward, had cause to remember. About the time that Jimmy made up his mind to the necessity of becoming driver of the patrol van, Mulligan was casting covetous eyes in the same direction. They settled it one night, in a convenient blind alley, when Mulligan was off duty, and after a short but heated argument, Jimmy had emerged victorious. After this event Mulligan had agreed to let him alone, but his smouldering wrath sought in vain for an opportunity for revenge. When required by the exigencies of the situation to stand on the footboard of the prison vehicle as it swayed and rocked over the cobblestones, he felt his unsatisfied wrath becoming distinctly pugnacious at the sight of Jimmy's broad back comfortably ensconced on the roomy seat, for which he secretly longed. On this particular occasion, some three weeks after his defeat, Mulligan had been told off to handle a case on Sixth street, on a charge of disturbing the peace, and Jimmy happening to be in the yard at the time, the two men started together. It was not a long distance, but the crowd in the vicinity would have been discernible for a much greater one. The door of a rough shanty, one of several, was thrown wide open, and as the officer made his way through the mob surrounding it, shrill curses, mingled with wailings, met his ears.

"Mag's at it again, officer," volunteered a woman who stood by, a baby poised lightly and strongly on her hip, in an unconsciously striking pose. "They say she's done for the old villain this time."

The crowd waited breathlessly, while the policeman entered. Jimmy, the reins held loosely in one powerful hand, leaned unconcernedly back, and waited, too. Familiarity with these scenes had blunted Jimmy's sense of expectation. There was a stir and movement in the center of the throng, as the officer pushed and thrust his way toward the waiting vehicle. Jimmy caught a glimpse of whirling ragged skirts, of two bony arms shaken wildly in the air, and heard Mulligan's gruff tones as he slammed the door.

"A woman?" he called back to the officer.

"A woman? A uger-cat, I should say," answered Mulligan, indignantly, adding in a lower tone to those about him.

"What's her name?"

"McGrath," answered a dozen voices.

A volley of objurgations issuing from the interior of the vehicle caused Jimmy to whip his horses to a lively trot. Mulligan, in the rear, holding with both hands to the reeling van, felt a sudden intuitive thrill. "McGrath!" he repeated aloud. "To be sure. 'Tis Jimmy's own name, and that she devil in there might be a relation."

He fairly glowed with the possibility of the thought. He tried hard to recall what Jimmy had told him of his early life, before their relations had become as strained as they were now. He remembered that Jimmy had said that he had run away from a home that was no home about five years ago, and that he had never heard from it since. Jimmy had admitted vaguely that he had had parents, and that there had been lots of kids, "always keepin' a feller awake nights," he had said. The more Mulligan thought of it, the stronger his conviction grew. He brought his hand down on the brass railing with an emphatic thump. "'Tis his mother, sure," he muttered. "We'll see what my cock o' the walk will say to this?"

He wanted very much to arrive at the police station. He pictured the scene to himself. To a mind like Mulligan's there is but one conceivable happiness—the pleasure of witnessing the discomfiture of others. In anticipation, he saw the old woman descending from the van, Jimmy lounging uninterestedly near, he saw the start, the recognition, and then—the sudden closing of the prison doors. Jimmy had been fond of his mother, too, he remembered. He recalled the remark that Jimmy had made on the occasion of a young boy being sent to prison for swearing falsely to save his mother. "Right or wrong," Jimmy had said, "I'll stand by the ould lady ivery time. She means right enough, and that squares her with me." Now, Mulligan saw his chance for his long deferred revenge. In his eagerness he leaned forward.

"Can't ye drive a little faster?" he called.

The woman in the van was now very still. At the moment of her entrance she had sought to wreak vengeance on Mulligan's stalwart form, but finding the door closed, and Mulligan on the outside, she had thrust a hand through the opening in the front, and had clutched wildly at Jimmy's red thatch of hair. However, as

instant till the flap dropped, but Jimmy had seen as the prisoner had meant that he should see, and she was apparently satisfied.

"Hivens above!" groaned Jimmy on the outside. "'Tis the ould woman herself. Wonder what she's in fer," he thought, abstractedly voicing the words.

"Fer fighten' the ould man," said the well remembered voice close behind him.



"She made her way through the little alleyway, and disappeared."

soon as Jimmy had felt the tug he was immediately released, and the sudden silence which followed, proved to Jimmy, well versed in such matters, the occurrence of the unusual. He wondered, but involuntarily quickened his horses' pace. At the junction of Fourth and Market streets, he felt a light tug again. He instinctively turned, and saw before him, looking directly into his own, the face of the woman in the van. It was but an

Jimmy turned sympathetic eyes upon the concealing tarpaulin cover.

"Was he as bad as iver, mother?" he asked.

"Arrah, Jimmy, be aisy. Bad isn't the worrud. 'Tis meself had all of it a body cud stand. Fifteen years whin ye were there Jimmy, an five ather ye left, was too much fer anny dacent body. So whin he begun agin this mornin I jist tapped him on the head wid the fire shovel an

left him. He hadn't got up yit, when I left!"

She glanced quickly at the closed door, as if expecting the officer's entrance at any moment, and placing her lips close to the crack in the tarpaulin resumed hurriedly,

"'Wisht, now Jimmy, its niver yerself wud be takin' me to jail now is it? Think of the poor childer at home all lookin' to their fine big brother to help thim now."

"'Yis, yis," assented Jimmy uncertainly, his mind in a whirl. "Kape still now, an let me think."

He had five minutes in which to lay his plan of action. He could see the looming towers of the City Hall and he knew that it behooved him to act quickly. Suddenly inspiration came to his aid.

"Arrah now mother," he whispered. "If the cop sees us we're done fer. Keep still now, and mind yer eye whin I tell ye."

At the corner of Eighth and Market Jimmy began to drive slowly: so slowly, in fact, that the impatient officer protested.

"See here, Jimmy! We haven't got next week before us. Whip up lively, can't ye?"

Jimmy relieved himself by appropriate vociferations at the surging throng of vehicles and foot passengers, which threatened to blockade the way, but the smile on his genial face broadened, and the speed of his vehicle did not appreciably increase. A block farther on, an itinerant vendor's stand, occupied by a tall, tattered person gesticulating wildly, and vehemently haranguing the motley assemblage, completely blocked the way. Jimmy brought his team to a sudden halt.

"What's the matter now?" yelled the officer. "What's the matter wid ye anny-how? Drive on, can't ye?"

Jimmy looked around the corner of the van and looked back. He looked squarely into Mulligan's red excited face, and noticed that he held by one hand to the railing, and that one foot was dangling in the air. Jimmy's smile deepened still further. He leaned close to the tarpaulin.

"'Hould tight, now," he whispered. "'Tis yer last chanst."

The lash descended with lightning suddenness on the broad backs of the surprised horses, and they leaped forward with a sickening lurch of the heavy vehicle. Jimmy heard the cries and increasing commotion behind him, which told him that his improvised plan had been so far successful, and applied the lash judiciously, to both straining animals.

"The b'ye ye are," chuckled a voice exultantly, in his ear. "'Tis yer ould mother is proud of ye this day."

Plunging, and galloping unevenly in the traces, the horses tore through the panic-stricken streets at a rattling pace. People rushing from all directions, stood aghast in safe places, watching for the disaster which seemed certain to occur. Shops, big and little, disgorged their customers, and added to the din and general con-



"The lady! may she live a thousand years"

fusion. Shopkeepers who but a moment before had been smoking an afternoon pipe, and mentally calculating their gains, rushed bare headed into the street, ready to exclaim and stare with the rest, but no man moved to arrest the threatened danger. On they dashed, just grazing and avoiding, as if by a miracle, collisions with numberless teams and equipages, whose owners looked back with white frightened faces at the sound of the deafening clatter approaching them from behind. Foot passengers scurried out of the way like scared rabbits, and through it all, Jimmy sat well back in the shadow, his spirits, always mercurial, risen to fever heat at the signs of danger, his hands clenched on the reins, and his keen eyes noting the pitfalls ahead. Urging the horses with hand and voice, the City Hall was passed like a flash, and still the horses swept up the broad spaces of Market street, straight on. The crowds were lessening, and at this point the street was comparatively deserted. Jimmy began imperceptibly to lessen speed. The reins were taut, now, and the horses feeling the steady pull, instinctively responded. Jimmy cast a hurried glance around. Only a solitary pedestrian was eyeing the van. Jimmy drove on. Opposite the entrance to a narrow side street, he pulled up hastily. The team stood still sweating in every pore, and Jimmy turned to his passenger.

"Now, mother! Now's yer time," he said quickly.

The look of intelligence in the old woman's face was not belied by her actions. She slipped from the van like a descending shadow, and without again turning, made her way through the little alleyway and disappeared.

Jimmy drawing a long breath, spoke gently to the horses, soothing them by word and touch. Then he turned the team and proceeded slowly to retrace his course. Half way down the broad thoroughfare, he encountered Mulligan. That officer's face was red and excited, and he handled his club in a way, that to Jimmy's experienced eye, meant mischief.

He walked straight up to Jimmy, brandishing his club.



Mulligan

"I arrest ye! I arrest ye, in the name of the law!" he roared.

"What fer?" demanded Jimmy calmly.

The officer hurried around to the back of the van, and looked anxiously inside.

"She's gone," he ejaculated.

"Gone!" said Jimmy derisively. "D'ye mane to tell she got out of it, with them horses runnin' a race to git ahead of themselves?"

The officer lifting the flap, peered again into the dark recesses of the van.

"She's gone all right," he announced doggedly. "I arrest ye in the name of the law," he reiterated coming around to

glare at Jimmy, cool, and apparently unconcerned.

"W'at fer?" asked Jimmy again. "Sure," he continued, fixing the glowering officer with an impenitent eye, and a withering glance of scorn, for his hopeless density, "Couldn't you see the horses was runnin' away?" he demanded.

"I saw ye lashin' them," foamed Mulligan furiously.

"'Twas thin I lost me head," declared Jimmy mendaciously. "I tho't of the prisoner and the disgrace we'd be in, fer not bringin' her in safe, and I had a rush of blood to the head. 'Twas all a blank, like, afther that."

"I don't belave ye," raved Mulligan suspiciously, as he saw his bright visions of revenge rapidly fading. "I don't belave ye, and I'll report ye to the sergeant as soon as we git there."

"Do," rejoined Jimmy imperturbably. "Do, if ye think ye'd enjoy it." His voice took on a solemn tone, but the twinkle in his eye would have betrayed him had the officer been able to interpret it.

"Ye know, Mulligan," he said leaning forward, and looking that discomfited official squarely in the eyes, "Ye know a runaway is a mighty serious thing, an' I must tell ye, Mulligan, that, under the circumstances, an' considering all things, yer friend, Jimmy McGrath, belaves that he behaved most uncommon well."

Late that night, Mulligan, on duty in the unsavory district bounded by Sixth street on one side, and on the other, by the great gleaming hotel with the line of rickety shanties at its back, stopped measuring his paces, by the big blocks of asphalt in the pavement, and looked doubtfully about him. The doubt became certainty, as he plunged into a side alley, and paused before a tenement half way up the row. Cautiously approaching the shutterless window, his eyes bulged with astonishment at the scene within. At the head of a long table improvised from drift-boards and a barrel or two, sat Jimmy, every feature sharing in an expansive grin, and joining hilariously in the derisive shouts that came from the dozen listeners gathered around the board. In the short, sturdy figure nearest him, Mulligan recognized his lately escaped prisoner, and shook his fist vindictively at her unconscious face.

Jimmy, wholly ignorant of the danger outside, rose to his feet at this juncture, and approached the old man, who, with his countenance adorned with sundry strips of plaster, and his head surmounted by a crown of bandages, sat at the other end.

Mulligan laid one ear against a crack in the wall, and listened attentively.

"Here's to Mulligan," Jimmy was saying. "Mulligan foriver! 'Twas he that saved us, for if he hadn't been such a blunderin' omadhaun, we'd been comfortin' our bones in jail this blissed night. 'Tis a raal pity he couldn't attind this cilebration," he finished cheerfully. "It's welcome he'd have bin."

With a howl of savage rage, and a crash of splintered glass, Mulligan burst through the window. Choking with wrath, he glared speechlessly at the conscienceless Jimmy, who executing a neat hand-spring over the boards that would have done credit to a circus veteran, backed into a convenient corner, and regarded Mulligan unabashed.

"I arrest ye! I arrest ye! In the name of the law," bawled Mulligan for the second time that day, brandishing his club like a war weapon, and bearing down upon the astonished group like an engine of destruction.

"What, agin?" asked Jimmy, composedly.

Scenting combat, the lady of the van rushed in to lend her aid, but Jimmy's unfalling sense of humor was again equal to the occasion.

"We was just drinkin' yer health, Mulligan," he said politely. "Sure, an' 'tisn't that honor ye'd lose us now? There's plinty in the keg, an' if ye'd jine us, Mulligan, on this occasion, we'd be proud in-dade."

Before this appeal Mulligan visbly relented. Then he glanced at the clock and at the beer keg, which his experienced eye told him was not more than two-thirds empty, at the group of grinning faces all beaming with hearty goodwill, and slowly permitted a similar grin to appear on his own countenance, which gradually broadened like a full moon, until he buried it below the edge of a foaming rim of beer.

"Mulligan," said Jimmy, giving his toast with an uncontrollable wink.

"Mulligan foriver!" piped the shrill chorus, and Mulligan, red and flattered, bowed magnificently in the direction of

his lost prisoner, gave his toast standing, with uplifted glass, and a hand on his heart.

"The lady! May she live a thousand years, and her shadow never grow less."

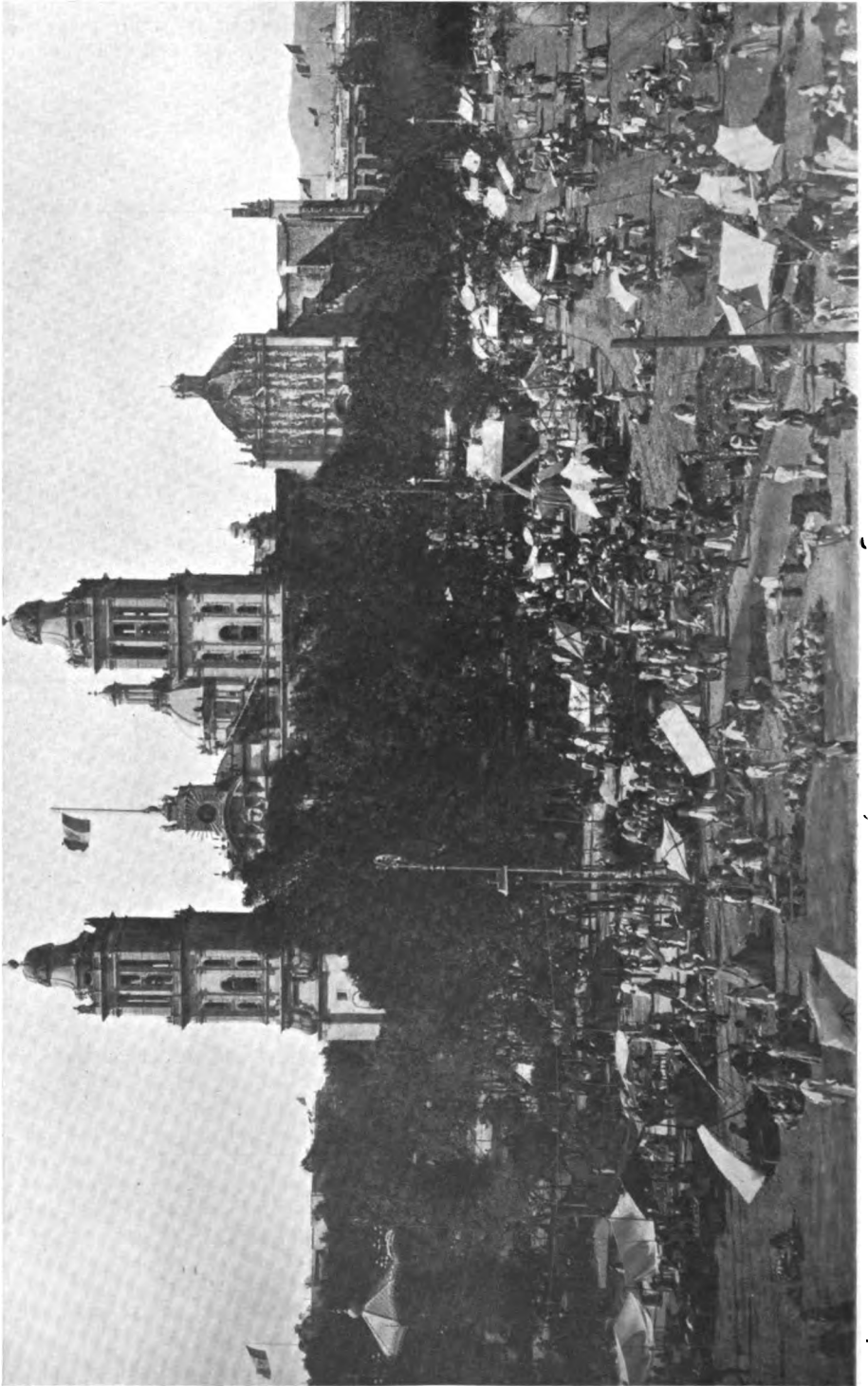


TWO POEMS

ELEANORE F. LEWIS.

She wrote in verse for him alone, that seemed
 Unlike the common lot:
 A strange, eccentric phantasy, he deemed,
 And understood it not.

She wrote for public praise, a trivial thing
 Unworthy of her name:
 Yet it appealed to him, who was her king,
 And brought her fame.



Street Fair.

MEXICO'S GREATEST FESTIVAL

BY CLARA SPALDING BROWN.

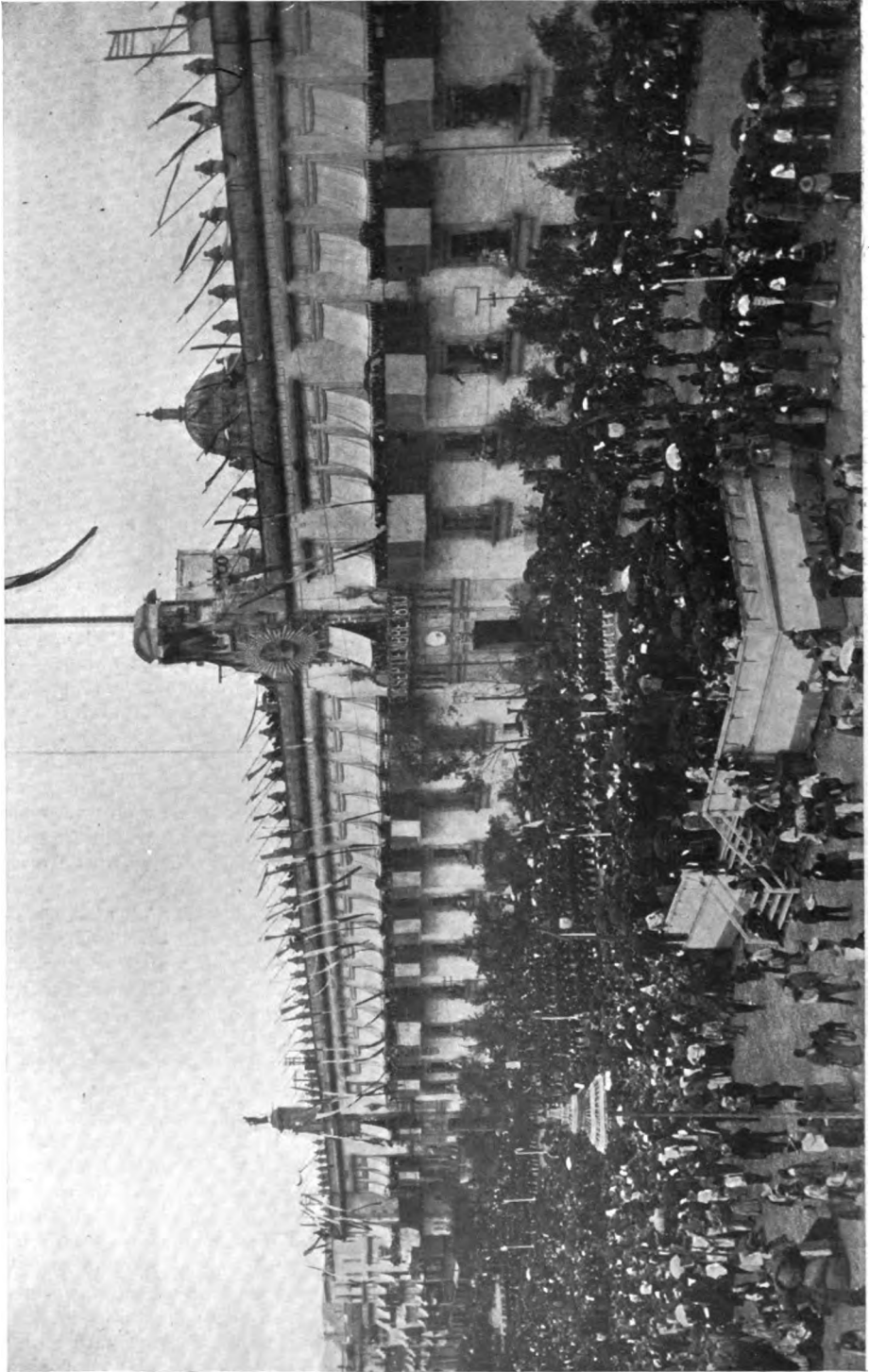
MEXICO is a country of wonderful interest and charm. All the natives, from the idle members of the wealthy class, with their luxurious lives, down to the humblest peons, who trot contentedly about their tasks, with sandaled feet, are proud of it. Visitors are enchanted with the picturesqueness of the scenery and people, and every day that is spent in the quaint land adds to its peculiar fascination. It is a "sister republic," easily reached without braving the discomforts and dangers of an ocean voyage, and is as distinctively foreign as any country of Europe or Asia, yet it is a terra incognita to the majority of Americans, many of whom think nothing of taking a trip across the Atlantic every year.

Holidays and festivals are many in Mexico, as numerous Saint's days are observed. Birthdays are occasions of merry-making, and a number of national events are duly commemorated. The greatest of all these celebrations occurs on the fifteenth and sixteenth of September of each year, and then, in the length and breadth of the land, you will scarcely find a Mexican at work. The one thought, in every city, town and hamlet, is to glorify the struggle for independence, which began in 1810, to honor the loved President of the present prosperous Republic, and to have a good time along with the exuberant patriotism. General Porfirio Diaz, the ruler of the nation, was born on the fifteenth of September. The sixteenth is the Mexican's Fourth of July, beginning at 11 o'clock the night previous, for reasons that will be related. It is fitting that these anniversaries should be celebrated together, for closely interwoven in the hearts of the people are love of country and loyalty to the wise ruler who is likely to be retained in office so long as he lives, though the constitution of Mexico

is modeled largely after that of the United States, and a Presidential election is held every four years.

The writer was in the City of Mexico at the time of this great double celebration a year ago, and was profoundly impressed by it. The ceremonies began on the afternoon of the 14th, with congratulations tendered the President by a delegation from his native State, Oaxaca, in the extreme southern part of Mexico, near the Isthmus of Tehuantepec. All classes were represented: Congressmen, judges, army officers, artisans, and day laborers, each of whom he grasped by the hand as he stood in the Hall of Ambassadors. The body of proud Oaxacans was followed by the Governors of the various States, (there are twenty-eight in the Republic) and in response to their compliments the President said that if it had been his good fortune to establish a good administration it was because his people were as apt in toil as they were ardent in battle and they had made their own government.

The next day a beautiful allegorical parade passed through the elaborately decorated streets, and under arches that had been erected by the different States in honor of the occasion. Every vantage point was thronged and all business was at a standstill. For several days, long trains on the railway lines centering in the city had brought visitors from points far and near. No pen can describe the crowd, with its diversity of costumes, its gay colors, its sharply defined degrees of caste, (the rich and poor mingling together with one common spirit) its simple good nature and child-like enjoyment. Side by side were ladies in delicate silks and muslins, such as in our country would seem appropriate only for indoor evening wear, and ragged, unkempt Indian women, with a big pack



Soldiers Passing the National Palace, 16th of September,

or a baby, often both, on their backs, bare-footed, with skirts ending at the knees and brown shoulders rising from loose chemisettes, or perhaps the dainty señoritas and their immaculately clad escorts were laughingly jostled by a bevy of half-breed girls in plain calico gowns and blue *rebosos* drawn over their heads, more than one of them whiffing a cigarette. The laboring men wore blouses and loose trousers of white cotton, and around their shoulders were draped the red or striped *zarapes* which are so pic-

The President reviewed the procession from the national palace. During the day he received congratulations from the army, the departments of administration, the children of the public schools, and the diplomatic corps, headed by General Powell Clayton, the United States Ambassador. At night the arches, each of which was made typical of the State contributing it, were ablaze with electric lights, turning the streets into fairyland. When the writer, chaperoned by the good Mexican family with whom she had



Gen. Porfirio Díaz, President of Mexico.

turesque and form the overcoat of the Mexican. The finishing touch to the costume was the universal conical-crowned, wide-brimmed *sombrero*, whose texture and adornment varies with the means of the wearer. *Coches* and private carriages rolled to and fro, while in and out among them and the eager people, waiting to see the parade, pranced the *caballeros*, horsemen in elaborately braided leather costumes, with silver-mounted saddles and bridles.

made her home, started at 9 p. m. for the central plaza of the city—the Zocalo—on which the national palace, the magnificent cathedral and other prominent buildings front, the streets had become impassable for either cars or carriages. From curb to curb they were filled with a mass of surging, yelling human beings, unrestrained in their abandonment to mingled patriotism and hilarity. On this one night of the year license prevails for everything except such crimes as



Arch in honor of President Diaz, erected by State of Guanajuata.

murder, robbery, or arson. The saloons, ordinarily closed at an early hour, are permitted to remain open all night, and no arrests are made for drunkenness. The result is bacchanalian, but marvelously free from any serious consequences. The intoxication caused by the national drink of pulque is not vicious or quarrelsome unless the beverage has been badly adulterated; it increases the naturally volatile spirits of these children of a Latin race, ending in a stupor which lasts a few hours.

It required patience and strength to push one's way for half a mile to the center of attraction on this memorable night,



Arch of State of Oaxaca.

and many were the amusing scenes witnessed. "Vivas" filled the air, as mock processions waved aloft all sorts of rudely improvised banners, cornstalks, palm leaves, etc., blowing horns and whistles, and beating on anything obtainable. The Zocalo was a solid mass of equally noisy and happy people. Foot by foot our party advanced until a cordon of soldiers was reached, guarding an inclosed space in front of the palace in which were chairs for those by favor or entitled by position to the courtesy. As one of our number was connected with the Japanese legation we secured seats before the main entrance to the palace, and there awaited the ceremony of the "Grito." The palace covers an immense area, having a frontage of 700 feet. It



Arch erected by State of Puebla, Mexico.

was illuminated with incandescent lights all along the cornices and its many little turrets, as were other large buildings surrounding the open square. Every window, portal, and roof top was occupied by the fashionables of the city, and several military bands combined enlivened the period of waiting with their inspiring strains. Once there it was impossible to get away before the movement of the crowd to depart. In all the throngs of the World's Fair at Chicago, and of the great American cities, the writer has never seen quite such a jam of humanity as congested the principal streets of the city of Mexico on that night.

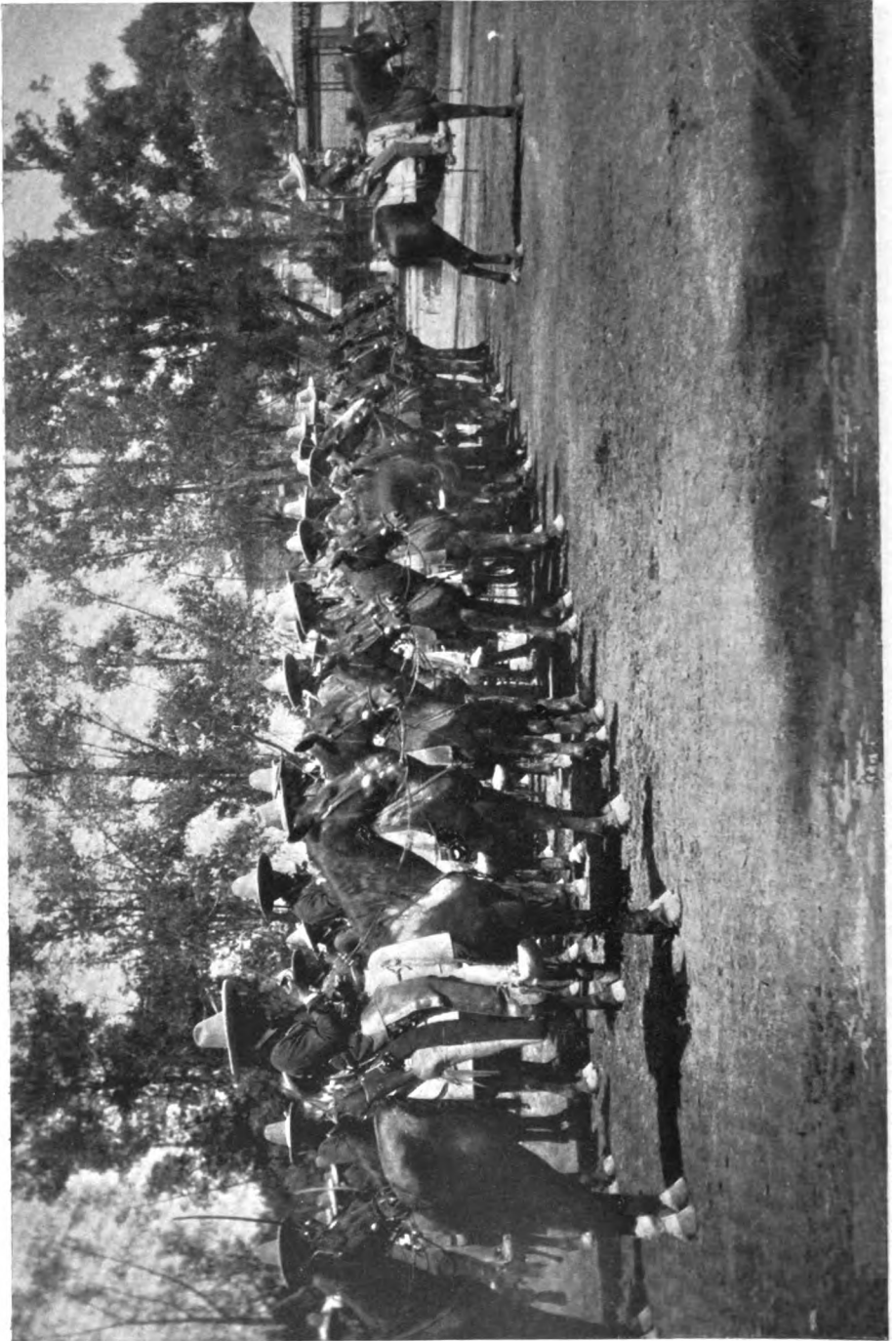
In order that what follows may be understood, it is necessary to explain that

the first call of the people to arms against the tyranny and extortion of Spain was made at 11 o'clock on the night of the 15th of September, 1810, by a priest named Hidalgo, in the small town of Dolores, near the rich mining city of Guanajuato. The good Father, now known as "The Washington of Mexico," had long been in sympathy with the suppressed feeling of revolt against an oppressive rule. On this night he rang the bell of his little church to call his parishioners together, and they supposed it a summons to a special late service, until his brave cry for liberty greeted their ears instead of the accustomed prayers, and fired them with zeal to follow him in what proved to be a long and bloody struggle. The memory of the patriot-priest is revered by all Mexicans, and the bell was long since removed to the nation's capital and hung over the main portal of the palace. It is used only on the anniversary of independence, and the President's hand is the only one that pulls the rope.

A few minutes before 11 o'clock the crowd became quiet and expectant, and the air seemed charged with electricity. The peculiar sensation of something momentous about to occur, held every stranger in thrall. Promptly on the hour, President Diaz stepped to the front of an alcove over the main entrance, accompanied by members of his cabinet. He held the banner that Hidalgo carried in his campaign for liberty, and waved it over the balustrade, then pulled a rope communicating with the rusty bell above. At the moment when the President appeared, the alcove was illuminated by a framework of electric lights surrounding it as a picture, and above the bell gleamed a portrait of Hidalgo. The sound of the bell brought forth a mighty cry from the populace below, and then the crowd went wild. "Viva Mexico," "Viva la Republica," "Viva Diaz," they yelled, and the bands struck up the national hymn. Simultaneously the entire front and mighty towers, 200 feet high, of one of the largest cathedrals in the world, burst into a blaze of glory, and from their lofty stations the fifty bells of the cathedral pealed forth the full, deep tones of "Santa Maria de Guadalupe,"

the great bell that is heard only on State occasions underlying all the others. This bell is nineteen feet high, and exceeded in size only by the famous one of Moscow. Then from all over the city came the sound of ringing bells, and for half an hour the exultant peal was kept up. The whole thing, occurring in less time than it has taken to tell it, was intensely thrilling. The bells, the illumination that formed a picture of almost more than earthly beauty against the darkness of the night; the harmonious strains of the bands; the stirring call of 200 buglers; the cries from thousands of lusty throats; the rockets and red lights; the stately form of the President standing in bold relief against the grim walls of the old palace, combined to produce an effect which can never be erased from the memory of those who witnessed it for the first time. The aristocracy were as enthusiastic as the masses and stood on their chairs, crying "Vive Mexico," until tears ran down their cheeks. Thrills ran over the writer from head to foot, and it was easy to understand the emotion of natives to the country.

The "grito" (defined in Spanish dictionaries as "yell, scream, howl") is probably the most powerful national ceremonial in the world in its action on the emotions, occurring as it does late at night, in the presence of multitudes gathered in the open air, and in a country whose government, though nominally republican, is virtually imperialistic, and free from widely opposed political parties. The lights covering the facade of the cathedral were red, white and green, the national colors of Mexico. In the center appeared the eagle, snake and cactus, which are imprinted on the coins of the country, and all national emblems, in accordance with a legend handed down from the Aztecs to the early settlers in the capital city. As the excitement began to subside, the question of how to get home confronted the upper classes, who did not propose to join the rabble in spending the night in the streets. It is no uncommon thing for several people to be killed in the crush of independence night. We were almost carried by the moving throng and recked not whether we took the sidewalks or the middle of



A Troop of Rurales.

the streets. Everyone was good-tempered, ready to give or take jests. When sober men tripped over some obstruction in the wild rush, and measured their length in the mud (for it had been raining), the half-drunken frolickers shouted "Borracho limpio"; and the joke was the fact that borracho means a drunken man, and limpio, clean. All night the revelers drove sleep away from the weary in the heart of the city, and one might reasonably have expected disorderliness to be manifest the next day, as the result of so much license, but there was no trouble or turmoil whatever.

A civic ceremony occurred on the morning of the sixteenth, at the Alameda, a beautiful pleasureground of forty acres where concerts are given two or three times a week, and rich and poor promenade beneath the great trees, or rest on the numerous stone benches, while the children romp in the broad paths. Here, under a canvas, the President stood arrayed in full uniform, and wearing all his orders. With him were his Ministers and the Mayor of the city. The Declaration of Independence was read, a commemorative address delivered, and the President bestowed medals and decorations on persons who had distinguished themselves at different periods of the country's history, by service in time of war. Among these were five proud laboring men who had taken part in the storming of Puebla, April 2, 1867. At the other end of the social scale were generals and colonels, who saluted with drawn swords as they received the tribute of honor. The President was then driven to the national palace, where he reviewed the military parade, which is always a feature of the day. This was a pageant of more picturesqueness than is usually seen on the American continent. First came the Governor of the military academy at Chapultepec—the West Point of Mexico—accompanied by his staff, splendidly mounted. They were followed by a squad of gendarmes (policemen), the cadets of the academy, a battery of improved Mondragon mountain cannon, and several divisions of infantry, each brigade headed by its officers, on superb horses, and a band. Batteries of machine guns and heavy artillery, with com-

plete battalions of men, were interspersed with more infantry, the division closing with an exhibition of the field hospital service. Three brigades of cavalry made a fine appearance; but the cynosure of all eyes was the incomparable company of Rurales, three regiments strong.

The Rurales are the country police of Mexico, and their like does not exist in any other country. Their organization was a stroke of diplomacy on the part of President Diaz. It was in the seventies, when the country had been infested for years with banditti, that he offered amnesty to all these highway robbers who would enlist in his service, and guaranteed them a salary larger than that received by cavalymen in any other part of the world. They knew every nook and corner of the country, were fearless, and expert in horsemanship and the use of fire arms. The President wisely discerned that such qualities could be of peculiar value to him, if rightly directed. The bait tempted them, for it was more reliable than their precarious way of gaining a livelihood, and offered honor instead of the constant danger of imprisonment and death that had been their portion. They accepted the proposition unanimously, and have served the administration so zealously and efficiently that brigandage throughout Mexico is almost entirely a thing of the past, and crime in general is much less frequent than before. The Rurales have permission to deal summarily with suspected criminals, and often shoot at sight persons whom they think have outraged the law. Sometimes they make a mistake and kill an innocent man, but on the whole the plan has worked for the benefit of the country. The present members of the Rurales are not all ex-bandits. They number 5,000, and the organization has become so popular that young men of good family await their turn to join the ranks. Each man owns his horse and its equipments, and the outfit is made as expensive and showy as the owner's purse will permit. The everyday suit is of dark grey, with leather leggings; but on dress parade a suit of soft leather is worn, the pantaloons and short jacket ornamented with gold and silver bullion, and the wide-brimmed felt som-

brero heavily corded. The finely mounted men thus attired form the most striking feature of a procession such as that of Independence Day.

The Mexican army consists of about 26,000 men, exclusive of generals, colonels, majors, and petty officers. The country is under admirable military rule, and one can scarcely get out of sight of a soldier or a *Rurale*, while every town has its barracks, where reveille and the various other military calls are heard regularly every day and add to the fascination of the picturesque life for the visitor. The President opens Congress on the evening of the sixteenth, delivering a message which reviews all departments of the administration. At the time of which I write, he spoke of Mexico's friendship with the nations of the

civilized world having grown closer; of her having taken part in the Peace Congress at The Hague; of education, justice, and municipal affairs; of public works, the progress of mining, army matters, State elections, the financial condition of the country, and many other important questions. This remarkable man, born of a Spanish father and Indian mother, poor in his boyhood and obliged to work his way through school, has risen steadily from one position of responsibility to another, until he ranks among the great rulers and statesmen of the world. The country that he governs is making rapid progress in all that constitutes a powerful and prosperous nation, and is worthy of fuller recognition and a more comprehensive acquaintance on the part of her northern neighbors than is now the case.

THE SPARROWS

BY LOU RODMAN TEEPLE.

The robin may trill, and borrow
 For his breast the rich, red gold;
 But I love best the sparrow,
 That staid when the days were cold.

The lark may sing to-morrow,
 The swallow his tryst may keep;
 But dear to me is the sparrow
 That staid when the snow was deep.

And fortune's gilded starling
 May hover round my door,
 But I love you best, my darling,
 For you staid when I was poor.

Golden Jubilee of the University of the Pacific

BY ROCKWELL D. HUNT, PH. D.

four years ago the Franciscan padres founded Mission Santa Clara, and almost simultaneously fourteen families settled, only a few miles distant, at the Pueblo de San Jose de Guadalupe. Indeed, the valley had attracted attention as early as 1769. The California State Government was organized in San Jose in December, 1849. The oldest Roman Catholic college in the State also celebrates this year, at Santa Clara, its golden jubilee.

The University of the Pacific is a missionary child of a zealous Methodism. Long before California was admitted into the Union, the Central Missionary Board of the Methodist Episcopal church, sitting at New York, had become impressed with the golden opportunities for spiritual conquest on the shores of the Pacific. As early as 1834, Messrs. Jason and Dan-



Rev. Isaac Owen of Indiana. Founder of Santa Clara University. (Crossed the Plains in 1849.)

THE University of the Pacific, pioneer Protestant college of this State, celebrates this year and this month the semi-centennial of its foundation. Since the inception of this institution of learning dates back to the days of gold, and since its life and influence run parallel with the history of the commonwealth of California, it is fitting that there should be presented some review of its actual foundation and its history, together with a brief statement of the principles which underlie it, the work it seeks to do, and its hopeful attitude as it passes this noteworthy milestone.

Santa Clara Valley, the lovely home of the University of the Pacific, is exceptionally rich in early California history. Here it was that one hundred and twenty-



Rev. A. S. Gibbons at 45.

iel Lee were sent to Oregon, and the following year, Messrs. Samuel Parker and

Marcus Whitman were sent by the Presbyterians as missionaries to that country.

In October, 1848, Rev. Isaac Owen was commissioned Missionary to California by the Central Board of the Methodist Episcopal church, in New York, and Rev. William Taylor was appointed assistant Missionary to the same field. Pacific Coast Methodism was organized under the name of the Oregon and California Mission Conference, of which Rev. William Roberts was Superintendent. Taylor reached San Francisco about September 20, 1849, and there entered at once upon his labors. Mr. Owen reached the Sacramento Valley overland on the first of October of the same year, and made Sacramento city his headquarters.

In any account of Christian education in California the names of Messrs. Taylor and Owen call imperatively for pause. Bishop William Taylor is known everywhere as "one of the grandest figures that has walked across the pages of Methodist history." Not California alone, nor the African continent but the whole world has been blessed by his heroic career, and the nineteenth century has been enriched by his noble toil. Bishop Taylor is still in our midst, having retired from active service and now quietly dwelling with his relatives in Palo Alto. Rev. Isaac Owen, a native of Indiana, was a devoted and life-long laborer in the pioneer work of the church. Stern and uncompromising against all wrong, he was "an example of Christian heroism and self-devotion worthy of the best and purest ages of the Church." He conceived an interest for the mission work in California early in 1848. Before emigrating to California he served for five years with signal success as financial agent of Indiana Asbury University, now known as De Pauw. The initial difficulties that beset him at Sacramento are best described in his early letters to his superiors in the Eastern States. In a communication to the Missionary Secretary, Dr. J. P. Durbin, dated February 27, 1852, he says:

"On arriving at Sacramento City I found myself and family houseless and moneyless (except \$150). The cheapest and only arrangement I could make for myself and family was to pay \$100 per month for an unfinished adobe room in

Sutter's Fort. I moved into this room and remained about one week; and my wife, true to the missionary cause, chose rather to live in a tent to putting the church to the expense of hiring a house at so high a rent. So in compliance with her request, I went to work and constructed a tent out of the remains of our old wagon covers, and a few bed quilts. When completed it covered an area of eight by ten feet. * * * Here we lived, eight in number, for about four or five weeks, during which time my wife supported the family mostly by the proceeds of the milk of two cows which we had worked in the yoke while crossing the plains, rather than make our wants known to the church. * * * While my wife was thus providing for herself and family, I devoted all my time to the erection of a parsonage and to the putting up of the church sent to us by our friends in Baltimore."

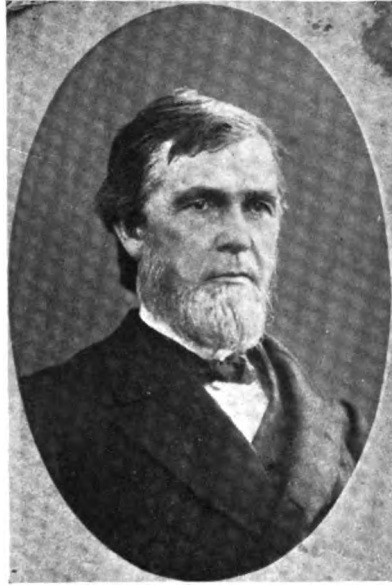
It will be remembered that at this time, as Mr. Owen stated in his first official communication from California dated January 11, 1850, prices were extremely high. A few staples may be noted: Flour, from \$30 to \$40 per barrel; salt pork from \$30 to \$40 per barrel; potatoes, 25 cents to 40 cents per pound; garden vegetables, 60 cents to 75 cents per pound; butter, \$1.25 to \$1.50 per pound; fresh pork, \$1 to \$1.25 per pound; milk, \$1 per quart. In the same communication he wrote:

"Any house that would have barely accommodated my family on my arrival here would have cost me at least \$300 a month rent, and the least amount my family could subsist upon, embracing provisions, fuel, and other incidental expenses, is from \$6 to \$10 per day; and when we dare to live as we used to do in the States, a great deal more than this."

Such were the conditions facing the chief founder of the University of the Pacific, the heroic man whose name appears as number one on the first subscription ever circulated in the interest of the projected Institution, while opposite the name stands the pledge for \$1000.00.

In October, 1850, three additional missionaries came to the aid of young Methodism in California. These were: Messrs. S. D. Simonds, M. C. Briggs, and Edward Bannister. In May, 1851, three others arrived, namely: Messrs. Charles Maclay, D. A. Dryden, and A. L. S. Bate-man. In his instructions to Mr. Owen,

dated May 21, 1850, Secretary Durbin offers certain advice and suggestions concerning a contemplated institution of learning, but reminds him that chief reliance must rest "on the judgment and prudence of Brother Roberts and yourself, in consultation with other friends and brethren." It was urged that buildings of proper size and arrangements be erected, that great care be exercised in finding the best location, that "debt be avoided as much as may be," and that the work should go forward "promptly, but very prudently." Acting upon the request of the Missionary Board, seconded by Superintendent Roberts, Rev. Isaac Owen appointed an educational convention, to consist of an equal number of traveling preachers and intelligent laymen. The convention assembled in the Methodist Church at Pueblo de San Jose, January 6, 1851, the following members being present: Mr. Isaac Owen, chairman; Mr. Edward Bannister, Secretary; Messrs. James M. Brier, H. S. Loveland, William Morrow, C. P. Hester, James Corwin, M. C. Briggs, and W. Grove Deal. Suitable committees were appointed to facilitate the business of the convention, and among the very first decisions reached was that recommending the "founding of an institution of the grade of a university." It was voted to continue educational operations in San



Rev. Edward Bannister, 1866.

Jose for the present, while a sub-committee should make inquiry and negotiate with reference to location and grounds. Messrs. C. P. Hester, I. Owen, William Morrow, and E. Bannister were constituted a committee to bring the subject before the California Legislature, then sitting in San Jose, and secure necessary action looking toward chartering the projected institution; and Mr. Owen was appointed financial agent.

At the San Jose convention three sessions were held, the forenoon session January 6, and the forenoon and afternoon sessions of January 7. At these sessions the decisive initial steps in organization were taken; hence, while the subject of this sketch did not receive its charter at the hands of the Supreme Court of California for some months, the sixth day of January, 1851, may, in important respects, be regarded as the natal day of the University of the Pacific.

It should be observed that even before the establishment of the University, early California Methodism had chartered or received under conference patronage a number of seminaries of lower than collegiate rank, one of the first having been opened at Santa Cruz by Mr. H. S. Loveland in the fall of 1849. Others were



Rev. M. C. Briggs.

opened in San Jose, Sacramento, Stockton, and San Francisco.

On May 14, 1851, the committee on education met at the house of Rev. William Taylor, in San Francisco, to hear reports from the sub-committees and so far as possible, to complete the work of organization. The location of the University was a question that received much earnest consideration. Land was offered for a site on various conditions at the Mission San Francisco, San Jose, and Santa Clara. The advantages of Vallejo were also discussed. The importance of securing the best location appeared so great that the final decision was delayed for the following meeting. The most important action of the May session was the appointment of the first Board of Trustees, the list when completed by a few subsequent nominations including the following names: Rev. Isaac Owen, D. L. Ross, Esq., Rev. S. D. Simonds, Hon. C. P. Hester, W. Grove Deal, M. D., Rev. Wm. Taylor, F. E. Kellogg, Esq., Rev. J. W. Brier, Hon. D. O. Shattuck, Captain Joseph Aram, J. T. McLean, M. D., Rev. Elihu Anthony, Annis Merrill, Esq., Benjamin Pierson, M. D., Rev. M. C. Briggs, Rev. E. Bannister, J. B. Bond, Esq., Rev. Wm. Morrow, Mr. James Rogers, Mr. Warner Oliver, Mr. James Corwine, Mr. Charles Maclay, Mr. David A. Dryden, and Mr. A. L. S. Bateman.

The third meeting of the educational committee, the last before the actual grant of the charter, occurred at the home of Mr. Isaac Owen in Santa Clara, June 24, 1851. The question of location arising, strong representations were made in favor of Santa Clara. Mr. Owen was able to report valid subscriptions to the amount of \$27,500 made on condition "that said college or university is located on a lot of 20 acres more or less adjacent to the town of Santa Clara, in Santa Clara County, and State of California." And although Revs. Briggs and Simonds (who were absent from the meeting) had urged objections, the proposed site was unanimously chosen by those present.

What should be the name of the pioneer institution of higher learning? After consideration of several names suggested, the "California Wesleyan Uni-

versity" was agreed to; but since there was at that time no statute authorizing the charter of a university, the first official title of the corporation was "President and Board of Trustees of California Wesleyan College." Thus the sub-committee on charter, consisting of Messrs. Owen, Bannister, and Heister, through their attorney, Hon. Annis Merrill, and in accordance with an act of the Legislature dated April 20, 1850, secured from the Supreme Court of California the first charter ever granted in our Commonwealth for an educational institution of college grade. The charter itself is dated July 10, 1851, and signed by E. H. Sharp, clerk of the Supreme Court of California.

The first name proved to be unsatisfactory, and was extremely short lived. At the first meeting of the regularly constituted Board of Trustees, held in Powell street Church, San Francisco, August 15, 1851, "it was resolved that the executive committee be authorized to petition the next Legislature to alter the name of our institution to that of the University of the Pacific." As a response to the petition we read the following statute, approved March 29, 1852:

"The name of the corporation known as the 'California Wesleyan College,' is hereby changed to that of 'The University of the Pacific,' and by that name shall said corporation be hereafter known in all courts and places, and in that name it shall do all its business and exercise its corporate powers as fully as it could do or exercise the same in and by its original name."

Rev. S. D. Simonds was elected President and Professor Bannister Secretary of the charter Board of Trustees. On motion of Rev. I. Owen, it was "Resolved, That the college shall be open to such females as may desire to pursue a college course." This was very advanced ground on the subject of co-education; but it should be noted that regular instruction of ladies and gentlemen in the same college classes was not actually carried on until 1869, when the institution was about to be removed to its present site at College Park. Meanwhile, Professor Bannister, who had been specially sent to California to assume charge of the educational department, opened

early in 1851, in the town of San Jose, "a school of higher grade than any in existence in California at that time," occupying for the purpose a building at the corner of Second and San Fernando streets, later known as the "What Cheer House." Mrs. Bannister assisted her husband, and by December, 1851, the school numbered about fifty pupils. Professor Edward Bannister must be regarded as one of the principal founders of the University of the Pacific. In all the early councils his words carried much weight, for he was rightly recognized not only as a faithful minister but also as an educator of sincere devotion and great promise. A graduate of Wesleyan University, and a teacher of experience before sailing for California, his services both as Principal, and later as President, won repeated recognition of the most complimentary and substantial character.

I find the following memorandum of the opening of the first term in Santa Clara, in Mr. Owen's report to Secretary Durbin, dated June 14, 1852:

"University of the Pacific.—Brother Bannister opened the primary department on the first Monday in May. The school has opened with more promise than was anticipated. A small class has been organized which will graduate. They have fifty-four students. Professor Bannister is Principal. Sister Bannister has charge of the female department, and Brother Robins of the primary. A music teacher has been engaged."

Delay in building was occasioned by the then very common difficulty experienced in obtaining a perfect title to the land. It was not long, however, till the Female Institute building and the college building for the male department were completed: the estimated value of these edifices were \$5,000 and \$12,000 respectively, the former being a two-story wooden structure and the latter a three-story brick structure. Thus the institution was divided into two associated schools, the Male Department and the Female Department, both under the same Board of Trustees and yet entirely independent of each other in government and instruction. The Female Institute building still stands, almost adjoining the Santa Clara M. E. Church, and is now the



President E. McClish.

residence of Mr. H. H. Slavens, an alumnus of the University.

In February, 1854, the resignation of Professor Bannister as Principal of the Preparatory Department, was reluctantly accepted, and Rev. M. C. Briggs was duly elected first President of the University, although he seems never to have fully entered upon the duties of that office. Associated with the President were Mr. A. S. Gibbons, Professor of Pure and Mixed Mathematics, and Mr. Wm. J. Maclay, Professor of Latin and Greek Languages. Not long afterwards Professor James M. Kimberlin, Greek and Modern Languages, was added to the faculty. Of these stanch foundation builders it is indeed worthy of remark that Dr. Briggs is at the present time residing at Pacific Grove; Dr. Gibbons is still in the active ministry of California Methodism, serving for the sixth year the charge at Byron; and Professor Kimberlin lives in the quiet enjoyment of his beautiful home in Santa Clara. Dr. Maclay died at Napa in 1879. It is an honor to any institution to have had as its first President such a man as Dr. M. C. Briggs. *Mens sana in corpore sano* fitted him admirably. All up and down this fair land his stalwart form is a familiar and precious memory; but his mind was greater than his body, while

the largeness of his heart is not to be measured.

The new organization of the University was effected and the second charter received in 1855, in accordance with a recent amendatory act of the State Legislature. The second charter is dated July 9, 1855, and bears the signatures of John Bigler, Governor; S. H. Martell, Surveyor-General; and Paul R. Hubbs, Superintendent of Public Instruction. The following are named as Trustees: Gov. J. Bigler, Messrs. Isaac Owen, Wm. Taylor, S. D. Simonds, M. C. Briggs, E. Bannister, C. Maclay, J. D. Blain, Joseph Aram, Annis Merrill, J. T. McLean, S. S. Johnson, Asa Vestal, B. F. Headen, Geo. S. Phillips, Henry Gibbons, and John Buffington.

A perusal of the official records of the University during its first years and of such correspondence touching its foundation as may now be discovered cannot fail to impress one with the sincere devotion, purposeful and far-seeing plans, self-forgetful spirit in the midst of avarice, and withal the deep solicitude for the permanency and welfare of the institution for Christian education, that characterized those most intimately connected with the initial stages of its development, whether as teachers, trustees, or patrons.

The regular classical course given extended over four years and was similar to the corresponding course in the best Eastern colleges of the time. Great stress was laid upon Greek and Latin. The degree of B. A. was conferred upon those who completed the full course, while for a number of years students not desiring to study the ancient languages were entitled to the degree of B. S. if they satisfactorily completed all the other studies. The course in the Female Department extended over three years. The diploma carried with it the degree of Mistress of Science, which in effect was only another name for the B. S. degree. The first regular graduation occurred in 1858, under the presidency of Professor Gibbons, when five young men took their baccalaureate degrees: a like number of young ladies completed the work of the Institute and are recognized as alumni of the University. In all sixty-four students were graduated before the institution was removed to its

present location in 1871. A high standard of student morality and conduct was maintained, a condition due in part to the prudent vigilance of those in authority and in part to the fact that the students themselves were almost uniformly representatives from the best homes. We find the following in the Catalogue for 1857-58:

"The one rule of the Institute will be the 'Rule of Right.' We cumber not the memory with a variety of regulations, but endeavor to cultivate the moral sense, as a universal governing principle.

"We would have the pupils habituated to contemplate and appreciate all their varied relations and responsibilities to their friends, their country and their God."

The constant endeavor has been "to inculcate right moral principles, and to cultivate the moral feelings and that delicate regard for a good reputation which is always a quality of a virtuous mind."

There have been no fewer than thirteen presidential incumbencies during the fifty years of history if we include Professor Bannister's administration as Principal and Dr. Sawyer's as Acting President. William J. Maclay was elected May, 1856, when in turn he was succeeded by Rev. A. S. Gibbons in 1857. The longest single incumbency was that of President Stratton, who served for the decade 1877-87. A complete list would show the following Presidents with their respective years of service:

Edward Bannister (Principal)...	1852-54
M. C. Briggs (First President)....	1854-56
William J. Maclay.....	1856-57
A. S. Gibbons.....	1857-59
Edward Bannister (President)....	1859-67
Thomas H. Sinex.....	1867-72
A. S. Gibbons.....	1872-77
C. C. Stratton.....	1877-87
A. C. Hirst.....	1887-91
Isaac Crook.....	1891-93
W. C. Sawyer (Acting President) ..	1893-94
J. N. Beard.....	1894-96
Eli McClish.....	1896-1897

On September 22, 1858, the Board of Trustees accepting a proposition made by R. Beverly Cole, M. D., of San Fran-

cisco, adopted resolutions establishing in San Francisco a Medical Department of the University of the Pacific. In this again the University of the Pacific was a pioneer: the first regular course of medical instruction ever given on this Coast commenced on the first Monday in May, 1859, the Medical Faculty being headed by Dr. R. Beverly Cole as Dean.

us to proceed without pecuniary means to enable us to liquidate indebtedness that we have been compelled to incur in the past and to meet present demands, and we, therefore, hope that in your wisdom, you will take measures that will afford us relief from present pecuniary embarrassments."

(Signed)

J. M. KIMBERLIN.
E. BANNISTER.

June 11, 1862.

Extract from a letter of W. S. Turner, agent, to the Board of Trustees, dated June 4, 1862:

"Not more than half of the ministers give me a cordial welcome to their fields; so that I find it intolerably discouraging. But one or two ministers of all who subscribed last Conference have paid anything, and those were small sums. The cry is 'hard times!' with ministers and people, and most I call on advise me to postpone it till times get better. I fear I shall not get enough between this and Conference to meet anything like my salary and traveling expenses, to say nothing of the large deficiency from the first of the year up to this time. I would prefer to drop the agency at the close of my present trip with the consent of the Trustees."



South Hall. Young Ladies' Home.

The first class graduated from the Medical Department numbered two members, Dr. A. A. Atkinson (deceased) and Dr. C. A. E. Hertell, now residing at College Park. The work of the Department was interrupted in 1865, but a reorganization was effected in 1870. Two years later the work was again suspended, and from the department was soon organized the now well-known "Cooper Medical College of San Francisco." In 1882 new diplomas were issued to all graduates of the Medical Department of the University of the Pacific, forty-four in number, who were thus fully recognized alumni of Cooper.

In the dark and troublous days of civil strife in the nation the University was not without its vicissitudes. Let two brief communications, from professors and financial agent respectively, serve as sufficient comment on the financial status of the time:

"To the Honorable, the Board of Trustees of the University of the Pacific:

"We, the undersigned, connected with the U. P., respectfully represent to your honorable body that it is impossible for



West Hall. Erected 1871.

Debts and divisions have perhaps been the greatest obstacles in the pathway which leads to the complete realization of the wise and ample plans of the founders. But these are the very obstacles that a militant Methodism has triumphantly overcome under adverse circumstances and on all continents. In 1865 the debt of the University was about \$10,000; and in view of the serious pecun-

itary embarrassment of the following year the trustees voted it impossible "to continue the support of a Faculty of instruction at present," and therefore resolved "that further instruction at the expense of the Board in the male department, preparatory and collegiate, be suspended until the necessary relief can be obtained." It is due the professors to say that as a body they have been men of sterling principle and self-sacrificing character. Instances might be cited where teachers have voluntarily donated as high as four-fifteenths of their meager salary to the University.

Rev. G. R. Baker, agent for the University, conceived the plan of purchasing a tract of land on the Stockton Rancho, lying between Santa Clara and San Jose, which, reserving about twenty acres for a campus, should be subdivided and sold for the benefit of University endowment. On motion of Mr. E. Thomas, made March 13, 1866, the trustees proceeded to purchase the land, agreeing to pay for the whole tract—about 435 acres—approximately the sum of \$72,000. The land was surveyed in April of the same year, subdivided into blocks and lots, and offered for sale at an advance of one hundred per cent on cost. The University survey fronts on the Alameda, which is the beautiful driveway between San Jose and Santa Clara, and extends back to the Guadalupe river. The streets bounding the tract on the north and south were named Newhall and Polhemus respectively, after the former owners; while between these the parallel streets were named after the bishops of the M. E. Church. The removal of the University to the new location was now earnestly considered, and in 1868 it was recommended "that the Annual Conference take measures for the raising of funds for the erection of suitable buildings on the new campus." In November of that year a subscription was started, and the cornerstone of West Hall was laid with appropriate ceremonies, September 10, 1870. The structure was completed and furnished at a cost of \$30,000, and first occupied in the spring of 1871.

Meanwhile a committee consisting of Messrs. Saxe, Headen, and Baker, had been planting trees and otherwise beau-

tifying the campus. The fruits of their toil have been apparent in later years. The location of the University is ideal. The campus of eighteen acres is tastefully laid out in lawns, shaded walks, and flower beds, and is easily capable under adequate irrigation and the gardener's art of taking rank with the most attractive college homes in any land. Quiet, home-like, and rural, with the perfection of California climate and an environment of loveliness which has made the Santa Clara Valley famous, the campus is yet within easy access of all the cultured advantages of the progressive city of San Jose.

A brief mention of the principal buildings erected since 1871 must suffice. South Hall is the comfortable home of the young women boarding students. One of the largest structures is East Hall, which is 156 feet deep by 84 feet wide, and four stories high; it was erected primarily for the Academy, and contains, besides numerous recitation rooms and laboratories, suitable accommodations for a large number of male boarding students. Central Hall, so named because situated between the East and South halls, contains the University dining room. The newest of the group is the Conservatory of Music building, erected in 1890, and justly admired for its beauty and considered a model in its appointments for students pursuing music and art courses. The splendid auditorium capable of seating 1000 persons has been year after year thronged with cultured audiences to the literary and musical programmes there rendered. The Jacks-Goodall Observatory has for years made it possible to carry on practical work in astronomical science in the regular curriculum.

The opening years at College Park were in reality one of the most critical periods in the history of the University; indeed, to some the end of its career seemed at hand. At its meeting held June 6, 1871, the Board of Trustees adopted the following:

"Resolved, that we elect a President of the University to conduct the Institution for the academic year next ensuing, to meet all of the expenses out of his own funds, paying the taxes on building and

campus, and keeping the property insured to the present amount of policies, and to conduct the institution without subjecting the Board of Trustees to any expenses whatsoever."

On such conditions brave-hearted Dr. Sinex held the fort for a year and "despaired not of the Republic"! In July, 1872, Dr. Gibbons was again called to the presidency, this from a professorship in the Ohio University; but he was hedged in by very severe limitations. Dr. Sinex entered the field as agent. The situation was so grave that when the session closed in June it seemed very doubtful whether another would open in August. In response, however, to Bishop Foster's earnest appeal to the Methodist Conference, the friends of the University subscribed upwards of \$45,000, thus infusing new life into every department. Not long afterwards nearly \$40,000 was realized from an auction sale of lots and the most distressing burdens were removed. The crisis was passed; the institution saved. The active administration of President A. S. Gibbons, beginning late in 1872, had a very wholesome effect upon the University. His former encumbrance gave added prestige, and there was every indication of steadily improving conditions. He must always be regarded as a true deliverer in times of peril, a courageous and steady worker who set the University of the Pacific on the high road to the period of its greatest prosperity.

Rev. C. C. Stratton was formally inaugurated President of the University



Autumn Scene on the Campus.

June 5, 1878. During his administration of ten years the zenith of prosperity and power hitherto was reached. Regular professorships increased from six to ten; students from 166 to 423. Degrees were conferred to the number of 197. To the Collegiate, Preparatory, and Commercial departments were added Art, Music, Elocution, Education, and Law. Professor F. L. King, now of San Jose, should be given large credit for building up an excellent musical department. The success of the financial administration is evidenced by the facts that all indebtedness was wiped out and three important buildings constructed, namely: South Hall, East Hall, and the Observatory. This material prosperity was due in great measure to the generosity of such patrons as Captain Charles Goodall, Mr. David Jacks, Mr. Justus Greeley, Mr. John Widney, Mr. James A. Clayton, Mr. E. W. Playter, Mr. Peter Bohl, Mr. J. W. Whitney, Senator Stanford, Dr. M. C. Briggs, Mr. J. E. Richards, Judge Annis Merrill, M. C. H. Afflerbach, and President Stratton himself.

Dr. Stratton presented his resignation December 8, 1886; but the trustees, being very unwilling to lose so successful and competent an administrator, prevailed upon him to withdraw it by agreeing to certain conditions submitted by him. On March 14, 1887, however, the President's resignation was again in the hands of the board, and this time it was accepted to go into effect at the close of the academic year. Dr. A. C. Hirst was called to be the successor of President Stratton.



East Hall. Academy Building.

Unfortunately there arose a combination of circumstances that introduced with alarming suddenness another critical period—a period, indeed, of a life and death struggle. During the years 1887-90 the attendance of students in all departments was large, the faculty was stronger than ever before, and tokens of prosperity were to be found on all sides. Unhappily for the University perfect harmony was wanting. The crisis came in the spring of 1891, when differences arose on questions of student discipline which in the end jeopardized the very existence of the college. As an upshot of the difficulty Professors T. C. George, Chas. E. Cox, W. W. Thoburn, and D. A. Hayes, four of the most popular teachers in the University, tendered their resignations. The difficult situation was rendered more grave since the Stanford University was first opened to students in the fall of that year, and the great majority of the membership of the regular college classes sought honorable dismissal in order that they might complete their courses at Palo Alto. In the midst of the difficulties President Hirst himself resigned, and upon the trustees was thrust the arduous task of securing a successor.

President Hirst gained recognition as one of the most classic pulpit orators on the Pacific Coast, and since leaving the University he has served some of the most prominent Methodist churches in San Francisco and Chicago.

The next President of the University was Dr. Isaac Crook, a man of great ability, excellent spirit, and large experience as an educator. He had come into a task at once exceptionally arduous and extremely delicate. He labored incessantly, but in less than two years he deemed it his duty to resign, and thus the future was still problematical. No President was elected at once on the departure of Dr. Crook, but Professor W. C. Sawyer served during 1893-94 as Acting-President. In the meantime a movement to consolidate the educational interests of the California Conference of the M. E. Church, consisting of the University of the Pacific and Napa College, had been acquiring considerable momentum. Of this movement it is necessary to speak.

In 1870 a corporation known as Napa Collegiate Institute had been formed, and in the course of time there had grown up in Napa City an excellent school. In 1885 a re-incorporation was effected, the name was changed to Napa College, and the curriculum correspondingly extended. There was thus presented the somewhat anomalous situation of two colleges, separated by less than ninety miles, offering parallel courses, under the same general control, but governed by entirely separate and distinct Boards of Trustees. Both institutions were rendering a high grade of service; but, when the affairs of the University of the Pacific became unfavorably involved, and when the competition of other institutions began to be more keenly felt, the natural subject of the consolidation of interests was broached. At its session in September, 1892, the Conference of the Church took steps toward unifying the two colleges. Other steps were taken very cautiously, and in September, 1894, the consolidation was virtually completed. The final and complete unification, however, was signalized by vote of the trustees, January, 1896, a statement concerning which is found in the Catalogue for 1895-1896.

"At a meeting of the Board of Trustees in January, 1896, it was decided to discontinue the work of Napa College permanently at the end of the current academic year, and to concentrate all the forces of the University at College Park. Accordingly, while this issue of the Annual Catalogue includes the statistics of both Napa College and San Jose Col-



Conservatory of Music. South End.

lege, for the scholastic year beginning in August, 1895, and ending in May, 1896, the announcements for the ensuing year pertain wholly to the University of the Pacific, as thus reconstituted by the action of the trustees, the several departments of the University being located, without exception, at College Park, California."

The patrons of Napa College, together with its alumni and entire student body, deeply regretted the necessity of discontinuing work there, and one still hears sincere expressions of the deep sense of loss sustained by the citizens of Napa.

Dr. J. N. Beard, who had served with conspicuous ability as President of Napa College since 1887, was elected first President of the consolidated University of the Pacific. Associated with him was the late Dr. F. F. Jewell (as Chancellor) whose efforts in behalf of unification had proved most effective. President Beard is a natural educator, possessing marked executive ability, a teacher and preacher of commanding personality, an indefatigable student, a man of rigidly moral principle and profound conviction. It is believed that he entertained for the University certain far-reaching plans not wholly in accord with the wishes of the trustees. During the process of consolidation it was thought by many that the central University should be located in San Francisco; but the local sentiment at San Jose proved too strong. The work of unification having been accomplished, Dr. Beard sought release from active service and sailed for an extended European trip early in 1896, leaving the administrative work in charge of Vice-President M. S. Cross. Returning to California, Dr. Beard re-entered the pastorate, and has since been serving most acceptably Grace M. E. Church, San Francisco. Curiously enough, the former pastor of Grace Church succeeded Dr. Beard as President of the University. Rev. Eli McClish, D. D., had been offered the Presidency in 1891, but having recently come to the Coast he deemed it unwise to accept. In 1896, however, after the consolidation with Napa College, he was induced to accept. President McClish is one of the most popular men in the California Conference. He is much sought after as lecturer and preacher, and is at



Rockwell D. Hunt, Professor of History and Political Science.

present supplying Dr. E. R. Dille's large Oakland church.

Through the strenuous efforts of Dr. McClish as President, Dr. H. B. Heacock as Financial Agent, and Mr. Jere Leiter as Treasurer, assisted by a host of friends and patrons, the burdensome debt of \$60,000 has been fully provided for. While large numbers of generous-spirited friends have rendered valuable assistance in this heroic work, the liquidation of the indebtedness has been made possible largely through the special efforts and gifts of the Ladies' Conservatory Association, and such men as Mr. O. A. Hale, chairman of the Citizens' Committee of San Jose, Bishop J. W. Hamilton, Judge J. R. Lewis, Rev. A. M. Bailey, and Messrs. T. C. MacChesney, J. H. Brush, J. O. Hestwood, George D. Kellogg, J. F. Forderer, J. Sheppard, C. H. Holt, Th. Kirk, A. Benedict, and John Crothers.

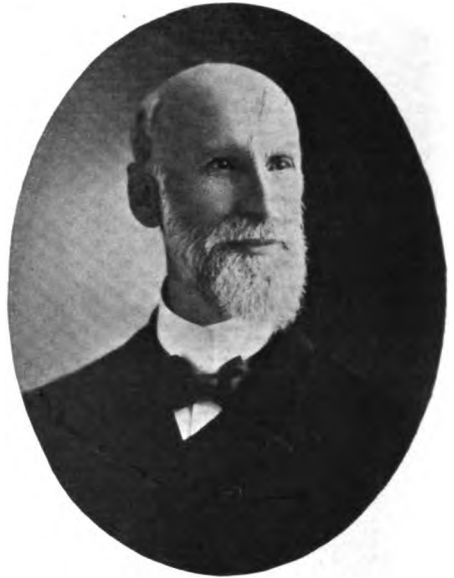
Professors are selected with great care. In addition to the usual equipment of advanced and specialized training and successful experience, moral fitness and helpfulness as a companion of youth are deemed prime qualifications. The University of the Pacific has enjoyed particular distinction in the field and work of literary and debating societies. Hundreds of alumni representing all walks of

life testify to the great value of this feature of college life and training. There are now in the University six such societies of long and honorable standing, 4 for gentlemen, and 2 for ladies, which furnish excellent opportunity for parliamentary and forensic practice. Archania is the oldest college literary society in California, being organized in 1854. For many years the college Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. have maintained strong organizational Christian work at the University. Their steady influence has been a potent factor for the moral and religious uplift of the institution. The alumni number upwards of 500, and include many who have attained distinction in the honorable professions. Rev. A. J. Hanson, '73, also a trustee, has for several years served as President of the Association with marked ability. The alumni will have a prominent place in the Semi-Centennial Celebration occurring this month.

The University of the Pacific is distinctively a Christian college, but not a narrow or sectarian or illiberal institution. It recognizes the religious factor in human life and seeks to make the whole man the object of culture. As integrity and virtue possess higher worth than mere knowledge, so "genuine education is that which trains to godliness and virtue, to truth-



Mr. O. A. Hale.



H. B. Heacock, D. D., Financial Agent of University of the Pacific.

fulness and the love of spiritual beauty." The feeling that there is no room in California for a Christian college appears to be waning; ripest present-day scholarship seems to be re-discerning the truth uttered long ago by Guizot that "in order to make education truly good and socially useful, it must be fundamentally religious." A recent writer puts the case thus strongly: "Perhaps the falsest value is that which we set on mere book learning. Without religion it only qualifies the thief to be more expert in his thieving. If it is not assimilated into a man's life, and made a part of his every-day work, it becomes a deadly alien weight on both." It is no disparagement to the brilliant work of our great universities, which are such a spur to all smaller institutions, to suggest that from their inherent nature they allow certain tendencies which need the persistently corrective, restraining, softening influences of the Christian college.

The Golden Jubilee finds "Old U. P." upon a vantage ground of enlarged outlook which brings within easier reach an adequate realization of the hopes and prayers of those far-seeing pioneers who laid so well the foundations of Christian civilization half a century ago in this new empire.

College Park, California.



Group of Silver-Firs, Tuolumne County, Cal.

A Matter of Opinion

ONE of the most practical and most promising ideas that have been presented

A Novel and Promising Idea.

to the consideration of the public in a long time is embodied in a proposition to establish a floating exposition to carry samples of American merchandise on shipboard around the world, and place them on exhibition at every port worth called at. The idea comes from a Mr. O. P. Austin, chief of the United States Bureau of Statistics. The proposition in one which has, as it should, attracted the immediate and favorable attention of business men throughout the Pacific States. There is, it is to be observed, no country in the world which has so much to gain by generously advertising its resources and products as the United States; and no section of our country is more interested in the matter than that which lies on the western side of the Great Divide. We have a vast territory which nature has generously endowed, and to make that endowment a thing of value all that is now needed is an expanding market—a growing demand for our wares. In the securing of this, the proposed exposition appears to be both utilitarian and unique. Exhibitions of the products of industrial development, whether in the form of the old-time fair or the more modern and more elaborate exposition, have always proven themselves to be of marked benefit to trade. But the influence of these methods of aiding commerce are limited by their capacity to attract visitors to their doors as well as by the ability of the curious to spare the money and the time required in order to view them. These methods of attracting attention have also been reinforced by the efforts of travelling salesmen who represented single establishments, by commercial missions which gathered information regarding the wants of distant markets but were unable to show the people whose trade was sought

exemplars of the goods, and by commercial museums which appealed to the abstract and academic side of life rather than to the concrete and bustling factors which surge around and give vitality to commercial exchanges and boards of trade. Now it is claimed by Mr. Austin, and the claim seems to be founded on reason, that the most valuable features in all these aids to commerce can be combined in the floating exposition—which will bring the buyer and seller into personal contact, with elaborate samples of the goods at hand for inspection and discussion, at the former's doorstep, and, at the same time give the seller or his agents an opportunity to study the market conditions, possibilities and prospects at close range. An exposition of this sort would call for the employment of a fleet consisting of several ships. If it made a tour of the world it would create a sensation at every port it called at. In addition to awakening the commercial element to the possibilities of profitable trade that we are offering, it would make our country known to the peoples of the globe to an extent and in a way that it never has been known before. The main exposition should, of course, be a national affair, but there is no reason why it should not be accompanied by additional ships containing special exhibits from such States as think they have something especially worth exhibiting. There is no reason, for instance, why California and Washington and Oregon should not each be represented in this exposition fleet by ships bearing special exhibits of their wines, their fruits, their cereals, their woods, their minerals, and, in short, all that makes them rich. And these ships and the staffs of officials by which they should be accompanied would serve a double purpose. The States of the Pacific Coast are only sparsely settled and developed. They can carry populations of twenty-five times their present number without being overcrowded or even filled up; and they are all seeking

to attract desirable immigration—they are all endeavoring to call the attention of the homeseeker and the investor to their resources. Special exposition ships accompanying the fleet of a national floating exposition would be a better immigration agency than anything that has yet been tried. This would be additional and subsidiary to their function as a mercantile influence. And the cost, comparatively speaking, would not be great. Fifty thousand dollars should keep a special State exposition ship afloat for a year. A few million of dollars would keep a national exposition fleet on the ocean for a long time. These millions would be as bread cast upon the waters, and would return after many days.

THE practical nullification of the Fifteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States by a number of the Southern States, within the past year or so, serves to bring up for discussion the whole question of

A Problem of Races.

the negro's status, both political and social, in the United States—and to bring it up under conditions of calmness and fairness of mind which did not exist, and were impossible of creation, at the time the Fifteenth Amendment was adopted. It may be remarked at the outset that the adoption of that amendment at the time it was forced into the organic law was a mistake from a political as well as from a sociological standpoint. It was an attempt to regulate and establish, by an arbitrary enactment of municipal law and in a hurry, social and political conditions that in the very nature of things prudent men would have allowed to regulate themselves through the softening influence of time. But prudence was not a characteristic of the reconstruction era—an era of force and prejudice through which reverberated the sharp crack of musketry and the dull boom of cannon from the near-by battle-fields of the civil war. That its schemes have failed, and that the status of the negro is worse instead of better than it was when the surrender of General Lee at Appomatox developed his freedom from the tentative stage into an absolute and unchangeable fact, can surprise no thoughtful student of history.

That which, if left to itself some thirty-five years ago, would probably have worked out by natural processes of evolution a plan for its own adjustment and regulation threatens to become a chronic problem that defies solution. It is an admitted fact that the South would divide upon modern questions of public policy if it were not for the race question; it is an admitted fact that the South is solidly democratic for no other or better reason than that the Republican party is by tradition opposed to the attitude of the white people of the South on the race question; it is a fact that in the South the race question dominates and dwarfs all other considerations. But how long is this condition to continue? It does not seem possible than any community can thrive or develop one-half of its possibilities when a large proportion of the population upon which it relies for energy and vitality is under a ban that robs life of the sweetness of ambition and hope. Such a situation as that is possible only in connection with the existence of slavery. But it is to be noted in this relation that, although the population of the United States is made up of a curious jumble of all nationalities, racial difficulties are more accentuated among us than among any other people in the world. In the British West Indies the negroes were once bondsmen and are now free, but there is no such conflict between them and the white people of the islands as exists in our Southern States. Another fact that should be observed in this connection is that our institutions of Government, though they are supposed to be the most liberal and most plastic of any in the world, seem to utterly fail of their purpose when brought into contact with racial peculiarities. The San Francisco authorities have never been able to properly govern or discipline their Chinatown. Yet the British in Hongkong and in India find little difficulty in governing and controlling and preserving good order among the teeming Asiatic population with which they are brought into contact. There is something beneath all this that is worthy of study. Perhaps an explanation of it might be worked out of the suggestion that the American mind needs to cultivate a spirit of tolerance.

Books

An Epic of Wheat.

Toistol succinctly, if somewhat dogmatically, says: "The art of our time can be and is of two kinds—1, art transmitting feelings flowing from a religious perception of man's position in the world in relation to God and to his neighbor—religious art in the limited meaning of the term; and 2, art transmitting the simplest feelings of common life, but such, always as are accessible to all men in the whole world—the art of common life—the art of a people—universal art." It is to this latter standard that Mr. Frank Norris' latest book, "The Octopus," conforms. It involves a great idea. It carries the Yitan-like shadow of human outlines such as moves in the works of the great Frenchmen, Zola or Hugo, or in Millet's peasant pictures, smacking of the life of the soil. It treats of those qualities of human nature which are not exclusive properties of one class, but are common alike to the nature of the club man and the laborer. Following after the Zolaesque trilogy idea, "The Octopus" is only the first of a projected series of novels forming together "The Epic of the Wheat." They are not to conflict with one another, the first involving a story of the production of wheat, the second, "The Pit," a story of Chicago, will relate to the distribution, and the third, "The Wolf: A Story of Europe," to the consumption of American wheat. The encircling plot in the book is "The Octopus"—the "Pacific and Southwestern Railroad"—the "Road" of which Shelgrim, its President, says, sitting in his city office: "Control the road! Can I stop it? I can go into bankruptcy if you like. But otherwise if I run my road as a business proposition, I can do nothing. I can not control it. It is a force born out of certain conditions, and I—no man—can stop it or control it. Can your rancher stop the wheat growing? He can burn his crop, or he can give it away, or sell it for a cent a bushel—just as I could go into bankruptcy—but otherwise his

Wheat must grow. Can anyone stop the Wheat? Well, then, no more can I stop the Road." Ground under the merciless heel of this force, Mr. Norris' characters live life as we all know it—love simply and strongly, carry on the ceaseless, world-old struggle of the male for maintenance of the family, fight, weep, sin, die, hate. The medium of observation in the novel is the eye of one Presley, an Eastern college graduate, who had an insatiable ambition to write a poem of "the West, that world's frontier of Romance, where a new race, a new people—hardy, brave and passionate—were building an empire; where the tumultuous life ran like fire from dawn to dark, and from dark to dawn again, primitive, brutal, honest, and without fear." But his enjoyment of the vast beauty of the grain fields is continually broken into and roughly jarred by the thunder of the hideous locomotives hurtling their dominating way across the ranchmen's acres. "He searched for the True Romance, and in the end, found grain rates and unjust freight tariffs." Here is what the author also found, but to him they spelled the poetry of realism.

Two sub-plots hold our interest: the delicate love idyll of Vanamee and Angèle Varian, touching upon phases of the most modern psychological thought, the shadowy world of the mind, and the wholesome romance, fresh, simple, strong, natural, between "Buck" Annister and Hilma Tree. He is an aggressively masculine, youthful, obstinate, healthy animal, reclaimed through his love for her beauty, purity, and good sense. In Hilma, Mr. Norris shows again how well he can portray a beautiful woman. In this he is easily the peer of Kipling. In fact, we doubt if that great writer of short stories will ever write a novel which in the handling of complex forces in modern life, creation of character, or realism, will equal "The Octopus."

Shelgrim, the President of the Road, playing the part of spider in his den in the midst of the system he has created.

though remarkable appears only in a very small portion of the story: which is for the most part placed in a region of ranches, of which the largest is called Los Muestos, down in the San Joaquin Valley, not more than a day away from San Francisco. The life on the ranches until consumed by the Octopus, is of an easy-going, out-door, good-natured sort. Annister lies in a hammock on his porch eating prunes and reading David Copperfield; he marries the daughter of his dairy keeper; the big dance he gives in his great barn is a tremendous rollicking affair, interrupted by the entrance of a farm-hand on horseback, who fights a duel, there and then, with the proprietor, and which is enlivened by a punch so strong as to be popularly dubbed "the fertilizer." "But Presley," Mrs. Derrick murmured when he explained to her his "Song of the West," whose truth, savagery, nobility, heroism, and obscenity had revolted her, "that is not literature." "No," he had cried between his teeth, "no, thank God, it is not." But it is life, we add. There is life in the personality of Hilma Tree, from which "there was disengaged a vibrant note of gaiety, of exuberant animal life, sane, honest, strong." There is life in the unscrupulous, ambitious, fashionably garbed figure of Lyman Derrick, the young San Francisco lawyer. "His office was on the tenth floor of the Exchange Building * * * below him the city swarmed * * * around Lotta's fountain the baskets of the flower sellers * * * set a brisk note of color * * * But to Lyman's notion the general impression of this center of the city's life was not one of strenuous business activity. It was a continuous interest in small things, a people ever willing to be amused at trifles, refusing to consider small matters—good natured, allowing themselves to be imposed upon, taking life easily—generous, companionable, enthusiastic; living, as it were, from day to day, in a place where the luxuries of life were had without effort; in a city that offered to consideration the restlessness of a New York, without its earnestness; the serenity of a Naples without its languor; the romance of a Seville, without its picturesque-ness." And here live the families of the unregenerate rich, dining in lux-

ury, while unfortunates starve on the streets—of the book: The situations as depicted in Mr. Norris' virile, trenchant, galvanized phrase, is well worth serious attention. Whether or not one agrees with Presley's conclusion that "men were naught, death was naught, life was naught; Force only existed—Force that brought men into the world, Force that crowded them out of it to make way for the succeeding generation, Force that made the wheat grow, Force that garnered it from the soil to give place to the succeeding crop."

("The Octopus," by Frank Norris. The Doubleday Page Co., New York.)

"THE Heritage of Unrest," which Miss Gwendolen Overton uses as a title to her first long novel, seems to be the savagery which still lives in the educated and supposedly civilized hearts of her hero and heroine.

Her First Big Work. Felipa Cabot, the daughter of a Muscalero squaw and a drunken private, and Charles Morely Cairness, born in Sydney, (when Sydney was a convict settlement), of roving English blood, meeting in the wild Arizona country, love at first sight, yet strangely enough hold their passion in leash through ten civilized years. In the book, the natural reason for this continence seems to lie in the characteristics of gratitude and faithfulness, which Felipa has inherited from her Indian mother. She is married to Captain Landor, U. S. A., who has been her guardian before he becomes her husband. And in this man's personality we get at the bone and sinew of the story. He is a complete, well-drawn character, simply presented—the figure of an American army officer, whose stern, modest devotion to duty is his watch-word. From the first pages to the chapter which tells the story of his self-sacrificing death, our main interest is with the short-spoken cavalry Captain; whether he is at the head of his troop on a raid after hostile Indians, enduring the hardships of marches through a parched, rugged country, or routed out of bed at night to quell a disturbance, in the army post, his is the voice of authority, and when his baldly simple soldier's burial has taken place, we feel the curtain

is down and the lights out. The few chapters which follow seem to have lost their savor. However, the author herself appears to have conceived a less convincing admiration of the cow-boy Englishman, who has become an Indian scout. We cannot sympathize with these thoughts of Felipa after Landor's death: "She stood by the mound for a little while thinking of him, of how well he had lived and died, true to his standard of duty, absolutely true, but lacking after all that spirit of love without which our actions profit so little, and die with our death. It came to her that Charles Cairness's life, wandering, aimless, disjointed, as it was, and her own, though it fell far below even her own not impossibly high ideals, were to more purpose, had in them more of the vital force of creation, were less wasted than his had been. To have known no enthusiasms—which are but love in one form or another—is to have failed to give that impulse to the course of events which every man born into the world should hold himself bound to give, as the human debt to the eternal." This is too bad, Miss Overton! To have created such a man and not to recognize him! Is there no enthusiasm expressed in devotion to duty, or giving one's life for another? The character of the educated half-breed with her remarkable strength and courage, her faithfulness, and animal cruelty, is also drawn with a firm touch. The Indian question, involving the Apache uprisings of the early eighties, is treated with a realism, quite refreshing, after the needless sentimentality often wasted upon "Lo, the poor Indian." Miss Overton has gleaned her knowledge from Indian fighters at first hand, or from her own opportunities of observation at army posts, and while doing Lo full justice, does not weep over him when he is crucified for his crimes. There is a danger in the insularity of opinion at a small army post which shows itself in the almost snobbish contempt with which she draws all mere white men, who are not "Of the army"—and also in the inartistic bitterness with which she refers to the Government at Washington, politicians, and other mundane powers, who threaten to take advice from other sources than "The Army." We

are tempted to believe that the corruptness of Indian agents at large is somewhat overdrawn, the general meanness of the Arizonian, a trifle colored by Eastern prejudice, and Felipa entirely too nice for a squaw. But we believe in Landor—who "would have been sufficiently content could he have been let alone—the one plea of the body military from all time."

Local color is a vague term, and yet it sells more books—to publishers than any other one thing in this country. Throw in a few palm trees, cow-boys, burros, and bandanas in your Western verses, and it counts for more in the market than musical rhythms or a beautiful thought. Western writers are urged by implication to keep to their Indians and ollas, and adobes, even if they feel a vagrant interest in some settler who "lives quite like other people," or some plot which doesn't involve a stock-ranch. This is probably because we are still linked to the East by the tourist, stream, and "something new," is always the cry equally to publishers or to gum-peddlers. However, the result has been a good deal of poor work avidiously read because it contained a few Mexican words. But now and then a writer knows his Western country so well that it would be rank heresy to translate his tale into any other terms. And the local color of "The Heritage of Unrest" fits it like a glove. Gila Valley mosquitoes sing in its pages, paposes bawl, "coyotes fill the night with their weird bark," it is over hot—but this is not local color shoveled in, but Arizona herself, that desert country which gets into the blood so that one cannot wander far from it, and must return again to ride over the dreary mesquite hills, and sink into the stultifying dream of an Indian life. That is what happens to Cairness and Felipa after Landor's death. They live on a ranch in the wilds, at a distance from their kind, in a house furnished with an almost Oriental appeal to the life of the senses. And after two years have passed Felipa grows back more and more into the Indian, being idle, lazy, dreamy, slatternly, liking to see the bulls fight, and to rove in the warm moonlight. But Cairness, being more Anglo-Saxon, is aroused now and

then from the lethargy into which his surroundings are drawing him, and knows the desire again for the company of his own sort. But just as the possibility of another tragic situation in this fact awakens our expectation, the author with a firm hand sends Felipa out to die, in the act of averting danger from her husband. The curtain is rung down just in time. We are left both with a last picture of the Arizona roadway in our minds, and a desire to forgive Felipa, her Indian pleasure in a tortured kitten, as long as we have been allowed to witness her in an act quite as characteristically Indian—an act of utter devotion.

("The Heritage of Unrest," by Gwendolyn Overton. The Macmillan Co., Publishers, New York.)

POOR Arizona has been blamed with some terrible things, but, I take it, "The New Don Quixote" is a bit too strong for even Arizona Not the land of drought and To Blame. the Gila monster. Many novels have been melodramatized, but it is scarcely straining a point to say that "The New Don Quixote" is a melodrama novelized—and with not over interesting lines for the actors. To support which, witness the following:

Dangerfield (I did not catch his first name) is a dark-browed villain with a guilty love for a timid Mexican girl, who adores him. In the first chapter (scene, shall I call it?) he plays profusely to the gallery and precipitates a bloody knife-to-knife duel with a jealous Mexicano. Vane, the high-souled hero, nobly intercedes and bandies insults with the villain ad lib. Dangerfield, who is English, and an aristocrat, taunts Vane of his common birth, and that gentleman gets revenge by waiting two or three chapters before falling conveniently heir to an English earldom. Scenery is then shifted to noble English castles, where the hero, proud in his new title, continues to foil the villain and to win the hand of the lovely Lady Edith Grandcourt, as every self-respecting melodrama hero should do. There are dark pasts galore and "ladies and gentlemen" are all carefully paired off, and are properly married in the last act, for aught I know (I did not

have the patience to sit out the play). Mary Pacheco, the authoress, has evidently been reading "The Duchess."

("The New Don Quixote," by Mary Pacheco. The Abbey Press, Publishers, New York.)

A Poem of Religion and Art.

William Neidig, already known for his prose, has issued in pamphlet form, a piece of careful verse entitled "The First Wardens." The poem deals with a legendary band of religionists, who held the cavern of Christ's sepulchre till the basilica of Constantine was raised over the spot. The poem, I repeat, is "careful," because it shows evidence of polishing in every line. Although the work of an unseasoned poet it is not amateurish except when the author falls into such bookish tricks of alliteration as "soul, sense, and mind; faith hath such sure surcease". The question raised by the author is the old one of the art-thought as opposed to the god-thought—the beautiful work of Constantine standing over the unlovely spot where the religionists had prayed away their tranquil lives. The verse as a whole is sound and chaste, not always inspired, but wholly scholarly. It is an effort of the brain rather than of the heart, but an effort well worth going into print—if only as a forerunner.

("The First Wardens," by William Neidig, Stanford University Press.)

HENRY WOOD, who has made some not inconsiderable additions to serious literature in his "Studies in the Economics and Thought World" and "Ideal Suggestions," which have borne the test of

several editions, has given us "The Political Science of Humanism," as his latest work. The book cannot be termed entirely new, since it is, in a manner, a compilation and revision from his well-known treatise entitled "The Political Economy of Natural Law." The present work, like those which have gone before, is replete with the author's sound conservatism, courage and entertaining originality. The author, while dealing with

such weighty subjects as labor, capital, values and returns, does so in a purely intellectual light—in a modern light—so that we read his words not as facts alone but as the philosophy of facts. With the ever-current topic of Trusts he deals candidly but entirely without the cant which is wont to be enwrapped about that favorite campaign subject. In speaking of competition he says:

"Perhaps the most extreme instance of successful competition may be found in that great organization, the Standard Oil Company. By its rare combination of skill, capital and executive ability, it has driven a hundred, more or less, competing companies out of the business of refining petroleum. These non-competents suffer—though as a rule they have sold their plants to their gigantic competitor at good prices—but, as a consequence, sixty million of people get better and cheaper light."

The book discusses both sides conservatively.

("The Political Economy of Humanism," by Henry Wood. Lee & Shepard, Publishers, Boston.)

"A woman to become a trained nurse should have exceptional qualifications. She must be strong mentally, morally, and physically; she must go through practical work; she must have infinite tact, which is another word for cultured common sense. She should be one of the women of the Queen's Garden in Ruskin's "Sesame and Lilies," or such an one as Olive Schreiner describes." Isabel Hampton Robb, the author of "Nursing Ethics" above quoted has written therein a great deal that is good for the professional nurse to know; and she has written it from the standpoint of a professional, for there is probably no trained nurse living who has had more active or responsible practice than has the author. The book is of value in the capacity of a text book, teaching ethics in its literal sense—its application as to right and wrong. The author holds that no trained nurse can hope for success in her work unless she appreciates the power she holds for good, the responsibility of her every act; and this sense of responsibil-

ity, she furthermore holds, is all too uncommon in the profession. The book is divided into eleven chapters and an introduction dealing respectively with: Nursing as a Profession; Qualifications; The Probationer; The Junior Nurse; Health; Uniform; Night Duty; The Senior Nurse; The Head Nurse; The Graduate Nurse; and The Care of the Patient.

("Nursing Ethics," by Isabel Hampton Robb. J. B. Savage, Publisher, Cleveland, Ohio.)

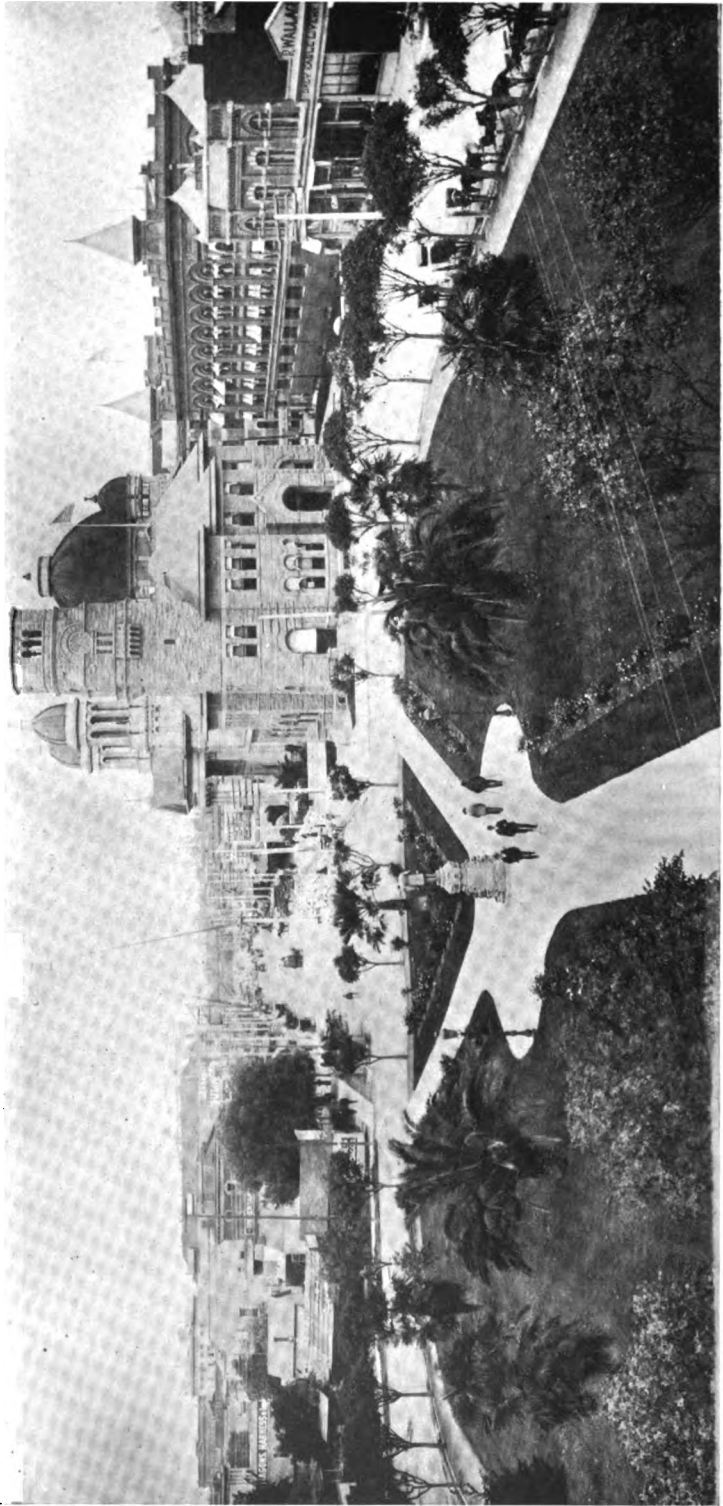
Wallace E. Nevill has printed a pamphlet which he calls "The Science of Sociology," and in which he quotes a little of everybody from Horace and Archimedes to Ella Wheeler Willcox and David Starr Jordan, to prove that democracy is unsatisfactory, and that the average citizen is unable to govern himself. Some of the author's points are well taken, but the work as a whole is ill-balanced and verbose. The book is printed in a kind of typographical "rag time" (slang is pardonable here) wherein every third sentence is double leaded and furnished with one or more exclamation points. The work shows a considerable range of reading, and is worth looking over for the sake of argument; but taken as literature it is unconvincingly ambitious.

("The Science of Sociology," by Wallace E. Nevill. Walter N. Brunt, Printer, San Francisco.)

"Nazareth or Tarsus?" is on the face of it a book written with a purpose, but whether that purpose is a sufficient one in the eye of rationalism is a debatable question. Like books of its kind the one at hand is written in a semi-fictional form; just enough of a story to act as a peg whereon the author may hang a great weight of disputation. To the central figure comes the theological question: "Shall I follow the simple teachings of Christ or the more complex orthodoxy of his apostle Paul?" The man's soul is much torn by subsequent questionings which (the author seems to forget) have been all written and reasoned out by established churches of our day.

("Nazareth or Tarsus?" The J. S. Ogilvie Company, Publishers, New York.)





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THE TRAIL IN THE REDWOODS

BY W. G. BONNER.

A DRIPPING fog enveloped us, as we rode down into the little valley, obscuring even the near-by foliage. Here and there a rabbit wobbled across the dusty road, disappearing among the ferns and bushes only to be seen again at the next turn—like the magician's toy; now you see it, now you don't. The bluejay's rasping alarm-note was heard on every hand, and occasional bejves of quail were surprised at their morning dust-bath. This was about the market hour in bird land, and every feathered thing seemed to be discussing the market's condition—whether because of a scanty or an over supply is still matter for conjecture. We could see nothing; and even the bird voices seemed feeble and far away, so muffled was everything by the dense, grey, bush-entangled cloud. The road had been cut by the lumbermen long ago. It followed the natural grades, and led ever deeper and deeper into the redwoods. Here and there side-roads led off to—anywhere; and one must know, mainly by instinct, which one to follow. This instinct is the salient faculty of the woodsman and guide. Without it no man is qualified to be at large in this vast California woodland. Some men not so endowed do go into and escape from the mazes of this wilderness; but this is mainly chance. When your companion is by profession both guide and woodsman you are in the best of good luck. He not only knows "where he is at," but he is also good company—hunter, hustler, story-teller (in a wide sense), and, withal, a close sympathizer with nature in most of her moods.

On this particular morning John had been astir at four o'clock. Horses must be fed as well as men. Provision must also be made for two or three days' absence. This meant breadbaking and packing, as well as arranging comforts for the stay-at-homes—the housekeeper and the poultry. The housekeeper was Ben, the big faithful dog, whose chief duty would be to guard the place in our absence from hawks and other tramps. We had left him at the gate, not a wag of his tail to indicate approval of the arrangement. An hour's ride had brought us to the end of the road; at least, to the end of that branch of it which we had followed, and to the first crossing of the stream. The fog was thinning perceptibly; occasional short vistas opened into the timber. Everywhere about us were evidences of the warfare that had been waged against the sylvan giants. Here was the "landing," to which the great logs had been hauled from the hillsides, and from which they had been rolled into the little stream to await the winter freshets which had floated them to tide-water in times past. Of course this had been before the day of railroad and bull-donkey logging—days when the six-yoke ox team, the artistically profane bull-puncher, and the nimble raftsmen had made logging a picturesque, if laborious, occupation. The half-bare hillsides and bleaching stumps testified to the work of the destroyers. The occasional stranded log, half buried in sand and gravel, or concealed by the driftwood and brambles which had found lodgment at its sides; the great prostrate tree-trunks



"It was not a serviceable highway."

shattered by their own weight when falling; the small trees crushed or splintered by the irresistible sweep of some monarch in his earthward career—these told of the profit and loss account in the mill company's ledger. But the woods are deserted now; the lumberman has transferred his destructive efforts to some more accessible point in the forest. No sound is heard but the ripple of the waters, the whirr of wings, and the songs and chirping of birds.

From this point down the little valley all the choice timber had long ago been turned into American dollars and English pounds sterling. We had passed through only thickets of alder and soft maple, and jungles of fern and berry bushes—the aftercrop of the denuded forest land. Before us was the virgin forest.

"Surely the fog is clearing away—lifting or dissipating under the influence of the rising sun," I ventured to say, partly as a spoken thought, partly as a query.

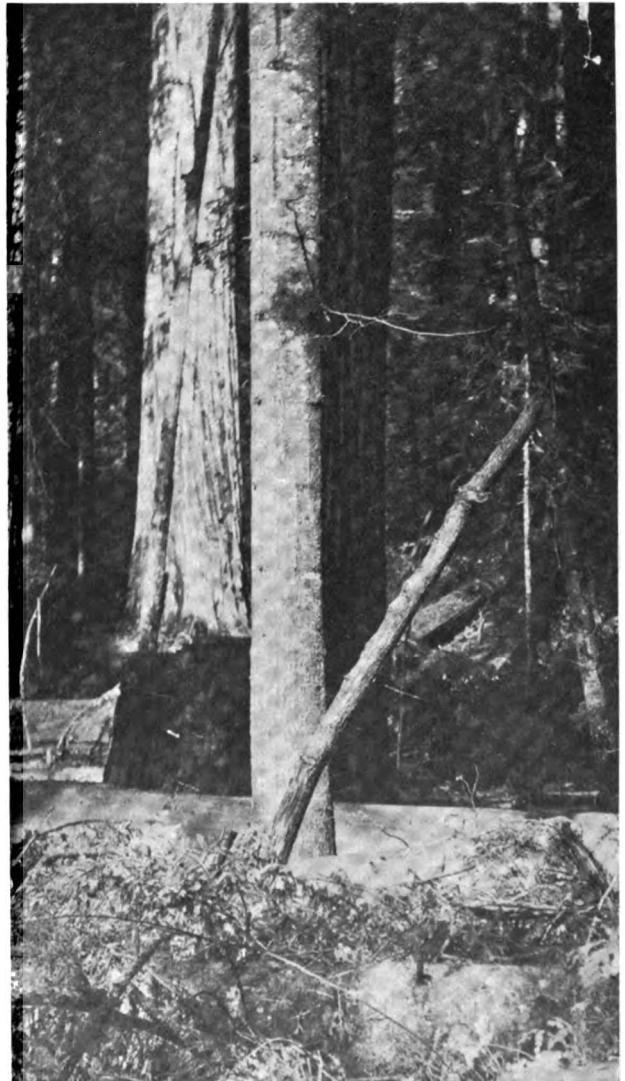
"The trees is drinkin' it," shouts John, from his place at the head of the caravan, as his horse splashed through the water. "That's whut they live on mostly. When they git done breakfast you'll get warm enough!"

And so it turned out. It had been a chilly, not to say damp, ride on that June morning, though not an unpleasant one. But now, as the trail brought us by steep and frequent pitches to higher ground, the air became warmer and the prospect much more cheering. Presently a halt was made, ostensibly to "breathe" the horses, but we embraced the opportunity to lash our coats to the saddles. We had climbed perhaps a hundred and fifty feet, by zigzags and turnings, and now stood upon a projecting shoulder of the hills (the Coast Range), overlooking two branches of the stream we had lately crossed. Below, on either side, were broad-leaved maples, with their picturesque—almost burlesque—angularity of trunk and limb. They belong to the stream; but some of them had wandered away up the steep hillsides, to which they seemed to be clinging with their long, spreading arms. Not a straight one was discernible, and not one with a body worth mentioning. "The bodies is mostly limbs," as the guide expressed it. Fancy suggested a likeness to the devil fish of the sea. The tree drops an arm here and there to the ground, takes root, and sends up a new growth, thus feeding wherever its tentacles are in contact with the rich soil. Over these swaying and prostrate arms, as over the stunted body, a yellowish-green moss finds growth, and from the moss a generous garden of mountain pink and Indian licorice, the waving, fern-like leaves lending grace and beauty to the quaint awkwardness of the tree. There is a prodigious growth of plant life everywhere. Indeed, bewilderment sets in when one stops to consider the vast variety of form and color and kind which Nature has provided. Ferns and brakes higher than one's head, with brambles and bushes and grasses and flowers interwoven among the rocks and logs and upturned roots as only Nature can arrange them—an interminable variety; yet there is no

effect of crowding. To the eye, all is perfect harmony of grouping and of color; just the right patches of sunshine; just the cool, twilight shadows one longs to explore, reaching away and away, ever more beautiful, like one's memory of childhood. The maple and alder and dogwood and pigeonberry occasionally wander into this mountain forest with the oak and the spruce; the pine and fir and yew and manzanita and many more belong to the hillsides. But the eye or the memory is not impressed by any of these. What is seen and carried away by one's consciousness is the superlative grandeur of the redwoods. There is no room in the mental storehouse for the accessories—they are seen only as the background of a beautiful picture is seen. True, if one goes many times to the forest the details, too, may become familiar; but then one has a picture, or the memory of a picture, which is too vast, too intricate, too exquisite for either brush or pen.

The guide had said we were to follow a trail; and there surely had been a trail up to this point. We could see it; we could have followed it ourselves perhaps. And in truth there were glimpses of a trail here and there as we rounded projecting rocks, or followed close beside the prostrate form of some old tree over whose huge trunk we could not see even from the horses' backs. But it was not a serviceable highway to any but a four-footed citizen of the precinct, or to an adopted one as our guide seemed to be. It was like unto a string that had been cut into many pieces and tossed to the four winds. One would know it was a string, if one could only happen to find it. In this case, however, the string seemed to have been blown with a purpose, for it brought us finally to our destination—at least John said it was our destination—a certain cross-roads (minus the roads) established by some surveyor of the past, and officially known in Washington as "Three North, One East." But the trail was of little consequence after all, perhaps. The consensus of opinion was that the guide could have gone there, or anywhere on earth, even without a trail. But he seemed to follow something, and our horses followed him. This habit,

among the horse kind, of following a leader is a rare convenience for one who is interested in his surroundings. We were never called upon to steer the beasts, but had free opportunity to see the things we had come to see; to note the huge boles reaching away toward heaven, or at least toward the mountain tops—two hundred, three hundred, perhaps three hundred and fifty feet, most of them straight as arrows and of perfect symmetry; a hundred feet or more of





"In ease and idleness."

clear trunk, and then a crown of light green foliage, interlacing from tree to tree, subduing or wholly shutting out the sunlight and wrapping their grey-brown bodies in eternal shadow. Every tree seemed larger and taller and more symmetrical than its neighbor, and the eye grew tired in its search for what one feels must be hidden away in some recess—that mythical big tree of the forest. The fellow is there, certainly, but one's power of comparison is gone, and the real height and girth of the monsters is not apprehended. At this stage one is apt to recall his local geography and to remember that this marvelous forest stretches away for hundreds of miles along the coast; that it dips into the deepest canyons and climbs the highest mountains. He realizes that he has ridden—how far? Twenty miles? Not as the crow flies, to be sure; but as the trail runs. He has seen, and sees now as he sits in contemplation, enough of forest grandeur and forest wealth to supply the longing world, so he thinks. What, then, must be the possibilities of such a forest!

"This is Three North, One East!" calls John, as he slides from the saddle—"Three North, One East!" he repeats like the human enunciator on a local passenger train. We drop out of the tired saddles, and the horses pick greedily at the wild pea-vines as we relieve them of packs and saddles. The sun has also got well along on his day's journey, and he is peeping under and through the great tree tops. He is actually staring at us, for the spot chosen for the night's bivouac is a comparatively open hillside.

with a clear, gurgling stream a hundred yards below. For the first time during the day we are aware of the compass points. We had not doubted that the sun was to set in the west as usual, but we should never have looked for the west where he was likely to go down. There is no questioning on this point, however. We are in the sunlit depths of the forest; the delicate shadings of foliage, the deep, intense silence of all this ponderous display of Nature which for the time fixed the attention.

As the fatigue from the saddle and from the kaleidoscopic changes of the day wore away the mind settles down to inspection. One of the first impressions is, the utter helplessness of one in this limitless mass of foliage, where no paths are visible, where even the trail by which you have come is a matter of much doubt. One feels so little in the vastness of his surroundings! Even the ferns are large enough to hide a horse or a grizzly; and one feels sure that, should he call ever so loud, his voice would be swallowed up within the space of a hundred feet. But there is no sense of depression; rather, of exuberance, of freedom; a feeling that here, at least, one is beyond the range of man's bickerings. Except for the familiar screaming of the bluejay one might easily forget that he was in the same old work-a-day world through which he has been hunting his way for some fraction of a century. As I sat quietly absorbing "the beautiful," so richly spread before me, I recalled the fact—till now unnoticed—that nowhere in the forest had there been any display of bird



"Wonderfully bright and beautiful."

life; that, excepting the querulous blue-jay and a tiny bird of the treetops, too small and too busy and too far aloft to be identified, absolutely no feathered thing had been seen. Nor had any four-footed denizen crossed our path since we left the grey rabbits by the little river. Was this because of the murderous rifle at John's saddle bow? No. Subsequent excursions bore out the fact that winged folks generally do not dwell here. But hoofs and claws? Yes, these people are here in abundance, and many a noble elk and antlered buck has made his last leap along the trail we have passed; the lion and panther and bear have often been over familiar with the white as well as the red man's personality, and one or the other—man or beast—has paid the penalty. But the lion and the grizzly are no more, and the panther and the puny black bear no man feareth. Suddenly the horses throw up their heads and stand motionless, with cocked ears! Yonder from the bushes a head appears—two! three! They are only deer, and I am glad John has gone to prospect the brook for trout. Bacon, with a promise of trout on the side, seems a good enough supper for idle wanderers.

Just as the sun rests for a moment on the far hills the forest depths become wonderfully bright and beautiful. Every bush and twig seems rimmed with his golden light. Then, almost within the space of a breathing, the shadows assert themselves, and one gladly responds to the supper call, and to the after-joy of the camp-fire pipe. For an hour the guide rehearses his mountain trips, filling up the intervals with such fantasies as may occur to him on the instant. It is ours to listen, his to tell the story and to answer straggling questions. When he affirms that the trees on a given acre around us contain a million feet of lumber; that the time is near at hand when this hill country will all be wanted for orchard and vineyard and plowland; that railroads will shortly find their way into these hidden places, and the habitations of man will take the place of the panther's lair and the bear wallow—when he asserts these things there seems no occasion for argument. I blow the smoke



"The Old Way."

wreathes into the still night air, kick the smouldering fire into a shower of sparks, and relapse into a state of drowsy indifference alike to John's wisdom and the future possibilities of this land of marvels. The horses feed quietly near at hand, John snores, and I know the day is done. One after another the great trees creep out of the darkness, their tall crowns faintly silhouetted against the sky; the grotesque shapes which had danced in the evening firelight become ferns and bushes and rocks and upturned roots again; the horses call in low whinnies as we stir in our uncovered couches; the bluejays scold from their perches overhead, and we arise to welcome the

new day and the coffee and bacon and such other dainties as John may have in store.

John had come to look for a certain "corner" and trace a certain "line." He might be an hour; he might be all day. Upon this depended the time of our return. I could "hunt the corner" with him or remain in camp. The horses would do very well where they were. The "hunt" was uncertain and sure to be laborious; the camp promised ease and idleness. I remained. The plaintive chee-ch-e-e! of the feathered midget of the treetops, and the rasping voice of the jay—these were the sounds that broke the stillness. The midget is unsociable; but the bluejay is a neighborly fellow and a good liver, coming freely to sample the cheese-rinds and bacon and bread scraps and other tid-bits from the breakfast table. Nothing in the shape of food seems to go amiss with him or his family. There was some regret that a cup of coffee had not been set aside for him. As he took possession of the camp I made short excursions up and down the ridge, across gulches and along the creek. Everywhere it was the same—masses of foliage which would delight the artist's eye; lichen-grown rocks and logs; mossy banks and flowery dells and rank-grown, impenetrable masses of salal and briar and fern through which even the wild animals had never found their way. In every direction were the huge logs where decay or storm had strewn them, some bearing the marks of extreme age—decay and the overgrowth of great trees shooting up from their still living hearts within. In one place the half-buried remains of an old redwood, the root and top of which had disappeared in the surrounding mold, gave life and support to four stately offspring of from four to six feet girth. Elsewhere in the logging woods may be seen the new as well as old stumps and logs sending out abundant green shoots—like the orchard tree which has been grafted. Left to Nature's care, these develop into considerable trees; often, in fact, forming clusters of stalwart trunks about and upon the original root. In one case a huge fellow of thirty-five

or forty feet girth had grown as a corkscrew—twisted from root to top, even the larger limbs partaking of the corkscrew pattern. Another had great wart-like protuberances—burls, as they are called. These as well as the curly or wavy specimens are sought for by cabinet-makers, and are turned into the most exquisitely beautiful table tops and thin veneers. Many of the great trees have a grain so free from knot or blemish, and so straight that the woodsman can split them into rough shakes and shingles and boards of almost any desired length or thickness. Many a house and barn was built of this split lumber in the early days. A case has been pointed out where the lumber for house, barn, sheds and fencing for a farm was taken from a single tree of this "rift" description. It is mentioned as an incident of the case that enough of the tree remained to furnish the farmer's wife with firewood for a generation.

"Ho-o-o-hoo!" John's big voice comes floating under the tree-tops. The "corner" has been located, and we are soon on the trail again; that is, we are making for home. John has certain things to say of a black bear he had "scared the life out of," during his corner hunt (the rifle was standing against the tree by the saddles), and of the remains of a deer where a "pahnth" had lunched during the night. He also calls attention to many beautiful shrubs and flowers and fern patches as we ride along, not forgetting an occasional myrtle tree with its wealth of pale blue flowers, or a dogwood, with its snowy plumes, overhanging some canyon side. John is a versatile fellow, his "sense o' things" ranging from "bar sign" to Nature's delicate pencilings.

The sun is still an hour high as we wiggle and slide down the last pitch and make our way to the little stream of the morning. Once more among the alders and maples, we fall in with the robins and sparrows, the blackbirds and swallows, the thrushes, and all the feathered songsters of the region, and presently find the faithful Ben, now with a joyous wag of tail and deep bay, as welcome for our return.



A Roadway Through the Redwoods in Mendocino County.

YOSEMITE LEGENDS

BY C. A. VIVIAN.

The Valley.

WHERE the Sierras, peak on peak,
 ascend,
 As though like Babel's tower they
 aspire
 Wherever battling elements contend,
 Frost, flood and earthquake and
 volcanic fire;
 Where the Great Spirit walks when 'his
 desire
 To make men happy brings him down to
 earth
 Or when their wicked deeds arouse his ire,
 Here winds and clouds and rivers have
 their birth,
 And gods, to wreak strange marvels walk
 the earth.
 Deep in the bosom of this rugged range,
 Sunk lower than the ocean's level wave,
 Is hid a dwelling wrought in manner
 strange,
 A mountain walled, a beautiful sky-roofed
 cave.
 'Twas for a tribe most virtuous and brave
 The red man's god hewed out this wondrous
 place
 Them from their wanderings and want to
 save.
 Then he unlocked the treasures of the snow,
 Their fetters melted in the spring-time
 sun,
 And then he bade the loosened rivers flow,
 And to the cavern's margin swiftly run.
 He made them leap as rivers ne'er had done;
 All dashed to foam and spray with rain-
 bows spun,
 Cholock, Wiwyack, and Pohono all,
 To form each thundering, dashing, glor-
 ious fall.
 But men still prone to love the fruitful
 earth,
 That satisfies their carnal needs so well,
 Quick to forget the gods who gave it birth.
 In mortal clay forever wish to dwell.
 So the Great Spirit thus to break the spell
 And lure men to the happy hunting ground
 Permits the griefs that cause our tears to
 swell;
 Suffers on earth fell demons to abound
 Opposing bliss wherever man is found.
 Thus he allows Pohono and his league



To haunt this vale with their immortal
hate,
With treachery and cunning's dark intrigue
And gloating cruelty insatiate,
The which no mortal power can placate.
And yet that pain might not o'ershadow
Joy,
Tu-tock-ah-nu-lah, from his high estate,
Let mortal good his heavenly powers
employ,
Until Tis-sa-ack did his peace destroy.

Tu-tock-ah-nu-lah and Tis-sa-ack.

That lovely maid as white as mountain
snow,
With golden ringlets glittering bright as
day,
Whence did she come and whither did she
go?
On the South Dome one summer morn she
lay,
And moved the gorgeous bows that arch
the spray,
Tu-tock-ah-nu-lah saw, and loved and lost—
When he approached Tis-sa-ack flew away,
She spread her wings as white as autumn
frost,
And snowy down was earthward from
them tossed.

The wild white violets sprang at once in
bloom,
Where these far-fluttering feathers
touched the mead,
And filled the air with redolent perfume.
Tu-tock-ah-nu-lah now forgot the need
Of the fair valley nor for weeks did heed,
(While eagerly the goddess he pursued)
The swelling acorn nor the sprouting seed;
No summer showers the thirsty earth
bedewed.
With fallen buds and withered plants 'twas
strewed.
But fair Tis-sa-ack loved the Indian race,
She would not have their maze and acorns
fall,
Yon stream, whose devious windings you
may trace,
She rent South Dome to let into the vale,
(At least so runs the ancient Indian tale.)
The northern half dissolved like melting
snow,
To save the crops this watering did avail.
Behold the corn-sprouts lift and spread
and grow,





That fair Tis-sa-ack's tribe no want shall
know.

Tis-sa-ack is the goddess of the spring,
O'er earth she flies as swift as season's
roll,
To open buds and teach the birds to sing,
And scatter joy and life from pole to pole.
Yosemite is dearest to her soul,
Though scorned Tu-tock-ah-nu-lah's home
is here.
He carved his portrait on a giant scroll,
And followed fair Tis-sa-ack far and near,
Tending no more the crops nor herded deer.

Pohono.

Knowest thou the Bridal Veil?
That soft, fair mist that shines and sways?
A thousand feet drops to the vale
And o'er the cliff forever plays?
In splendor falls o'er granite walls,
From rugged summits seamed and hoary,
And diamonds flash at every dash,
And rainbows span its sprays in glory.
Flow, waters, flow, send the wild white
foam nying,
Flow, waters, flow, maiden's tears ne'er
dying, dying, dying!

And hast thou felt the chilly wind
That sways its waters to and fro?
The sighs of maidens fair and kind
Imprisoned long ago.
Its zephyrs play the live-long day,
And waft the waters hither, thither,
It tears the veil with fitful gale
And scatters tear-drop—whither, whither?
Blow, zephyrs, blow! Set the tall pine trees
sighing,
Blow, zephyrs, blow, maiden's breath ne'er
dying, dying, dying!

Thou knowest, then, Pohono's fall
That leaps and leaps a thousand years,
Forever streaming down the wall?
'Tis fed by Indian maidens' tears.
Long years they lie, hid from the sky,
A rocky cavern is their prison,
They weep and sigh, but cannot die
Until Pohono's curse is risen.
Mourn, maidens, mourn, in your dark
dungeon lying!
Mourn, maidens, mourn, your sad tears
never drying, drying, drying!

In this fair spot malign Pohono dwells,
 The cruel evil genius of the place,
 Forever spreading snares and laying spells,
 Forever hostile to the Indian race.
 That verdure on the precipice you trace,
 A treacherous path of slippery moss he
 laid,
 There o'er the cliff where sweeping currents
 chase;
 To tempt the venturous, happy Indian
 maid,
 That he may lure her far from human aid.

Hum-moo. (The Lost Arrow).

1. The Tryst.

The day has brightly dawned—a fair June
 morn.

The rivers sparkle 'neath a cloudless sky,
 The mists arise on glittering sunbeams born
 And naught but beauty waits the opening
 eye.

And with the dawn does young Ko-soo-kah
 fly,

With chosen friends as youthful and as
 brave,

To chase the deer till evening shadows lie,
 All purple gloom down in Tis-sa-ack's cave
 And golden floods the cliffs in sunshine lave.

Yet ere he turns to climb the dangerous trail
 He pauses and his friends proceed alone.

Among the maidens in the flowery vale,
 He marks Teheneh his beloved, his own,
 With wild dove note he makes his presence
 known,

"Teheneh, when the day begins to fall
 And hunting 's over—on the mountain lone,
 I'll pause where Cholock leaps into the
 vale,

To send thee on this arrow love's sweet tale.

"Well is it feathered, swift will be its flight,
 From the high cliff where I shall bend the
 bow.

Thus shall I greet thee in the sweet twilight
 Long ere our train shall reach the camp
 below,

(A' even we shall weary be and slow).
 Teheneh, my sweet bride, to thee farewell,
 I needs must lead my braves where'er they
 go.

At sunset seek this arrow that shall tell
 The love and longing that I feel so well."





The fiercest hate Pohono's jealous heart,
 In all its cruel depths can feel or know,
 Extends to lover, and their lives to part,
 His ever evil thoughts with schemes o'er-
 flow,
 When up the trail he saw Ko-soo-kah go.
 He called the rattle-snake with poisoned
 dart,
 And bade him "Lie in wait for yonder foe."
 To him replied the snake: "I must depart.
 I cannot do thy will, chief though thou
 art.

"Long have I shunned him and I dare not try,
 In all but this thy mandates I obey.
 Who could deceive his quick, his fearless
 eye?

I know too well that I should fall his prey.
 My head in darkest crevice I shall lay,
 And tremble till Ko-soo-kah passes."

"Then,
 Go coward," cried Pohono, "hide away."
 He called the treacherous wild cat from
 his den,
 And pointed out Ko-soo-kah to his ken.

Yet none so fierce but quailed to hear the
 name,

Ko-soo-kah chief of the Yosemite.
 Pohono called; each slinking creature came
 Pohono's friends, Ko-soo-kah's enemies,
 Not one would join him in his deviltries,
 Nor tawny cougar nor strong grizzly bear.
 "Thou biddest, Pohono, that we do not dare,"
 Each cried and hid him in his secret lair.

The wicked wizzard stormed and stormed
 in vain.

The Indians beat the forest far and wide,
 In every contest victory they gain,
 Their youthful hearts are filled with hun-
 ters' pride;
 Crafty the game that from their sight can
 hide.

But fell Pohono, riding on the wind,
 Keeps ever at the young Ko-soo-kah's side,
 Who knows not any god's intent unkind
 For nought but joy and triumph fill his mind.

In golden splendor, day has reached its close,
 The summer sun begins to sink and sink,
 The braves who've toiled and struggled
 since it rose,

Rich from the chase, have reached the
 valley's brink.

Ko-soo-kah stoops at Cholock's stream to drink
 And motions for his train to move along.
 Teheneh's voice is ringing in his heart,
 And mingling with the wild bird's evening
 song,
 The promised arrow to let fly ere long.

Where Cholock makes his first tremendous
 leap,
 Ko-soo-kah paused a space and looked
 below,
 He searched with eager eye the chasm deep,
 His freighted arrow fitting to the bow.
 He hears the gentle wood dove calling low,
 Fondly he gazes on the distant scene.
 Like tiny ants his fellows come and go.

"There is the tepee where the wise old men
 Smoke pipes and ponder on the things of
 state."

(For many tribes had come together then
 To barter, feast, and on his pleasure wait.
 Next day they would attend his wedding
 fête)—

"Yosemite! O thou art very dear!
 The other tribes must wander soon or late,
 With loveliest Teheneh ever near,
 My heart, my tribes, my hope are gathered
 here."

Thus mused the youthful chieftain. On the
 verge,

Of a most awful precipice he knelt,
 When of a sudden with a fearful surge
 The solid granite seemed to sway and
 melt,

And slipping rocks beneath his feet he felt—
 The treacherous landslide did Pohono's
 will.

Such sudden blow the evil spirit dealt,
 Leaving the noble warrior limp and still,
 Upon a granite ledge below the hill.

The brilliant light is slowly fading now;
 On vale and cliff the deepening shadows
 rest.

The gloaming gathers on the mountain's
 brow,
 And darkness hovers round its mighty
 breast.

The little song bird flutters to his nest,
 Still Cholock bids the thundering echoes
 ring.





The weary sun at last has sunk to rest,
 The wood dove's head is put beneath his
 wing,
 Night's spangled tepee covers everything.

Teheneh lingers in the vale below,
 "Why is thy messenger so very slow?
 Has aught befallen thee my absent love?"
 (Her heart is fluttering like a wounded dove)
 "Why tarry, brave Ko-soo-kah, oh, so long?
 The deer is swift, the grizzly bear is strong,
 O tremble not with apprehensive fear,
 His arrow, foolish heart, is surely near,
 I'll seek it hidden in the meadow grass
 There where the foamy waters swiftly pass."

She seeks in vain while there is light to see.
 Blue shadows mingle rock and shrub and
 tree,
 The camp grows silent and the fires burn
 low;
 The pine trees sigh, the ceaseless waters
 flow;
 'Tis midnight. On the gloom cast moun-
 tain's brow,
 The pale, cold, moon is whitely gleaming
 now,
 And now Teheneh leaves the slumbering
 vale
 To find Ko-soo-kah she ascends the trail.

The Recovery of Ko-soo-kah.

The day has dawned again, and rosy morn,
 With breath all perfume and a smiling sky
 Wafts clinging mists away with joyous
 scorn,
 As though all earth contained no weeping
 eye.
 Where is the loveliest of the Indian girls,
 Teheneh, gentle as the mild wood dove?
 Ah, see! On Cholock's brow the dark smoke
 curls!
 Teheneh signals. She has found her love.

With rawhide ropes and litter quickly made,
 The young men haste their fallen chief to
 find
 And on the cliff Teheneh, unafraid
 Bids them with thongs her slender waist to
 bind.
 Then the young braves with careful hands
 and slow,
 Lower the maiden o'er the granite edge
 Where the still Ko-soo-kah, far depths
 below,

hangs like a shred upon the dizzy ledge.

Teheneh lifts his form as in a dream,

So cold, so strange, so lifeless to its place.
With thongs she ties it to the rough hewn
beam,

And in his silent bosom hides her face.
The braves above, at signal understood,
Raise the rough litter to the summit high,
And bear it gently to a sheltering wood,
There lovingly the knotted ropes untie.

Tu-tock-ah-nu-lah the good demi-god,
Invisible to every human eye
Was resting on the flowery cushioned sod,
When thus they bore their double burden
by.

Unseen, unheard, by even those so near,
Teheneh's drooping head he kindly raised,
And stooping, gently whispered in her ear,
And her sweet constancy and love he
praised.

"My eyes for thee are dimmed with mortal
tears,

I feel, I feel, sweet maiden for thy woe.
How canst thou face life's many weary years
Without thy dear Ko-soo-kah? No, ah, no!
Thou shalt not live and bear a broken heart,
My breast is warmed with tenderest sym-
pathy,

I cannot see such faithful lovers part.

"The smoke of but one funeral pyre shall rise
(Pohono's evil rage was all in vain),
To waft both happy spirits to the skies.

Haste! Sweet Teheneh, join thy chief
again!"

He seized the arrow from the slackened bow,
Ko-soo-kah's stiffened fingers had let go,
Its feathered shaft descending in the sand,
Its head toward heaven the Indians see it
stand,

All marveling that the thing could stand
alone.

It swells and towers a monument of stone.
In simple symbols of the Red Man's art
Is carved love's message on the giant dart.

The years roll on, the seasons come and go,
The summer sun drinks Cholock; but the
snow

Refills his never falling cup again
And down the cliff he rushing roars amain.
The flowers bloom and fade upon his banks,
Spring decks the trees and autumn strips
their ranks,

New birds and new still sing the evening
songs;

The valley to another race belongs.
But Hum-moo, all unchanged points to the
sky,

To teach how happily the good may die.





A native bamboo house. Native dancer in foreground.

TAHITI

BY THEO. B. SEVERSON.

AS the attention of the people on this Coast is being directed to the chances and possibilities of the islands of the Pacific, it would be well to study the islands south of the equator with which we are now connected by a regular monthly steamer. There are many of these islands divided into groups owned by different nations. Particularly interesting at the present time are the Society islands, Paumoto, and the Marquesas. The largest and most important island is Tahiti, which is in direct communication with San Francisco.

For many years small sailing vessels carried the small trade, and the venturesome traveler who cared to endure forty days or more on the vast expanse of

ocean, often becalmed in torrid latitudes, for days without moving a mile; but, with steamship transportation the voyage is now made in eleven or twelve days. By a few, this new line is hailed with joy. By the many much speculation is indulged in regarding its wonderful possibilities.

Tahiti is situated 170 degrees south of the equator, and about 1100 miles almost due south from Honolulu. The island is 35 miles long, nearly as wide, and has an area of over 600 square miles, with a population of about ten thousand. It presents the appearance of two nearly circular islands, united by a very low and narrow neck of land, each of which is of volcanic origin, and very mountain-

ous, rising in a succession of bold circular terraces towards the central peaks, and having a broad plain all around the seaboard, which is practically the only inhabited part. The first discovery of this island was made by a Spanish buccaneer, Fernando de Quirros, in 1606, but for a long time it was lost sight of, until re-discovered by Wallis, an Englishman, in 1767. Captain Cook gave it the name by which it is now known, and it was on Tahiti that the transit of Venus was observed by him in 1769, which was of so much value to science. The island formed one of the earliest posts of the London Missionary Society whose representatives began work in 1797. To-day Bibles in the Tahitian language may be found in many homes, and the numerous churches to be found all over the island, give evidence of a high standard of morality in former years. In 1872 some difficulty between the Catholic priests and natives caused the French to make war, and, after four years of intermittent fighting, the islanders were compelled to submit to the inevitable. The French administration combines all the groups of islands with the city of Papeete in Tahiti as its center of official business. Here are stationed soldiers in barracks of substantial brick, also an arsenal, besides the Governor's residence and all the cottages necessary for officers and clerks. There are about one thousand whites on the island, most of whom are French. A large cruiser is generally stationed in the harbor and adds to the military aspect.

Picture an island set in a reef of coral of myriad hues. The lagoon of a light green, outside the white foaming breakers the vast ocean of intense blue. On shore are great bunches of cocoa-nut palms lifting their plumes in stately magnificence, then there are lanes of trees blossoming in red and yellow flowers, and nestling in their midst are the low thatched houses of the natives. The delightful and healthy climate of the island brings to maturity all the products of the tropics, which are nowhere found in greater fullness and perfection than here. The wayfarer is soothed by the fragrance of sweet smelling flowers, and

delighted with the abundance of oranges, bananas, breadfruit and cocoa-nut which give a perennial supply of food to the natives. The guava introduced at the beginning of the last century, has run wild in such quantities as to have become a troublesome pest. The heliotrope grows almost rank in its profusion, filling the air with fragrance as though it had rained perfume. The beauty of the island has been extolled by almost every traveller who has visited Tahiti. In Captain Cook's description he says: "Perhaps there is scarcely a spot in the universe that affords a more luxuriant prospect than the southeast part of Otaheite. The hills are high and steep and in many places craggy; but they are covered to the very summit with trees and shrubs in such a manner that the spectator can scarcely help thinking that the very rocks possess the property of producing and supporting their verdant clothing. The fiat land which bound those hills towards the sea and the interjacent valleys also, teem with various productions which grow with the most exuberant vigor and at once fill the mind of the beholder with the idea that no place upon earth can outdo this in the strength and beauty of vegetation."

Tahiti may be rightly termed the "Paradise of the Pacific," or even the world, as in no other place is there so much variety of scenery. The Government has constructed a good road, over 80 miles in length, nearly circling the island. At every turn the constant surprises keep the traveler in a delirium of delight. Sometimes the sea lies before him, the waves wreathed in a foam of white breaking the silence in a continuous roar; on the other side the high steep mountains in forms of towers, domes and steeples, pierce the fleecy clouds. Now and then a silvery band of water falls from perpendicular heights to the turbulent stream below. Then you pass under the sheltering shadows of tall interlacing trees which excel even the grandeur of our elm. Farther on you pass through lanes lined with banana, mango, and groves of cocoa-nut. In their midst nestle little thatched houses of bamboo, whose owners dressed in gay colors with their



Typical Country Road, Tahiti.

bronze-like bodies harmonize beautifully against the deep mass of green foliage.

This terrestrial Eden is peopled by one of the finest races in the world, whose slightly veiled, or even fully displayed symmetrical proportions did not fail to excite the admiration of the first European discoverers. Recent opinions are less enthusiastic on the subject, but so far as they have deteriorated their deterioration is due partly at least to civilization and strong drink. Notwithstanding this the natives are still a fine, well-proportioned people, tall and robust, with dark brown complexion, broad nose, slightly pro-



Natives of Tahiti.

find a state of awful moral corruption. There are no marriage laws respected and enforced; the custom is to have as many wives as convenient to yourself, consequently there is scarcely a native of pure blood, and more than two-thirds of the entire population suffer with the pollution of Europeans and Chinese. Another cause, probably, of the decreasing number of the people is the prevalence of habits of intoxication in which they indulge as a substitute for the dance and song and varied amusements so injudiciously forbidden by early missionaries. Most fatal gift of all, they have been taught to ferment the juice of the orange, so abundant and delicious in their island home, and thus produce a liquor with which to obtain the pleasures and penalties of intoxication, which men, women and children alike enjoy and suffer. The orange has been for these people as the forbidden fruit of the garden of Eden—the tree of good and evil.

In the Society islands, as in many other places in the Pacific, are to be found a



Tropical growth.

truding lips, beautiful teeth, raven black hair, often curly or wavy, but with sparse beard. Aside from these characteristics a few possess features of real beauty. Noticeabl at once is the expression of kindness and tenderness seldom seen in savage races. No restraint is now placed upon the natives who indulge in unbridled licentiousness. Formerly, in the time when the influence of the London Missionary Society held sway, morals were at a high standard, but since the advent of the French, who rather encourage looseness of life, we



Natives in the Marquesas Islands.

number of buildings which testify to the existence in former times of a people of a higher development. They are generally in the form of terraces or platforms, placed in elevated spots, and formed of hewn blocks of stone which are often of great size. In the center is placed a sort of massive altar. A very large building of this kind exists at Papawa in Tahiti. From a base measuring 270 feet by 94 feet rise ten steps or terraces, each about six feet in height. The object of these morias, as they are termed, is not very clear. They were in many cases no doubt of a monumental if not sepulchral nature, but sacrifices were apparently offered upon them in some instances, and it seems that they served on occasions as forts or strongholds.

Tahiti is exceedingly healthful and the climate is delightful the greater part of the year. In the months of December to April it is rather warm and rains almost continuously, but the other months are ideal, the cool winds blowing landward in the day and seaward at night. It would seem that fever should thrive here, but there are no prevalent illnesses except a mild form of la grippe known here as dang; blood diseases, however, exist among the natives; in many places you see men and women with arms and legs swollen to huge size, showing evidence of fei-fei or elephantiasis. Although not fatal this ailment is painful and lingering. It is very seldom that a white person contracts the disease, unless he lives the same as the native in low wet places and is too lazy to exercise, which is primarily the cause. Leprosy prevails to a lesser degree, but not to any alarming extent.

Aside from the wonderful beauty of Tahiti it offers no inducement other than from a touristic point of view. The agricultural outlook is not promising owing to several reasons. In the first place, the Government does not encourage planting, and no inducement is offered to either the native or the colonist to cultivate anything. On the contrary anything like industry is rather hampered. The land owner is not taxed, therefore a native holds his land and does not need to work; all he has to do is to gather his fruit from

what grows wild all about him and money is no object whatever. A colonist cannot buy land because the native will not sell, knowing that he will not be able to lead such an easy life if he parts with his property. Then too, should a colonist attempt to grow anything the native will steal it from him and unless he has a strong guard to protect his property, he will lose all he has. The Government affords no protection. Its officials will tell you that the native is but an innocent child, and cannot be prosecuted. Some years ago an effort was made to establish a plantation on a large scale. An English company bought 10,000 acres of rich land, and imported 1600 Chinese coolies to cultivate it. The forest was cleared away and the land planted with sugarcane, cotton and coffee, while broad roads traversed it in every direction. The establishment of this gigantic farm formed a small town picturesquely situated near the sea, and the undertaking promised to be very successful, but reckless management caused its failure and the land now lies in waste.

The Chinamen have complete control of the vanilla business which is the leading industry among the natives. The Chinese buy the vanilla from the natives, often in a very green condition and cure it themselves. This makes an inferior grade of vanilla. The price per pound is much lower now on this account. The Chinamen also control the retail grocery and drygoods, selling to the natives much cheaper than a white man is able to do. The only business carried on to any great extent among the whites is the buying of copra, the dried coconut. There is also a considerable trade in pearls and shells carried on by San Francisco capitalists.

At the present time there is no call for either laboring men, tradesmen, or professional men, owing largely to the limited number of whites and the ignorance of the natives. There is no doubt, however, that in the course of a few years there will be a great change and Tahiti will become a place of commercial importance. All it needs is better laws and the enlightenment of modern ideas in regard to progression.

MATILIIJA'S DAUGHTER

BY H. M. LOVE.

WHILE in Southern California last summer, I accepted an invitation to hunt in the Ojai Valley, and while wandering alone along the foothills, followed the course of a small stream up a large wedge-shaped canyon cut from the long, gradual slope of the mountain. The uncovered, broken, and twisted strata of the walls gave the canyon a fascinating weirdness which led me to continue on. Accidentally I came upon a path which led up the almost perpendicular walls of the canyon, and, from mere curiosity, climbed to the top and looked down upon the creek some five hundred feet below. I walked almost a mile along the edge of the bluff, when I came upon two circular pillars, built of large boulders. Their shape and arrangement in such a deserted place attracted my attention. I sat down upon a stone which had fallen from place, and was filling my pipe when an old Mexican mounted on a pony rode down the mountain. Having hailed him in Spanish, he rode over to me, and seeing my tobacco, asked for a cigarette. While he was rolling it I asked him about the pillars. Blowing a great cloud of smoke through his nostrils, he asked in wonder if I had not heard the legend of Matilija's daughter. Having assured him that I had not, he drew another long breath, exhaled the smoke, and began the tradition which for centuries had been handed down from lip to ear among the people.

Before the Spanish occupation the hills about the canyon were the home of a small remnant of a forgotten race, more civilized than their neighbors, upon whom they levied tribute. At the time when a Spanish party, under Menendez, came from Mexico, searching along the coast for a lost vessel from across the sea, Matilija was chief, and his daughter, Hueneme, a girl of twenty, comely and fair of face, was the most attractive maiden of her tribe.

Padre Ortega, of the searching party, had fallen ill, and Menendez, returning from the coast to rest his men and await the good priest's recovery, found a resting place among Matilija's people.

The chief was anxious for the comfort of his sick guest, and left at his disposal his own rude home in the canyon. While there attentively waiting upon the priest, Hueneme met Juan Sanchez, a young officer under Menendez. Her beauty, so far surpassing that of all other Indian maidens, took the fancy of his impulsive heart, while from the emotional mind of the maiden his soldierly figure and dark handsome face drove away all thoughts of the tall young braves of her own tribe. Long Padre Ortega laid ill, and while Matilija with his bow and arrows and Menendez with his match-lock, hunted the wild game of the hills, Juan and Hueneme, left to their fancy's will, spent most of their time wandering together along the top of the canyon's high walls, or among the rocks of the stream below, and their affection matured into a love which both knew would make their separation unendurable. Often they talked of the time when Juan would have to continue on his way with the expedition. At last, when the Padre's condition allowed Menendez to renew his search to the northward, and actual preparation for departure had commenced, they went together to Matilija, Juan asking that he be allowed to make Hueneme his wife, and she vowing her love for him. The old chief's anger knew no bounds, and his sense of hospitality alone prevented him from ending then and there the search for the lost vessel. So it was upon Hueneme, for having dared to reciprocate the love of the stranger, that all his anger turned. High up in the canyon wall was a secret cave, and in this, vowing never again to look upon her face, he ordered her confined under the guard of a loyal old tribesman and his wife.

All the following day, while preparations for departure were being completed, Sanchez tried in vain to find the maiden, but no trace of her could he discover, till an old hag came to him late in the evening, and by signs made him follow her up the steep path to the cave. Evidently counting upon assistance from the old woman, they arranged that Juan should leave on the morrow with Menendez, but in the evening should return with an extra horse and if Hueneme could escape they would overtake the expedition and have Padre Ortega marry them. The next night while preparing the evening meal for her husband on guard at the cave, the old crone mixed in his food a stupefying herb, and in a short time he was sleeping soundly. Hueneme, having climbed the remainder of the path to the bluff above, hurried down to the mouth of the canyon, and found Juan awaiting her. Mounting in haste they rode all night and late in the morning came to the seashore. So exhausting had been their ride that Hueneme was entirely wearied and they dismounted to rest themselves and their tired horses. While Juan staked the horses along the hill side, Hueneme prepared their small stock of provisions, and, after a scant meal, they laid themselves down on the soft dry sand, Hueneme with her head pillowed against Juan's cheek; and soon the gentle rolling of the waves upon the beach lulled them into deep slumber.

Too long they slept. When it was discovered in the early morning that Hueneme was gone, Matilija killed the guard, who had slept while she escaped, with his own bronze-headed lance. Leaving the weapon sticking in the wound, he mounted the nearest horse, ordered a few well mounted tribesmen to follow, and went in immediate pursuit. All day they rode under the broiling sun, and finally,

just as the sun was sinking behind Santa Cruz Island, the old chief still in advance of his men saw his daughter resting quietly in the arms of the sleeping Juan. Shaking with anger, thinking of nothing but disobedience and treachery he halted, and keeping his vow never to look again upon his daughter's face, he turned his eyes to the sea. The low tide had left bare the large damp rocks beyond the edge of the breakers. Seeing these he dismounted and walked down to the edge of the water, picked up an immense stone and staggered under its weight towards the sleeping couple. As he neared them he raised the rock at arms' length, closed his eyes, and dropped it upon their heads.

When the others of the pursuing party came up they found the old chief gazing fixedly at the stone, but at last fatherly feeling rose above his anger, he pushed away the blood stained rock and took his daughter's crushed head in his arms. Long he remained seated on the sands, and when the day broke again, he ordered her body carried back to the old canyon home.

Upon the bluff above the cave she was laid to rest, and as the last tribal rite was ended, Matilija ordered his men to build a pillar of large boulders above her grave as a reminder of the manner in which she met her death, and, as the last stone was put in place, he walked composedly over the edge of the bluff. Down among the rocks of the stream below they found his mangled body, and reverentially buried him beside his daughter, marking his grave with a second pillar overlooking the scene of his former rule.

As the Mexican finished his story I looked incredulously at the pillars. He shrugged his shoulders, mounted his pony and with a farewell, "Adios, Senor," rode away down the mountain.





THE HAIDAH INDIANS

BY MARGARET WENTWORTH LEIGHTON.

Mama Thlontona.
(The humming bird.)

QUeen Charlotte's Islands lie from seventy to one hundred miles off the coast of British Columbia in the Pacific Ocean. In 1787 they were taken possession of in the name of King George III and named for his Queen Consort.

The first white man to dwell upon these islands, Francis Poole by name, thus enthusiastically describes them in his diary: "This is a land of enchantment. As far as the eye can reach either way is a picture of loveliness, such varied and magnificent landscapes, such matchless timber, such a wealth of vegetation, such verdure and leafage up to the very crests of its highest hills." He further rapturously describes the many fine harbors, the splendid yellow cedars and pines, growing straight as arrows to a height of two hundred and fifty or three hundred feet, the delightful climate, so mild that the snow falling on the coldest winter day melts as it touches the ground, the abundance of wild game, from black bears to ducks and snipe, the quantities of fish in the surrounding waters, the untold mineral wealth locked in the earth's recesses.

Such, then, was the home of the Haidah Indians over a hundred years ago. It is little changed to-day. The Haidahs far excel all other Pacific Coast Indians in war-like spirit, physique and ingenuity. They are lighter in color than the tribes living to the southward. Their skill in carving upon stone, wood, silver, and copper is wonderful. Their work resembles that of the Aztecs of ancient Mexico. It is supposed that after the tragic fall of Tenochtitlan (the Aztec capital of Mexico), some of the fugitives found their way to the west coast and thence northward, finally reaching the

islands now occupied by the Haidahs, their descendants. To these Indians the woods and the waters, the sky, the earth, and the air are filled with spiritual beings. Every Haidah has a guardian spirit embodied in the form of some bird or animal. In front of the lodges of the chiefs totem poles are erected. If the owner of the house is rich he has a very tall pole, perhaps fifty or sixty feet in height. It is elaborately carved with the totems, of heraldic designs, of the occupants of the lodge, often consisting of several families. The cost of this carving is many blankets. The pole is set firmly in the earth close to the lodge, and a circular opening through it near the ground forms the entrance to the house.

Upon a characteristic totem pole a beaver crouches just above the door, and on its head sits the legendary mother of the Haidahs holding a young crow in her arms. An old crow rests on her head, holding in its beak the new moon. Crowning the pillar sits Hoorts (the bear). There are legends connected with each pole and every representation upon it. The story of this one is that the beaver has eaten the moon and sent the crow out to find a new moon, which he brings home in his bill. It is the duty of the bear sitting at the top to see that all goes well. Many of the poles are gaily painted red, yellow, green and black, giving the villages a startling appearance.

Each Indian has tattooed upon the body, usually on the hand or arm, a curious figure representing his or her family name. The head man who owns the lodge has tattooed upon himself all the figures of his lodge mates, showing his connection with the members of his household.

Some of these designs are true to nature, while others are strange mythological creatures. The frog, the crow, a laughing bear, the humming bird, and squid are tattoo designs. One klootchman (woman) had upon her body the figure of a halibut, with a picture of the chief of her tribe drawn on its tail. This she believed would protect her and her people from drowning forever.

The belief in the thunder bird is common to all northwestern Indians. This is a creature of human form and gigantic size which lives in the mountains. When it is hungry it dons a cloak of feathers and sails forth in search of prey. Its enormous body darkens the heavens and the flapping of its wings makes the thunder. The lightning is caused by a fish which the bird catches in the ocean and hides among its feathers. This fish's tongue is like a serpent's, and when it darts it out the lightning flashes.



A Haidah Dish (The Crow).

The Haidahs believe that their ancestors were crows, and they never kill one of those dark-hued birds. When the Indians paint themselves black it is in remembrance of their ancestors. When walking over the ice they tread carefully, that they may not offend the ice spirit.

The Haidahs possess great skill in many ways. From a single log of one of the giant cedars they hollow a canoe capable of carrying a hundred men. Some of these boats have graceful curved prows wonderfully carved. To see one of these immense canoes starting out on a sea voyage with its complement of a hundred rowers all paddling in exact time to their weird song takes us back to the days of the Vikings, setting forth

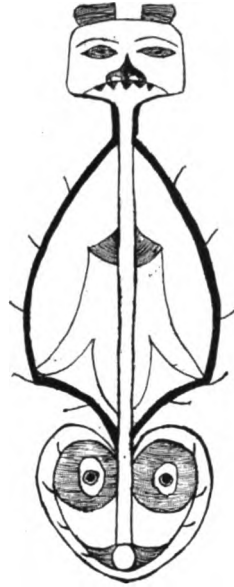
from their wild fiords on quests of discovery and gain.

There is a peculiar kind of slate on the islands which is quite soft when first quarried. The Indians carve miniature totem poles, exquisite plates, imitation flutes, etc., from this. After these are exposed to the air they harden and are then rubbed with oil until they look like polished black marble. They are taken on the expeditions to the coast towns upon the mainland and sold as curiosities. Some of the spoons carved of black horn are veritable works of art, and a pipe in my possession is wonderfully made. It is cut from a solid block

of wood and consists of two lizards, the smaller one resting upon the back of the larger. The teeth and eyes are made by inlaying bits of greenish pearl cut into suitable shapes. The tobacco is put into a little iron lined aperture in the middle of the lizard's back, and the long stem comes out in place of a tail. Dishes in the form of beavers, gulls, and crows are carved from wood and then painted in gay colors. The fineness of much of this work is marvelous when we remember that the only tool used is a coarse knife. The baskets which they weave from roots and fibres are of such close texture that they hold water.

The Haidahs share the inveterate love of gambling common to all the Western

Indians. The playing cards of these Indians are little round sticks about six inches long made of yew wood and polished until they have a satiny sheen. Each stick has its individual mark. Many are inlaid with mother-of-pearl in the form of squaws, triangles and even perfect representations of tiny fishes. This form of gambling is almost identical with the old Greek game Odd or Even. Each player has forty or fifty sticks. These are shuffled beneath fine cedar bark. The game is finished when one player has won all the others sticks. So absorbing is this play that it is often continued for days without intermission for food or rest. One old man gambled steadily for three days, continually losing until his last possession, the blanket on his back, was gone. A devoted female of his household then offered him her only blanket. This he took, and with it his luck seemed to turn, for he not only re-



Hargo (Halibut)—A tattoo design.



Hoorts.
(The Bear.)

Hooyeh.
(The Crow.)

Koong.
(The New Moon.)

The Mother of the Haidahs.

Keetkie.
(The Young Crow.)

Tsching.
(The Beaver.)

Entrance to The Lodge.

TOTEM POLE.

gained all his own property but everything which his opponent possessed.

The Haidahs have many feasts during the year. In preparation for these they wash off all their old paint, besmear themselves with grease, over which they spread a lavish coat of scarlet paint. Sometimes this is made to roughly represent birds, fishes, or other animals. The last thing is to sprinkle the body well with fine down, which takes kindly to the paint and oil. The men then seat themselves in circles and make a rude kind of music by beating sticks for the women to dance by. The dancing consists of contorting the body in different ways with now and then a sudden spring, the legs being used very little if at all.

There are two stories in the Haidah houses; the lower one excavated beneath the ground is for winter use, and the other, the floor of which is level with the ground, built of stout poles and planks, is for the summer. In the roof is a large square hole through which the smoke passes out, and daylight and moonlight enter.

One of the principal characters among all the Indians is, as with the Haidahs, the medicine man. When a person falls sick it is supposed that evil spirits have entered his body. The medicine man is

called. He paints himself red and black, and dons either a buckskin cape on which are strange drawings of the thunder-bird and the lightning-fish, or a wolf skin. He hangs charms about himself in the form of carved bones and teeth, eagle's claws, distended fish bladders, shells, and tails of animals. Next he dons a hideous wooden mask with protruded lip and fierce looking teeth. Thus equipped he seizes his rattle and proceeds to frighten away the evil spirits, howling and wailing and vehemently brandishing the rattle. If he is successful and the sick person recovers, it is well, and he is given a fee; but if the victim dies, the luckless doctor is often put to death for his "bad medicine."

OFF MILE ROCK

(The Rio de Janeiro, February 22nd.)

BY ISIDORE BAKER.

The fog lay white as cerement
 Upon the bay upborn,
 It held the sea in wide embrace
 That fearsome winter morn.

No signal beam athwart the ship
 From isle or harbor near,
 Bonita light loomed palely-wan
 Through the thick atmosphere.

From Orient port, through danger vast,
 Of tempest, wind and wave,
 This vessel sailed o'er leagues of space
 To an unfathomed grave.

O stately ship, with freight of life,
 Of joy and human love,
 Was there no portent of thy fate
 On sea, or sky above?

No warning voice to bid thee pause
 Or pilot's hand to stay
 Thy course from off the hidden reef
 That lurked beneath thy way?

Off Golden Gate the sun is clear,
 The great ships come and go,
 And round the base of Mile Rock point
 The tides hold ebb and flow.

No echo of that fearsome morn
 Is heard on shore or sea,—
 It dwells within the hearts of men
 A dirge—a threnody.

Varney Sykes' Little Phil.

BY HELEN E. WRIGHT.

WHEN Varney Sykes came to Rosin with a puny child and a gaunt, grizzled boar-hound in his "outfit," the men shrugged their shoulders. It was none of their business, of course, but what could be done with a boy like that, and only three women in the camp? As to the dog, Mose, well—there was no accounting for tastes, anyway.

The three moved into a deserted cabin on the plateau and Varney started prospecting. The men passed occasionally, and saw the child lying close against the earth, in the sunshine, or watching the sky with wide, wondering eyes, touched their foreheads significantly and smiled; but little Phil made friends. Mose followed him everywhere. The chipmunks and the red tree squirrels chattered a great deal at first, but ended by giving Phil their confidence, and once Varney Sykes found a snake with seven rattles and a button, coiled up against him, fast asleep. Nor were these all. Seth Maroux mended one of the pockets in his waistcoat, and laid therein a store of peppermint candies and fennel seed. Seth's record in Rosin was not altogether good. There were those who preferred not to meet him after dark, but the child would climb up and lay his cheek against the man's broad breast, and say: "Now lock the doors, please, all tight." Then as the rough arms folded close about him, he would sigh contentedly, and whisper: "My mamma used to do like that; he don't know how!" "He" always meant his father.

One night the boy was taken ill, and Varney Sykes went down to the camp for help, but none of the women could come. One had a toothache, one had bread to set, and the other was busy. Maroux, seated on an empty beer keg in the store, was having a forcible argument with another lounger, but he jumped down and followed Varney without a word when he heard what the trouble was. In the cabin a little figure lay moaning on the bed, and the grizzled head of Mose rested on the coverlet. The dog whined joyously when Seth came in, and the boy held up his arms.

"My mamma used to sing," he said at last. "You sing, please, Seth."

Seth Maroux knew only a few songs, and those were hardly lullabys, but he did his best, and the child fell asleep.

Summer lingered long in the mountains that year. The sumac had turned a vivid scarlet before the last warm days had fled. When the rain did come it fell in an even steady downpour for three days. The mails were delayed; the roads were heavy, and the horses mired above their fetlocks with each step in the yellow clay. On the fourth day there was a stir in Rosin. Men in high rubber boots and grotesque rain-hats stood in groups about the store, talking excitedly. The three women of the camp discussed the matter with little shivers and shrill exclamations, for the Blixville stage had been held up three miles down the road. Rob Dorn, the messenger, was shot, and Johnson, the driver, had been nearly blinded with sulphur in his eyes. Travel was light just then, and the only passenger was a Chinese cook on his way to the Bobolink mine, but the treasure box was empty, and three thousand dollars in bullion was gone.

The Sheriff was lookingly anxiously for Seth Maroux. There was no tangible evidence, but the man was missing and those who knew his record drew their own conclusions. A week passed by. Varney Sykes, coming up the trail one afternoon, saw the pinched face of little Phil pressed against the window pane. The child met him at the door.

"Why don't my Sethie come?" he asked tremulously. "I wan't him."

The man pushed roughly by, then suddenly he stopped and stood looking down at the little fellow. He dropped heavily into a chair, and drew the child between his knees.

"Look here, Phil," he said, "Seth's gone! gone! Do you understand?"

The boy looked half vacantly at him. "I want my Sethie," he repeated slowly. The man shook him almost fiercely. "I tell you he's gone," he said in a louder voice, "and he won't come back again! Do you hear? He won't come back!"

The boy's face was quivering pitifully.

His eyes were wide with pain.

"No whimpering now," said the man, with an oath. "I've had enough of it." He brought his hand across the boy's face with a resounding blow, and walked out of the house.

There was an old sheepskin in front of the little bed; the boy dropped down on it, and Mose licked his face in sympathy. Slowly the darkness came, but the child did not move. The pale November moon struggled through the breaking clouds, and sent long shimmering rays down through the pines and madronos. The boy lay with his head pillowed on the dog, listlessly watching the patch of clear cold light that fell through the window to the cabin floor. Suddenly a shadow crept across it, and disappeared again. Mose saw it, and growled uneasily. Just then a man's head rose above the window casing. He shielded his eyes with his hands, and peered cautiously into the room. Mose lifted his long muzzle; his nostrils quivered and dilated, then he gave a low whine, and his tail wagged a welcome. The face vanished, but the door opened and closed behind Seth Maroux.

"Phil," he said.

The boy sprang forward and clung to him desperately, and Mose's warm tongue caressed his hand. They stood so for some seconds, then Seth drew the child into the broad band of moonlight and looked at him anxiously. "Poor little chap!" he said, passing his hand over the boy's hair; "poor little chap!" The man's own face was almost ghastly, it was so thin and sunken. On his left cheek there was a long, angry-looking scar, as though some flying bullet had seared the flesh and gone its way. The child raised his finger and touched it.

"What hurted you, Seth?" he asked.

"Me?" asked the man, evasively.

"Why—why—see here, Phil," he said, abruptly, "I'm hungry. Is there anything to eat?"

"Bread," said the boy, "and cold bacon and some beans. Father left a lot for me, but I don't want to eat when you're away—it hurts me here," putting his hand to his throat.

Together they walked to the low-swung safe. There was a rude ladder beside it,

that led to an unfurnished room above. The man half leaned, half sat upon it and ate ravenously, filling his pockets with what was left.

"Now, Phil," he said, drawing the boy to him. "I want to talk to you—to talk just as if you were a man. Will you try hard to understand?" The child nodded.

"Well," continued Maroux, "I'm going away to-night, and I came here to say good-bye. But you mustn't let anyone know I've been here, Phil. You hear, don't you? You mustn't let anybody know. If you did—" he shivered a little. The boy clung to him without a word. "They are looking for me now," the man went on. "They want to hurt me, but, Phil," he said, laying his rough cheek against the little face; "you'll always love me, won't you?"

"Always," sobbed the child; "oh, Sethie, always!"

Just then a faint, strange cry broke the stillness. It sounded a mile away. The man sprang to his feet, straining the boy to his breast. Mose, too, heard it, and was on the alert in a moment. Again and again it came, each time a little more distinct.

"My God," cried the man, "Not that!"

He hastened to the window, still holding the child convulsively. On the trail to the plateau lights danced like fireflies among the trees, and the low coyote-like cry of the hound came ever nearer.

"Phil," cried the man in a spasm of dread, "don't you understand what it is?" In his helplessness he turned to the child. "What shall I do, Phil? Where can I hide?" He shook the little fellow roughly. "Tell me, where can I hide?"

"You hided in the big-leafed tree, when we played," said the boy slowly; then he and Mose were alone.

A heavy, low hung cloud had swung across the moon, and a night wind shivered along the plateau. The baying of the hound was very near now; it had a strange thirsty sound, and the flickering lights of the torches showed dark mounted figures on the trail. The glossy leaves of the madronos rustled a little, and one tiny ray of light filtered its way through the branches, and rested on a pair of fierce, wide eyes. Morgan, the sheriff, was the first to reach the cabin.

He rode slowly round it, but Brandy, a satin-coated dog, gave one triumphant yelp, and tracked straight to the door.

"Um-humph!" said the Sheriff, "I thought so!" He swung off from his horse and tied him to the madrono tree, then leaned carelessly against the smooth red trunk and waited for the others. A hand crept through the leaves; one finger rested lightly on a slim trigger and a steel-rimmed mouth was pressed almost to the Sheriff's head, and drawn back again. Just then the other men came up; there were four of them.

"We've got him, easy enough," laughed Morgan, with a sideways motion of his head toward the house. "You take the door, Ralston," he went on, "and Roberts and Frank the window. Casey will come with me, though I don't imagine we'll have much trouble; we're too many for him. And that half-witted kid—" his voice softened—"poor little shaver!"

He drew out a pair of handcuffs and passed them to his deputy, felt mechanically for his revolver, and sauntered towards the cabin. The door was unfastened and yielded easily. Brandy, with an impatient whine, pushed his way in ahead, and stood sniffing a moment in perplexity. The light that Morgan carried revealed a cheerless little room, bare save for a few homely necessities. On the strip of sheepskin before the bed sat Phil, with his arms about his dog.

"Where's Seth Maroux?" asked the Sheriff, abruptly.

The child rubbed his eyes in a frightened, sleepy way, and began to cry.

"None of that, now!" said the man. "We won't hurt you; we want Seth Maroux; where is he?"

"You can't get brains out of an idiot," muttered Casey.

Brandy was making frantic circles round the room, with his nose to the floor, and giving intermittent yelps of rage. Mose had risen, and his lithe, wolfish figure slunk among the shadows to the door. He was very quiet; his bristly gray hair stood erect along his back and neck; his eyes grew small and red, but nobody observed him.

"Look here, boy," said Morgan, "we know Maroux is here. Tell us where—that's a good little chap." He held out

a silver quarter invitingly. Brandy was sniffing in excitement at the safe, and a look of cunning crept into the child's eyes.

"He hided from me once up there," he said meditatively, pointing to the ladder.

"Why, of course," chuckled the Sheriff.

The two men climbed cautiously up. It was very still in the little room below, except for the yelping of the hound in his vain efforts to follow. When they came down again, Casey was in advance; his dark face was livid with anger. "You young blackguard," he cried, "you ugly half-witted brat!" and he brought his hand across the boy's face with a stinging blow. "I've a notion to thrash you till you can't stand! When did Maroux go away?"

The boy was quivering with pain, but he looked defiantly up into the man's face.

"My Sethyl told me not to tell," he said.

Just then Brandy gave a long tremulous bay, and started for the door. At the threshold a gray object leaped from the shadow, and Mose's white fangs were fastened in the bloodhound's throat. Over and over they rolled, hissing and frothing in rage. Roberts and Frank left their posts at the windows; Ralston left his at the door, and nobody knew that a figure had dropped from the madrono tree, nor that Morgan's horse was untied and was threading his way up through the manzanita to the open, thence to speed away over the mountain. In the cabin all was excitement, for Mose was getting the best of it.

"Shoot the cur!" yelled Ralston, and Casey leveled his revolver.

"Oh, Mosie, Mosie!" cried the child, running toward him. Then two hot-tempered bullets whined in the air, and something fell.

"My God!" exclaimed the Sheriff, "it's the kid!"

The smoke cleared and the men dragged the dogs apart, but the child lay with a warm red stream soaking one little sleeve. Morgan picked him up, and laid him gently on the bed. The boy's lips moved, and the man bent close to him.

"You hurted," he said, "but I didn't tell!"

CROSS ROADS

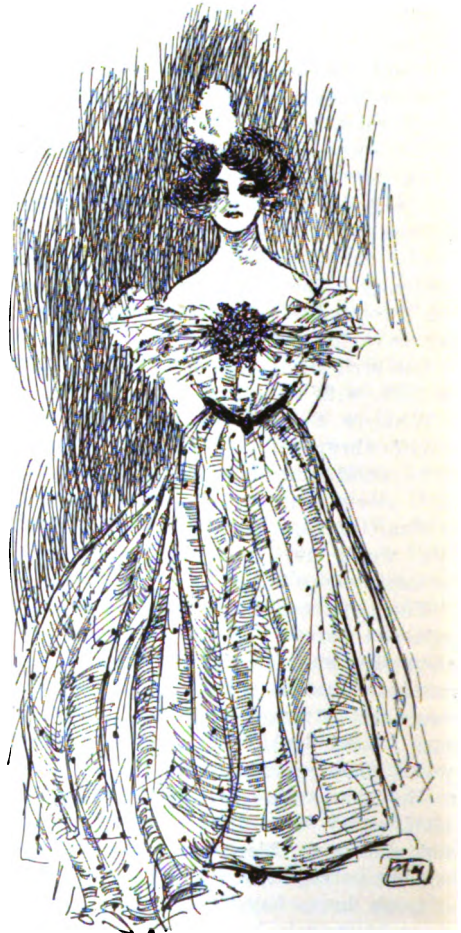
BY MARY HARDING.

IT took a great length of time for people to decide that the Harringtons had separated, but when Jack Harrington cruised on his yacht for months and months, and Mrs. Jack prolonged her stay on the continent indefinitely, "society" began to think that there was some truth in the rumor after all. Finally, "poor Jack," as his friends for some occult reason always dubbed him, went off with a friend to India—"tiger hunting," he said, but those who knew of the dangerous epidemic of fever that was raging there at the time surmised that if there was any hunting to be done, he would be the one to be caught, and Death would be the tiger.

It was then that little pink and white blondes, attired in frills and lace, would sit and nibble cake and drink weak tea from tiny Dresden cups, and murmur to their dearest friends that the truth was out at last—the Harringtons had separated. How dreadful! Their mammas said that it was a discreet way of doing it. What was the use of scenes? And still worse it was to live in the same house and yet be thousands of miles apart, and call each other "My dear" at teas. Going abroad indefinitely or cruising or hunting, was so much better; truly they had behaved admirably to the end.

The truth was that the rupture in the Harrington's career of true love was due to a mere trifle, but it was as damning as sworn evidence could ever be. There are some things a wife can explain to her husband, and then, there are others that not all the inventive genius, of which some women are capable on occasions, could explain or construe into an appearance of innocence. It happened in this wise. Harrington had a "best friend." Now, in books or sermons, a "best friend" seems to be a thing greatly to be coveted, but in real life, when one has a handsome wife, they do not always prove to be such

a boon. Reynolds' name was whispered about at the club in connection with Mrs. Jack's, no one knew exactly why. Of course, being a particular friend of her husband's he was there more often than the rest, but he was no more attentive to her than any man should be to a married woman—that is, according to the ethics of the "smart set" to which they belonged. Harrington knew that



Reynolds admired his wife, but who could help doing that. He was used to having men admire her. She was always such a vision of loveliness, with her heavy gold hair, violet eyes, and pouting rosebud mouth. Truly it was always a marvel to him that such an angel of loveliness and beauty should ever have cared for him; to be sure, he was rich and good-looking, and a few other things, but what was that in comparison—to her. He could hear his friends gush about her with a certain tolerance, for he felt perfect confidence and security in her love, and why not? She was a model wife. But the tabbies at the club whispered over their high balls, and awaited developments.

He remembered once, not so very long ago, how foolish he had been. He had returned rather earlier than usual, and, glad at the thought of spending a few delicious moments with her, had hurried up stairs. The little luxurious nest, with its divan piled up with cushions of rose and white, and the palest of Nile green satin, was empty. He was about to enter the adjoining room, when Mrs. Jack opened the door. She held her skirt a bit high about the daintiest of high-heeled slippers; her hair was rakishly tumbled; flushed, smiling, with a loving look of welcome in her eyes, she presented a charming picture, but his attention was centered elsewhere for once, for on top of one of the dainty white cushions was a little heap of gray ashes, and the room was strangely redolent of tobacco—not so very stale either. With a laugh, Mrs. Jack came forward and flicked them off with her finger. "A confession, my dear. A habit I have recently learned. There is a fad just now among us women for these entrancing Russian cigarettes, and so I indulge; not very often, just once in a while when I am nervous and distraught—waiting for you!" His relief was so sudden and overwhelming that it had almost seemed to him as if he had been born again after centuries of torture. He took her in his arms, and choking something back in his throat, kissed her. He had sworn then that he would never defile her again by so much as a thought, and he had kept his word. It was the first time

that suspicion had entered his soul, and it had seared and scorched him, but he had flung it from him with loathing, and had killed it, so he thought.

It was at a hunt breakfast a few weeks after that "poor Jack" was made to realize that a certain reptile, credited with emerald eyes, was a very hard thing to kill, and that, try as he would, it hissed and surged and tossed him about like sea-wrack in a storm. One of Mrs. Jack's cat-like enemies had taken him to one side and had spoken of strange things—of a rose and a kiss that were given to Reynolds at a certain dance. She got no further. He longed that she might have been a man, so he could have struck her; as it was, he could only inform her of his implicit confidence and trust in his wife, and of his immeasurable contempt for such women as she. It was a somewhat bitter revenge for the lady in question. She had hoped for better things. A few years back, before he had met the present Mrs. Jack, she had been very much in love with him, and had let him know it, to no purpose. How exquisite it would have been to have caused him to find out that his marriage was not quite such a success. On the way home, he spoke of the occurrence to his wife. "It was one of that idiotic, spiteful Mrs. Van Alston's stories," she said. When they reached home, Reynolds was there. "Just fancy," Mrs. Jack cried in her pretty little drawl, "what a dreadful story my old enemy, Mrs. Van Alston, has seen fit to tell Jack." Then followed a presentation of the episode that would have done credit to a professional humorist.

Jack smiled, and Reynolds laughed lightly. "Of such are the Kingdom of Heaven," he said, and then, changing the subject, he drew something out of his pocket. "What do you think of my latest possession? I picked it up at a curio store. It's the oddest pipe I think I ever saw, and the inscription on it is beyond me. See if you can make it out," he said, handing it to them. Mrs. Jack gave a little shudder of disdain, and turned away. "It's a horrible looking thing," she said, "and it smells like a whole pipe factory. I wouldn't have it near me for worlds." It was ugly. The

bowl represented a skull, there were cross-bones all over it, and it was stained and yellow with age. "You surely don't intend to smoke it," Jack said. "Why not? That's what I bought it for. It's a first rate pipe, and I'm rather fond of it. You know how I like odd things. I am going to take it home with me and clean it, and have it with me as my inseparable companion, a sort of guardian angel," he concluded, as he laughingly put it away.

Next morning, Jack was waiting in the hall, writing a few lines of memoranda, when he heard his wife's name mentioned. The voice was her maid's, the recipient the coachman. "If I was Mr. Jack," it said, "I'd just look out for that lean, lank friend of his." He could not hear the man's answer, it was too low, but her reply was loud enough—it seemed like a bombshell to his ears. "Yes she does. I know it, I tell you. Why, she's going to see him this very afternoon. I heard her say so." There was a slight scuffling sound, a smothered exclamation of supposed wrath, the sound of a kiss, and an exit. But of these things he heard nothing. He put his hat on unsteadily like a man under the influence of opium or drink. Mrs. Jack received a telegram that morning saying he would be detained until late that night—important business.

* * * * *

At four o'clock there was a light hurried step on the stairs. It rose and fell

in quick agitation—and then Jack stood at his wife's door, his heart still, almost lifeless. She was reclining on a divan reading the latest book that he had given her, a stirring tale of adventure. He had never seen her look so lovely. The excitement of the story had whipped a most becoming shade of rose in her cheek; her hair was in tangled disarray, like a sea of gold in a storm; an adorable little lace petticoat fell beneath the loose dressing jacket. She looked up and smiled. "Dear Jack," she murmured, "how good of you to come home. I thought, from your telegram that horrid old business was going to keep you away all afternoon."

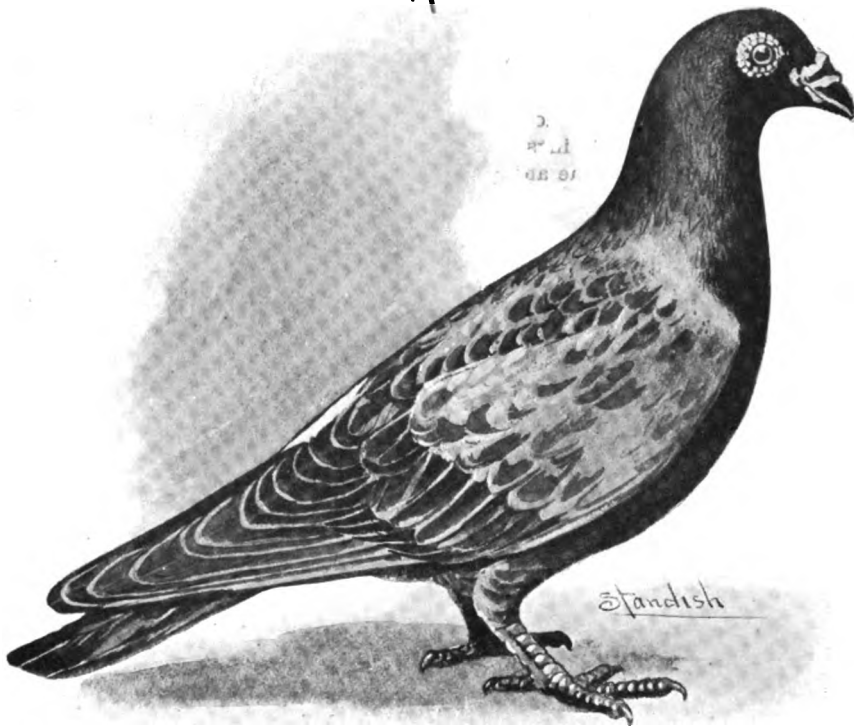
He was a brute. He cursed himself for his vile suspicions. How could he suspect the dearest, truest, most charming little woman in the world. She reached her hand out to him, and he started forward ready to cover it with kisses, but as he passed the door that led into his wife's bedroom, he stumbled over a small object on the floor. With a muttered imprecation he kicked it to one side, and it fell directly between them. His eyes unconsciously followed it. They both glared.

"That's only your pipe, Jack," she said and she laughed nervously, "you should not get into such a rage about it—come and kiss me."

He seemed to have become a living statue.

"It isn't my pipe," he said; "it's Reynolds's."





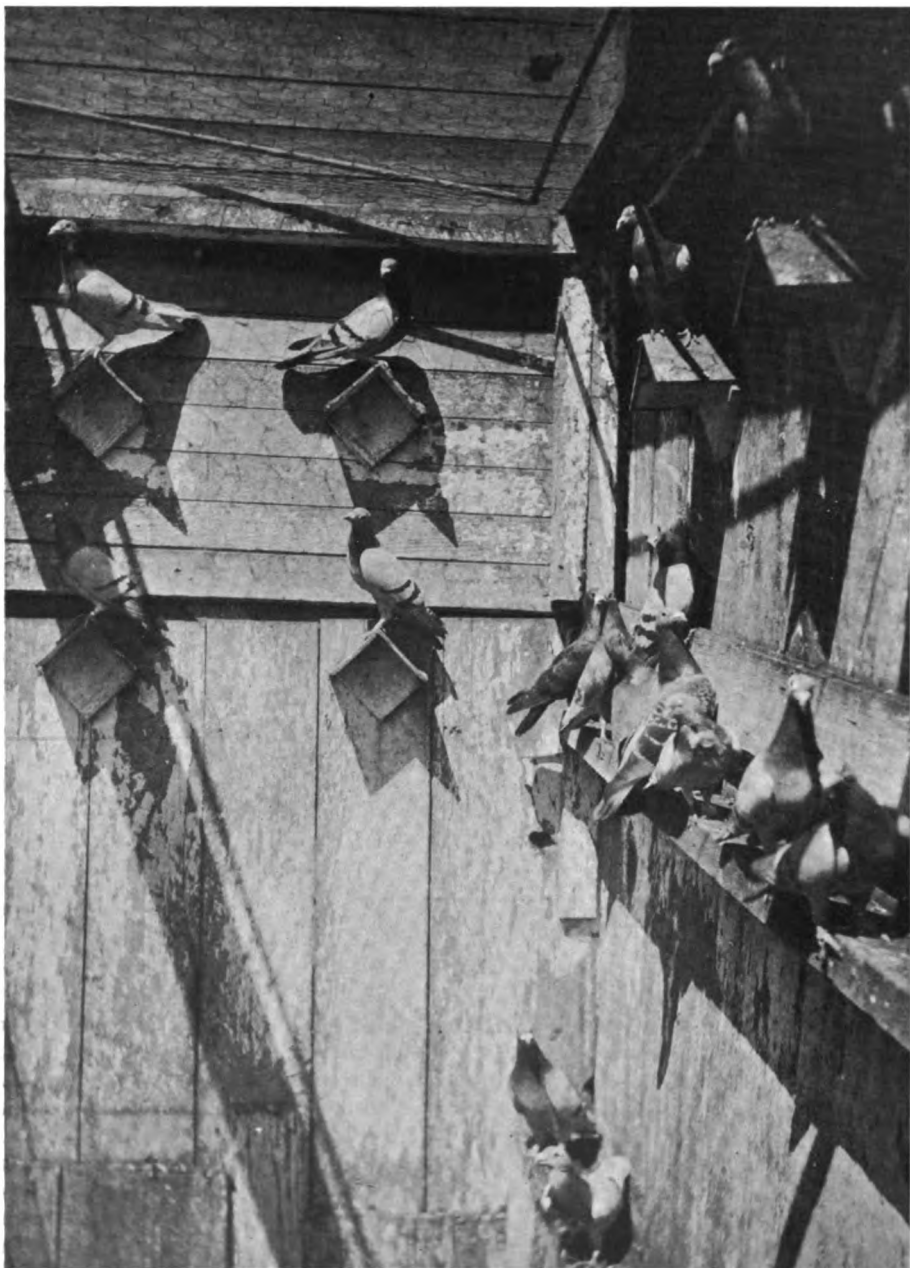
Lady Ray.

HOMING PIGEONS IN LOCAL LOFTS.

BY THEODORE GONTZ.

WHEN Morse so improved the electric telegraph as to bring it into common use, it was generally supposed that he had given a more or less useful appliance to the world; and in the light of recent history, the unbiased observer cannot but admit that the world's snap judgment on Morse's invention erred on the side of conservatism, if it erred at all. Yet it will surprise that gifted person, the "average reader," when I tell him that burghers of Leyden in the 16th century saved their city by means of an appliance which, in its simplicity, puts the tele-

graph to the blush, which runs less risk of destruction at the hand of a watchful enemy, and which will actually convey news to print in less time than the latest improved "ticker" at the railroad station. This is a sweeping assertion, but facts have proved it in a measure, and if my statements do not carry sufficient weight to convince, ask the viziers of Uncle Sam why carrier pigeons are kept so carefully against some fearful emergency at our naval stations on Mare Island, at Key West, at Norfolk, at Annapolis, at Newport, and at Portsmouth. By this, of course, I do not mean to say that tele-

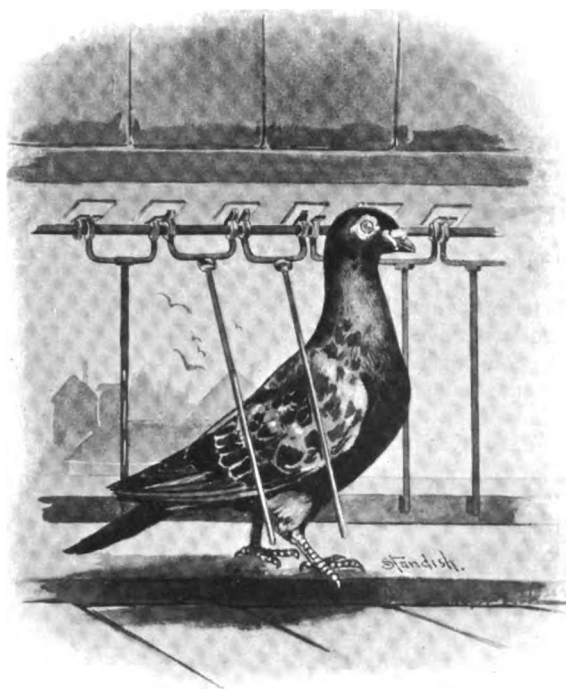


The "Detention Shed."

graph lines should be torn down, post and wire, from the Atlantic to the Pacific seaboard, and pigeon lofts erected in their stead, but I maintain that even in our advanced age there may be times of stress when the primitive instinct of a home-bound dove may save the American Republic as it saved the Dutch Republic of yore; that the bird which bore the green branch to Noah's ark may prove of more actual benefit to a distressed people than all the artificial devices

a number of smaller towns each owning its model cotes, with a plentiful number of homers of fine breed. Some years ago the Chamber of Commerce of San Francisco voted to maintain a regular pigeon post between the city and the Farallone Islands—a wise precaution in case of emergency.

Among local lofts are George G. Gauld's "Presidio Lofts," and E. G. Koenig's "Sunset Cote," both of which are stocked with birds of fine pedigree and fitted out with

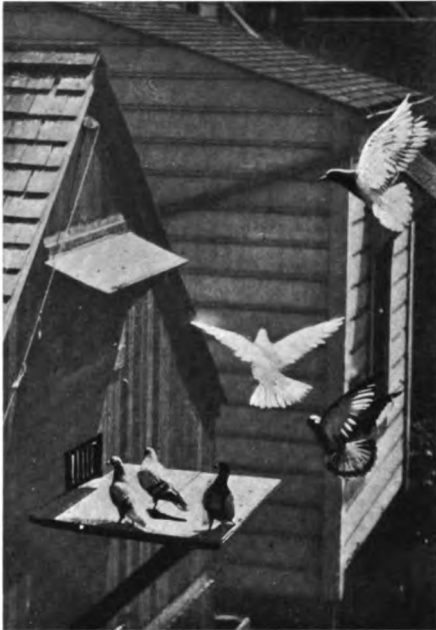


The electric trap.

which our great age has originated.

For many years past the breeding of homing pigeons has been popular in California. The birds were first introduced among us by the Germans who, not forgetting the story of their cousins, the Dutch, are nationally great fanciers of the beautiful birds. Of late the number of fanciers has increased until to-day good lofts are numerous in our State, San Francisco, Sacramento, Los Angeles and

the latest improvements for timing and breeding. An up-to-date pigeon loft is no simple matter. The house must be airy but free from draught, since even California pigeons are prone to consumption. Mated pigeons are given their separate nests with numbers to correspond with that of the aluminum band which every high-born pigeon has placed about his ankle at babyhood. The nests are well bedded with tobacco stalks,



At the finish of a race.

which answer all purposes and effectively prevent the encroachment of those vermin which prey upon domestic fowls.

But most marvellous among the conveniences which I have seen is the electric trap, the tell-tale device which records the entrance of the birds and tells instantly the result of a race. The trap as shown in the illustration accompanying this article, is composed of some half-dozen metal bars hung by hinges at the top to the inside of a small oblong window. At the beginning of a race all the birds not concerned are shut away in a small compartment at the back of the loft so as not to interfere with the racers. All free entrances to the loft are shut, leaving no opening but that over which the small hinge bars hang. The pigeons immediately make for the trap and, passing in, swing up the wire bars which stand in their way. The swinging of the bars creates an electric current which passes over the wire to the residence of the owner, simultaneously ringing a bell and stopping the hands of a patent clock.

The speed and persistence of a homing pigeon is almost beyond belief. In 1897 "Lady Ray," belonging to a local fancier,

left the Wells Fargo depot in San Jose in a rain storm with a high wind blowing head on. The bird was released at 1 p. m. and was recorded as arrived at 2:17. In 1899 several birds were released as an experiment from Shell Mound picnic grounds, bearing to a San Francisco daily newspaper the results of a race. Ten minutes after the sending of the message the news was printed and in the hands of newsboys. Those who have cursed the slowness of the American messenger boy may appreciate such promptness. On May 25, 1898, at the memorable departure of the First California Volunteers, the same famous homer, "Lady Ray," was sent with the following message to a San Francisco newspaper:

"On Board the U. S. Transport City of Peking, off Point Bonito.—San Francisco has done herself credit. No troops departing for war have ever received such an ovation; I would thank you to send to my wife a copy of the issue describing



Stop clock and electric bell.

the departure of the transports. Her address is Mrs. W. C. Gibson, 62 Cambridge Place, Brooklyn, N. Y. The First California is as yet raw, but in a short time will be in good shape to meet the Dons. No finer material for making good soldiers ever enlisted under our flag. Everything is working finely. The weather is fine, the omens are propitious. We expect to make a good run to Honolulu.

W. C. GIBSON,
Commander U. S. N."

The message was written on a sheet of tissue paper, rolled and thrust into a quill which was tied to the bird's tail. In 25 minutes from the departure the message was in the hands of the printer.

Late in April, this year, some remarkable records were made in San Francisco during the first race of the season held by the California Pigeon and Homing Society. A large number of birds were released at Redding, their course to be a little over 194 miles to San Francisco. The birds were released at 7:01 a. m., and the winning homer—a bird belonging to J. S. Barnes' lofts—arrived at 10:08 a. m., the course being covered in three hours,

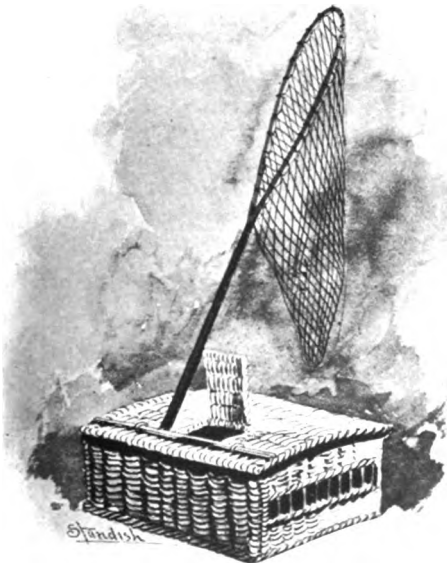


Catching birds for shipment.

seven and a quarter minutes. A pigeon only four months and twelve days old covered 1732 yards a minute in the same race.

Racing pigeons are shipped to the starting point in shipping baskets which are generally entrusted to local Wells Fargo agents. The pigeons are freed through a small lid in the roof, a stopwatch recording the time. An accompanying illustration shows a pigeon fancier preparing to ship a bird which he has caught in the net he holds.

The home life of these high-bred birds is an interesting one. Passionately fond of their nests, their young, their mates and all things that pertain to home, it is interesting to note how strongly the ruling instinct, that will carry them unerringly through miles of space, is manifested in the domestic retreat. Mated pigeons are "married" for life, and any deviation from faithfulness on the part of the birds is practically unknown to breeders. The hatching of eggs is not left selfishly to either husband or wife, as among so many other species of birds, but is generally shared by both parties to the contract. It is interesting to note



Shipping basket. (Homing pigeons.)

with what regularity "shifts" are changed during the sixteen days of incubation. From 10 till 3 o'clock daily, the mother bird sits on the eggs, and at the latter hour the father takes his turn and gives the wife a chance for an outing.

As a staple of diet wheat is fed regularly, only the cleanest and most perfect grains being allowed. Unclean wheat causes "canker," a prevalent disease among pigeons. Marble dust is kept always on hand, not as food, but as a "grinder" to be taken into the crop. The average pigeon consumes about a pound of marble dust each year. Hemp-seed is fed, but only sparingly. It is considered a great delicacy among the dwellers of the lofts, and on the occasions when this seed is fed the pigeons behave much like children enjoying a Christmas dinner.

Herewith is given an illustration of a "detention shed" in a local loft. The pigeons confined behind the screen were

not born in this loft, but were imported at an early age from various cotes about the State. The prisoners in this shed are only kept for breeding purposes and are never entered into a race or allowed a moment's liberty, for should any of them be freed, even after years of residence away from their native lofts, they would return instantly to their first home.

Of late years the uses of the homing pigeon have increased. To-day every isolated light house or signal station along the Coast has its loft to bear signals of distress or to transact necessary business. Many remote wheat and sheep ranches in California and New Mexico have also used pigeons to advantage as a means of inter-communication and the raising of homing stock has become a pleasant vocation as well as a mere hobby to the lonely ranchers whom necessity has removed far from the noisy centres of modern life.

THE OREGON RUFFED GROUSE.

BY HERBERT BASHFORD

A lover of dim ways in woodland shade
 Is he whose martial music shakes the still,
 Cool air where lilacs drowse and silver rill
 Alone draws light adown the gloomy glade,
 And, deep within the hush, dark moss is laid
 That Solitude may roam from hill to hill
 With soundless tread, and, where no bird's glad trill
 Ere breaks the iron silence God has made.
 To haunt the ancient wood is his delight,
 Beneath low-drooping boughs that shadow all
 The dreamy pools, and when, care-worn, we come
 To where the wilderness makes of the night
 A dusky slave forever held in thrall,
 How sweet to hear the throbbing of his drum!

THE HOME SHOT

BY HELEN SHAFTER.

A CROSS the Potrero the first cool light of early morning sought to penetrate the dark border of pines. In the open an occasional green shrub gave character to the colorless level of sun-dried brake. Toward the middle of the slope, two does suddenly made their appearance from the forest, stepping through the ferns with dainty tread, in search of the fresh green food beneath. Once they raised their heads and stood intent, but soon dropped them again to their interrupted repast. A young woman, standing in the border of pines to the left, raised her gun at their appearance, but seeing the dearth of horns, let it drop to a level again. To the right a man hidden behind a bush, gazed intently in the direction from which the does had come. Suddenly a dark head, crowned with a graceful pair of antlers, rose sharply against the green of the forest. With one report, two shots rang out on the morning air, and the buck, with a start and a bound, fell forward on his knees, then keeled over into the fern. A cry of surprise issued from the lips of the man, but the girl rushed forward with eager delight, until she had reached the fallen beauty of the forest. Her gaze of mingled triumph and pity, changed suddenly to amazement when a man appeared in the bracken opposite her. There was nothing very alarming about his looks, however, as he seemed perfectly civilized, in an up-to-date corduroy hunting suit. Notwithstanding the look of astonishment on his face, he smilingly took off his hat, and said:

"Not a bad shot for my second deer—do you think so?"

At this the young lady reddened slightly.

"But for my first shot, I think it was better," and she darted a defiant glance in his direction.

Well, this was a fix to be in and Warren saw a bet of twenty dollars at the club fade slowly away, beneath the gaze of this scornful druidess.

"Oh, undoubtedly, if you can add a Q. E. D. to that remark," he ventured, in a faint hope of confounding her through unaccustomed channels.

For a second she looked doubtfully at the animal at her feet, then suddenly turned to him with a brightened expression.

"I never was good in mathematics—no doubt you, with your knowledge, can solve the problem much better than I." An expression of some interest came over his face at the saucy impudence of the retort, which was deepened by a better view of the young lady herself. She had very frank, blue eyes, and carried her brown head with a certain haughty grace that fitted in very well with the freedom of the scene. She was evidently worth placating.

"I would not be the one to gainsay you, I'm sure," he answered. Stooping over the prostrate buck, he turned its head to one side, and showed a wound through the temple.

"And where is your shot? Didn't you hit him at all?" she asked quickly, with a defiant air, but down-cast eyes.

"Evidently not; I'm not in luck to-day, it would seem," he remarked with quiet sarcasm.

"Oh, do you think so?" and the young lady looked a little nettled. After a short silence she remarked: "I'm really very sorry you should be so unlucky." As he did not deign an answer, she continued: "Are you really so awfully cut up about it?"

"If I measured my sorrow by your sympathy, it would be truly heart-rending, I am sure," he answered in his former tone.

"And if I should liken sympathy to pearls, I should feel as if I were wasting them awfully, just now," was the quick retort.

He flushed slightly—then deliberately seated himself beside the fallen buck, touching its silken hide gently with one hand.

"Two victims, slain by your cruel darts. My place shall be by my brother in misfortune," he replied.

"But you have the power to arise," she said, smiling hopefully.

"Not until Circe lifts her spell," and he crossed his arms and gazed at her with mock gallantry.

A fallen log lay near, and on this she perched herself, resting her face on her hand.

"I could almost make up my mind to spend the whole morning here—I often do, and it is lovely—only this morning there seems to be something that takes away the usual charm," she remarked, meditatively.

They sat there in uninterrupted silence for several minutes. He thought this wasn't such a bad sort of way to spend a holiday—by the side of a very charming, if somewhat headstrong young woman. The experience was really worth the buck, but there was no hurry about retiring from his position. The morning was still young, and—well, they were young, too. His complacency was soon destroyed, however, by a sharp pain that darted through his arm. Looking down, to his great surprise he noticed a tiny stream of blood trickling down his wrist. He glanced quickly at the girl, but saw she had not observed his movement. Just then she arose with a little yawn, and said she thought she would go on and get her horse, as he must be restless, standing in the bush so long. With an agility that betokened familiarity with tramping over rough ground, she made her way through the brake in the direction of the woods.

Warren pulled up his sleeve as far as it would go, and found a wound that appeared to have broken a blood vessel. Like a flash he realized the truth. The young woman's bullet had grazed his arm. This was conclusive proof as to

the merits of their dispute, anyway. But with the certainty of success, all desire for the buck seemed to desert him entirely. "If I let her know about this, it will distress her needlessly. I'll say nothing about it," he thought. Fastening his handkerchief roughly about his arm with the help of his teeth, he pulled his sleeve into place again.

Across the open the girl came, cantering over stumps and ferns, riding astride, as is the fashion of the west, in short skirts and leggings. She rode up beside the deer, and stood there looking down upon it, with a puzzled expression.

"Shall I tell you what you are thinking about?" he asked with a smile.

"As I am very conscious of the weight of my thoughts, I would not have you burdened unnecessarily," she answered, with a sly glance at his face.

"You are really charming," he thought, "and I am going to take you by surprise."

"But you will allow me to help you up with the weight of that deer, at any rate, will you not?"

She gave him one dazzling look of thanks, and, as she dropped her gaze again, he thought he saw her lip tremble slightly.

"You are very kind, I'm sure. I don't know whether I ought to accept it or not, under the circumstances," she ventured.

He laughed lightly, and jumped from his seat on the ground. As he did so, his head seemed a little dizzy, and for a second he did not feel quite sure of his footing. Nevertheless, he held out his hand to her, and she sprang lightly to the ground.

"He's an awfully big fellow, and quite a load for one man and a girl to lift," she said. "I make it a consideration that you take half of the venison home—please," she added, wistfully.

"Why, and is venison so precious?" he laughed.

"Oh, I see, it's the honor you value," and she drew her brows together in deep thought.

"Oh, I have a splendid plan," she cried, suddenly, her face full of mischief. "You take half the deer, and tell your expectant friends that in an excess of gallantry you gave the other half to a young lady

—whom you know—and I will tell my people that I met a poor young man who looked hungry and miserable, and I gave half of my deer to him. How does that strike you?"

"Well, let me think—I will on one condition, and that is that you go with me as a surety to my tale."

"Why, will you need one?" she answered, doubtfully.

"Well, if you must know—it pains me to tell you—they would never believe me capable of such generosity, unless they saw you. You would be convincing."

She blushed and turned her head away as she answered:

"We can settle that question later. It is a mere detail."

Warren felt satisfied—that meant her company on the way home. Meantime, his head did not feel any steadier, and he lifted the deer with some qualms as to his strength. As he gave it the final lunge onto the horse, he felt something in his arm give way. He felt a hot flood gush down his hand, and before he knew what had happened, his senses sank into nothingness. Ten minutes later he felt a soft hand pushing back his hair, and a sound of suppressed sobs close to his ears.

"Oh, I have killed him—killed him—and all the time he never let me know," she sobbed.

Consciousness came back very quickly, but he kept his eyes closed, as he felt the thrill of the cool hands on his face. However, a light kiss on his brow left him no choice but to glance up quickly and meet two startled blue eyes looking into his own.

"Oh, I thought you were dead," she whispered, faintly.

"Please don't explain; I am all too sure of that," he answered.

"Does it pain you very much?" she asked, anxiously. "I've done it up with a handkerchief twisted around with a

stone in it, and I don't think it can bleed any more."

"I'm all right, only don't take your hand away; I might faint again, you know," he answered, meekly.

She immediately drew it away. "I think you will live this time—long enough to shoot your third deer," she added, demurely.

His expression was such that she rose precipitately, and asked him if he would like a drink of water. Without waiting for an answer, she untied a tin cup from the saddle, and ran off through the ferns toward the forest.

When she returned, sedately carrying the cup of water, he had arisen to a sitting posture, but looked very pale and wan. She gave him the water, and watched him with a sober face while he drank it.

"Now, I suppose I had better hurry home and send somebody up for you," she said.

"And leave me to keel over again," he answered in an abused tone, internally making up his mind to make the most of this unexpected thaw.

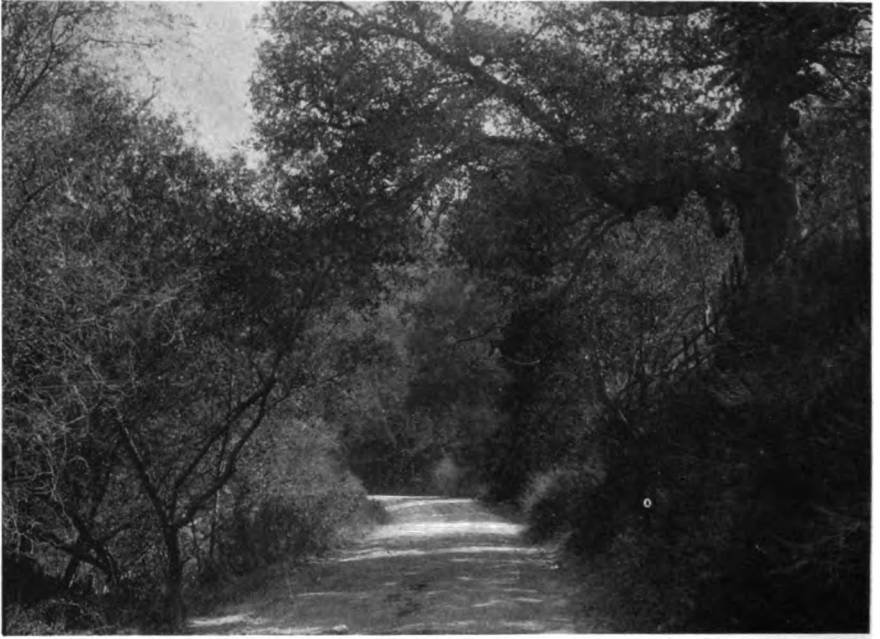
"Oh, then I won't, but how will you get back?" she asked, anxiously. "Perhaps with my help and the horse—why can't I dump the deer off?" she cried with a look of inspiration.

He looked at her with a twinkle in his eyes, while she colored vividly.

"That precious deer is finally ousted, it would seem," he remarked with satisfaction—but strictly to himself. "That is a sacrifice that I could not possibly accept," he answered aloud. "I think that by proceeding slowly, with your kind assistance and the horse's, I will have no trouble in walking home."

The trip home would not have been a record-breaker, but it was eventually arranged that, to prevent accidents in the future, they would stand on the same side of the Potrero when they went hunting.





Driveway in foothills, Santa Clara County.

Rose Carnival and Santa Clara Valley

BY H. L. WELLS.

FROM ocean to ocean in his recent tour of the country, and from South to North along the entire coast line of the Pacific, President McKinley must have failed to find a spot that appealed so much to his sense of beauty and suggested to him so much of comfort and prosperity and happiness of the people as the lovely valley of Santa Clara. His train descended into it from the redwood forests of the Santa Cruz Mountains, ushering him suddenly into a perfect garden of Eden, a garden of fruits and flowers as far as the eye could see, of grassy meadows and parks of live oak trees, of vineyards, of towns and cities, and schools and churches, and prosperous and happy people; of bright and sunny skies and cool ocean breezes; the very garden spot of California, and representative of all for which that name stands the world over.

Not content with showing the President the wonderful natural beauties of the valley, the people prepared for his delectation a carnival of roses, a fête of flowers, in which millions of the beautiful blooms that make the scene bright the whole year round, but in which nature especially revels in the springtime, were displayed in numerous ways for his enjoyment. The streets were gayly and profusely decorated with redwood boughs and palm leaves and flowers, and hung with national flags and carnival flags of gold and crimson; enormous and beautiful floral arches were constructed in the public park, and especially made for the astonishment and delight of the President was a huge bouquet twenty feet high and a hundred feet in circumference, and containing more than a ton of flowers. There was a floral parade of half a hundred floats, representative of



1. Almond orchard in February.
2. St. James Park, San Jose.

3. 10,000 roses blooming on a single bush.



1. Prune orchard in bloom.
2. Prune drying, Santa Clara County.

Hill Photo.

many beautiful conceptions, most of them prepared by the public schools, with illuminations and illustrated concerts at night, an illuminated parade, a battle of flowers, and numerous other carnival features that continued three days and nights. Not the least enjoyable must have been the drive through the orchards and over the splendid highways and along the shaded avenues lead-

mer nights, is to be found concentrated in the lovely valley of the Santa Clara. Here the orange and the lemon and the fig grow by the side of the prune, the pear and the cherry; here the eye at times rests upon a mantle of snow on the summit of the encircling mountains, and at the same time upon the equally white calla lily growing by thousands in the valley, with geraniums, roses, and

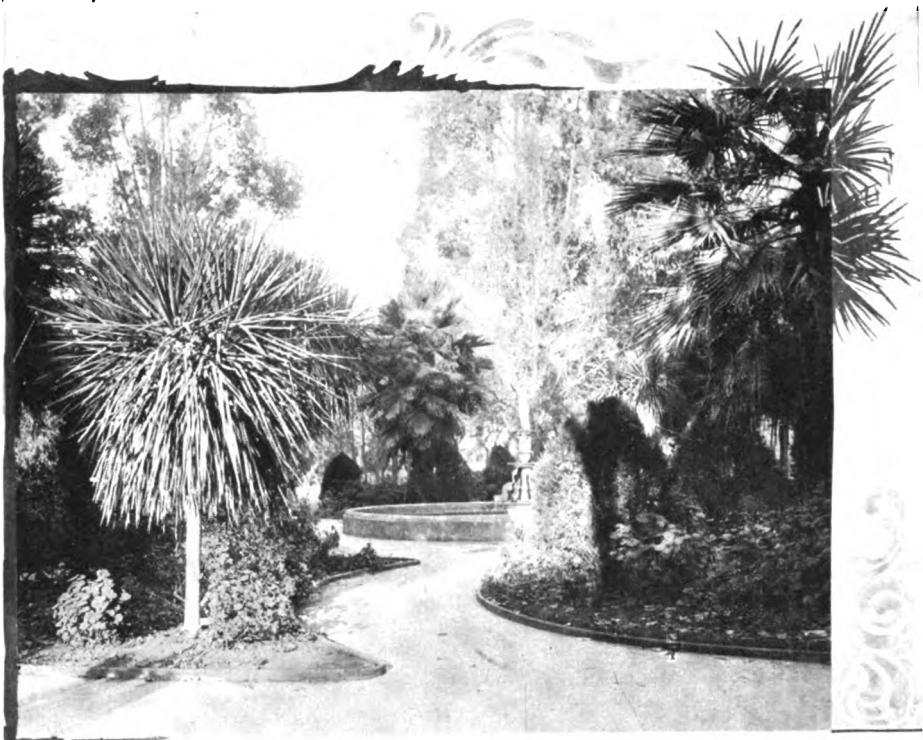


Artesian well near San Jose.

ing to them. The many distinguished visitors who took this drive in the enforced absence of the President may well have fallen captive to the charms of the valley and the floral greeting extended to them.

All that the word "California" stands for in fruits and flowers, sunshine and balmy breezes, mountain and valley, field and meadow, trees and running streams, delightful winters and cool sum-

palm trees to keep them company; here the temperate zone and the tropic mingle their climate and their products; here may be found the delights of every special section of the State, unaccompanied by the drawbacks to be found in the regions where those delights are the special and only attractive features; here one may literally live under his own vine and fig tree without the climatic discomforts associated in the mind with the



IN Alum Rock Park San Jose

1. St. James Park.
2. Alum Rock Park.

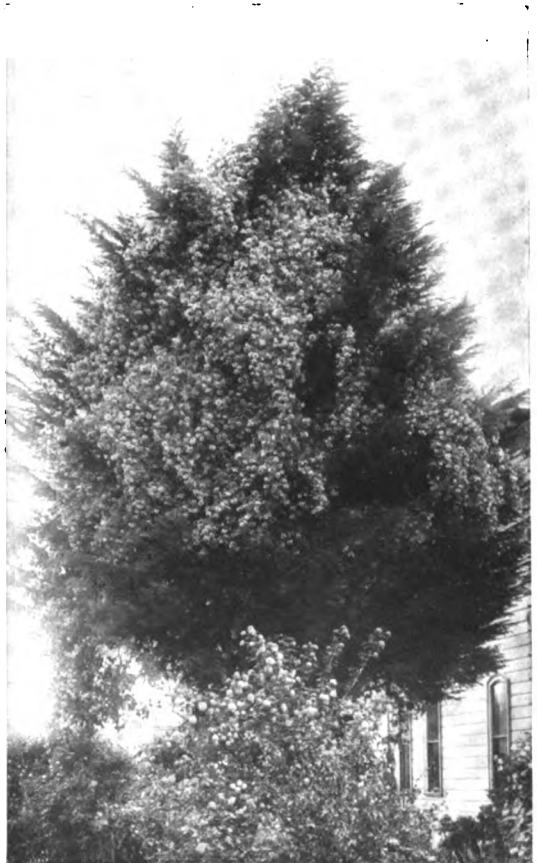
Tucker Photo

habitat of those tropic growths; here one may be comfortable both in summer and winter, and enjoy life in its fullest measure, with the beauties of nature enhanced by the skilled and loving hand of art, with a veritable horn of plenty pouring into his lap the bountiful products of the soil, the tree, and the vine; here is the ideal home of the man who has fought the strenuous battle of life and desires to pass its afternoon and evening in quiet enjoyment of all that nature can provide of beauty and bounty for his delectation; here, too, the man who still must struggle for the rewards of toil that may bless him and his family, finds in orchard, vineyard, and garden a golden opportunity, amid surroundings of comfort and facilities for enjoyment of life not found elsewhere in this broad expanse of the Union.

The Santa Clara Valley lies at the head of San Francisco bay and around and to the South of it, and is enclosed by the Mount Hamilton and Santa Cruz Mountains, portions of which are embraced with the valley in the limits of Santa Clara county. Within these limits is an area of a million acres, most of which is under such a high state of cultivation that the assessed valuation of property reaches the enormous total of \$51,000,000 on a very low percentage of valuation, as compared to the actual market value of the property. Within this area lives a population of 60,216, nearly one-half of them outside the limits of any city or town, while of property valuations more than two-thirds are outside municipal limits. These figures, eloquent as they are of rural prosperity, fail utterly to convey an adequate impression of the wealth, contentment and comfort of the thousands who live in the beautiful rural homes that line the splendid thoroughfares ramifying the county, and gain a livelihood from the cultivation of the soil, the vine and the tree.

This state of prosperity, of high cultivation of the soil, of high development of the comforts, the arts, the productiveness and graces of advanced civilization, has been the work of but half a century of American enterprise, in startling contrast with a longer period of stagnation

and arrested development under the rule of the Spaniard and Mexican. In 1769 the first missionary explorers of Spain gazed upon the valley from the crest of the encircling mountains. It was then one vast meadow of waving grass and blooming wild flowers, with thousands of beautiful oak trees dotting it and converting it into a mighty park, such as the hand of art would try in vain to imitate. A few years later a mission was established in the valley among the simple natives that occupied it, and in 1787 the pueblo of San Jose was founded, a mere collection of adobe huts, where the indolent Spaniard idled away his time and made only such exertion as was necessary to win from the bountiful earth the meagre sustenance he required. Thus it remained for half a century, growing



Mammoth rose tree near San Jose.



Methodist Episcopal Church.
Tucker Photo.

St. Joseph's Cathedral.
Unitarian Church, San Jose.

somewhat in population and the number of its habitations, while great herds of cattle grazed on its grassy meadows and foothills. Then came a change, gradually at first, and finally with a rush like the sweep of an avalanche. In 1830 the first Americans straggled into this country and saw that it was good. They settled down to live. Each year thereafter a few more came, until, in 1846, when Fremont raised the standard of the United States and began his conquest, there were enough in this valley and other portions of the State adjacent to it to form the small battallon with which he fought the Mexican rulers of the State.

In 1848 the treaty was signed with Mexico which gave California to the

that sprang up, or were engaged in transporting supplies to and from the mines. Then it was that the value of the valley grapes and fruit, already demonstrated through a long series of years in a small way by the Spaniards, was recognized and the foundation was laid for the wonderful development of the present time. Since that time the history of the valley has been one of cumulative American enterprise and energy, with such results as have not been accomplished elsewhere through many generations of cultivation of tree and vine in the most favored regions of the earth.

One of the oldest and best-known residents of the valley, the late Judge Belden, a few years ago gave the following

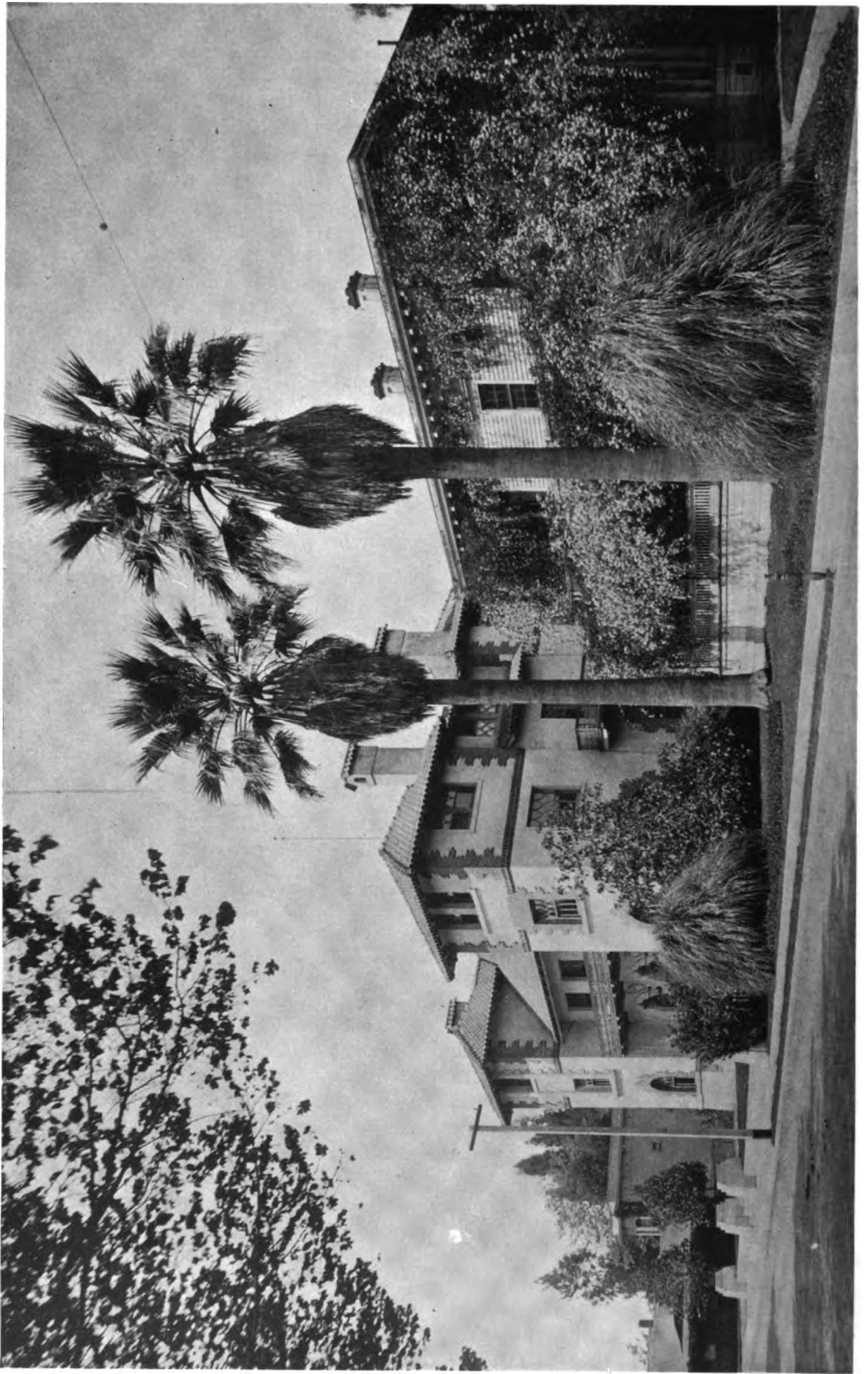


Insane Asylum, Agnews, Santa Clara County.

United States, and the same year was made that era-making discovery of gold at Sutter's Mill in the foothills of the Sierras. Then came the avalanche. In a year thousands of gold-hunters poured into California, and in another year the State was admitted into the Union as a full-fledged commonwealth, without undergoing the usual preliminary period of territorial government. Then it was that the genial climate and the prolific soil of Santa Clara Valley drew thousands of these new-comers, who took up land and began cultivating it to feed the other thousands who were engaged in the feverish search for gold in the mountains and foothills, or had embarked in business in San Francisco and other cities

eloquent tribute to its charms:

"To the visitor approaching the Santa Clara Valley each mile traversed ushers in some delightful surprise, introduces a new climate. If his advent be from the north, the hills of scanty verdure which encircle the bay recede upon either hand, and assume a softer contour and richer garb. The narrow roadway that skirts the salt marsh has widened to a broad and fertile valley that stretches as far as the eye can reach, in luxuriant fields of grass and grain, and miles upon miles of thrifty orchards. Bordering this verdant plain, in hues and splendors all their own, come the hills, and into the recesses of these hills creep the little valleys, and as they steal away in their



Saint Claire Club, San Jose.

Tucker Photo.

festal robes, they whisper of beauties beyond as yet unseen. In full keeping with the transformed landscape is the change of climate. The harsh, chill winds that pour in through the Golden Gate, and sweep over the peninsula, have abated their rough vigor as they spread over the valley, and, softened as they mingle with the currents from the south, meet as a zephyr in the widening plain.

"If the approach be from the south the traveler wearied with the desert

fruit, while the first rain brings again the verdure and the beauty of spring. 'An ocean of beauty!' exclaims the charmed beholder!"

A drive through the orchard region, such as was so recently enjoyed by the members of the President's party and those accompanying Governor Nash of Ohio, is one of continued charm and enjoyment, whether it be taken in the early spring, with the orchards laden with the beautiful and scented



Auditorium, Victory Theatre, San Jose.

Hill Photo.

and its hot, dry air, is conscious of a sudden change. The sterile desert has become a beautiful plain, and the air that comes as balm to the parched lungs is cool and soft and moist with the tempered breath of the sea. If it be spring or early summer, miles upon miles stretches the verdant plain; over it troops sunshine and shadow; across it ripple the waves. Summer but changes the hue and heaps the plains with abundant harvests of grain and

blooms, or during the long season of fruitage, which lasts from May until October. Yet it is in the springtime, when the orchards constitute one vast garden of flowers and the balmy spring air is in the nostrils and the rich golden hue of the California poppy tints the waysides and meadows, that such a drive yields its keenest delights. Imagination fails to conjure up the picture of a more delightful scene or supply the substance of more perfect enjoyment of the handi-



SEED FARMS
OF
C. MORSE & CO.
SANTA CLARA VALLEY.



1. Sweet Peas.
2. Salsify or oyster plant.

3. Onion field in bloom.

work of nature aided and developed by the labor of man. The roads are broad and well-kept boulevards leading through the very heart of the orchards, which border them for miles on either hand. One continuous mass of bloom stretches beyond the range of vision, while the air is laden with the perfume they exhale. The bright pink blossoms of the peach mingle with the pure white of the cherry, made warm by the reddish brown tint of the bare limbs behind them, while the smaller prune blossoms amid the

two months, and during all that period its delights may be experienced, though it is during the month of March that nature riots the most in the orchards, because of the predominance of the prune, peach, apricot and cherry.

Not the least interesting feature of the drive through the orchard region is the numerous ornamental trees that line the driveways here and there, making avenues of date and fan palms, of walnut trees, of pepper trees and of the giant and graceful eucalyptus, or Australian



Residence of J. H. Campbell, San Jose.

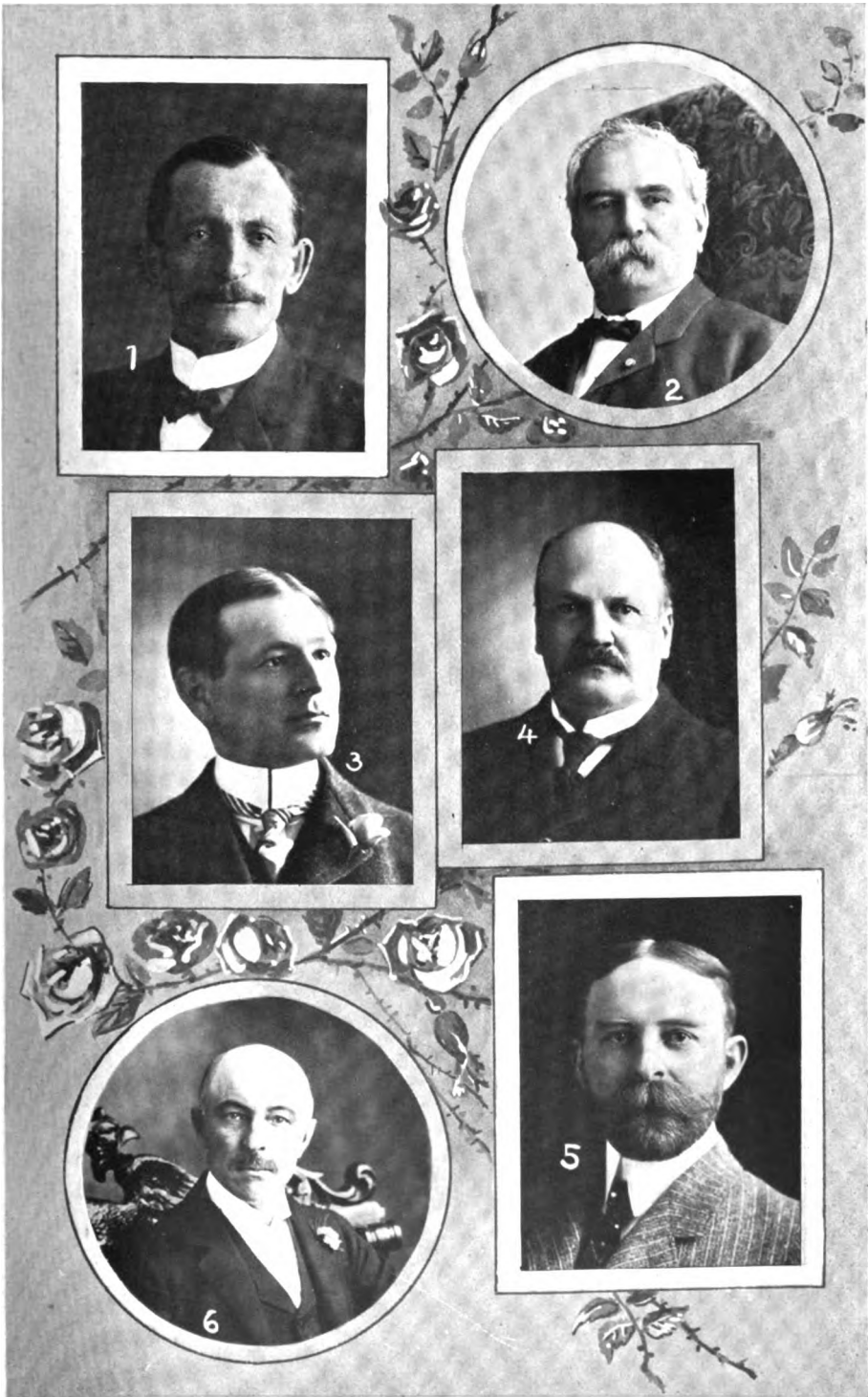
budding green leaves of the trees give to the miles of prune orchards a characteristic gray effect that dominates all. Earlier come the white blossoms of the almond, and later the pink and white apple blossoms, the most beautiful of all, companion with the pear blossoms to keep this orchard carnival for many weeks. From the time the almond trees whiten early in February until the last of the apple blossoming disappear, there is a continuous blossoming for nearly

gum trees. Many such avenues as these lead from the main roads up to the tree-embowered homes of the orchardists. These are not the typical rural homes of the ordinary agricultural districts, but resemble more the well-kept residences and grounds of the suburbs of a city, as in fact they are. Ornamental shade trees, magnolias, palms, peppers, elms, lindens, and conifers, with well-kept lawns and a profusion of flowers, carriage ways and graveled walks, all bear wit-



President McKinley and Presentation Bouquet.

Bushnell Photo.



Prominent members of Executive Committee, Rose Carnival, San Jose :
1. A. Greeninger, Director General. 2. Mayor C. J. Martin. 3. James D. Miner. 4. Captain A. B. Cash, Grand Marshal. 5. Dr. H. C. Brown. 6. W. C. Crossman.

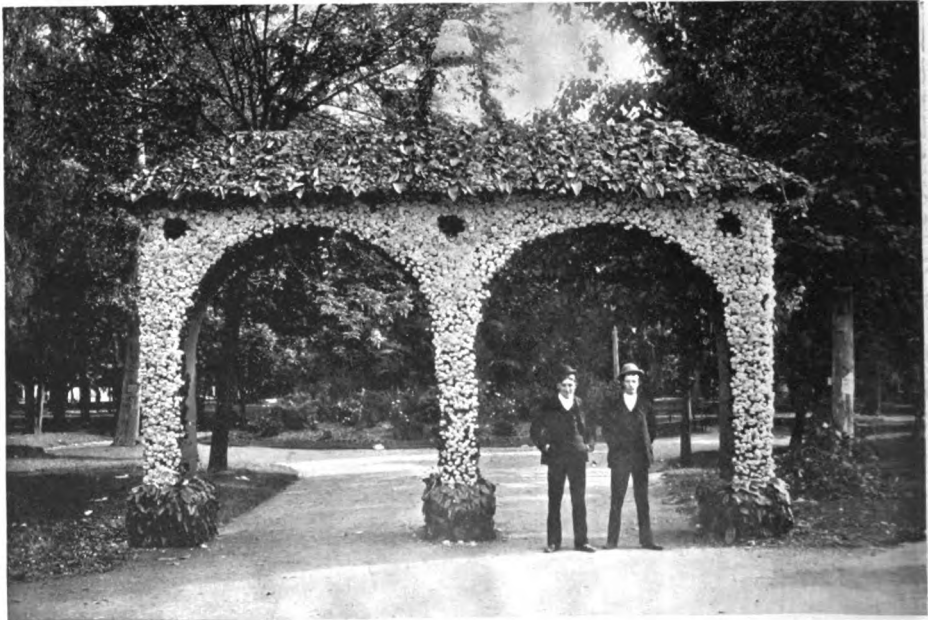


Greeting Arch.

ness to the presence of culture, refinement and prosperity. At the gate of each, with scarcely an exception, are to be found the mail box of the United States rural delivery and the paper box of the San Jose daily papers. Every morning before breakfast for a distance of thirty miles the papers are placed in those boxes by a corps of bicycle carriers, and again in the evening, this perfect distribution being rendered possible by the splendid macadamized roads that cover the county like a gridiron. What

these roads are and what they mean to the orchardist and the pleasure driver may be realized when it is known that they are better than unpaved, but improved, city streets, and that a hundred thousand dollars are expended every year to keep them sprinkled and in good condition for comfortable travel. Each road is named and the name is plainly painted on a sign board at each intersection, like the streets of a city. Were it not for the blooming or fruiting orchards and the acres of green leaved vines one would have the impression that he was driving in the residence suburbs of a large city.

But these orchards and roads mean more than mere pleasure to the people of Santa Clara Valley, for the orchards are the life fountain and the roads the arteries of the system through which the life fluid courses, giving prosperity to all. It is difficult to make one who has not seen this orchard region comprehend its immensity and the tremendous output of fruit that goes from it annually. Statistics are dull things and convey to the mind but a faint impression without some mental standard by which to



Mission Arch, St. James Park.

Hill and Tucker Photo.



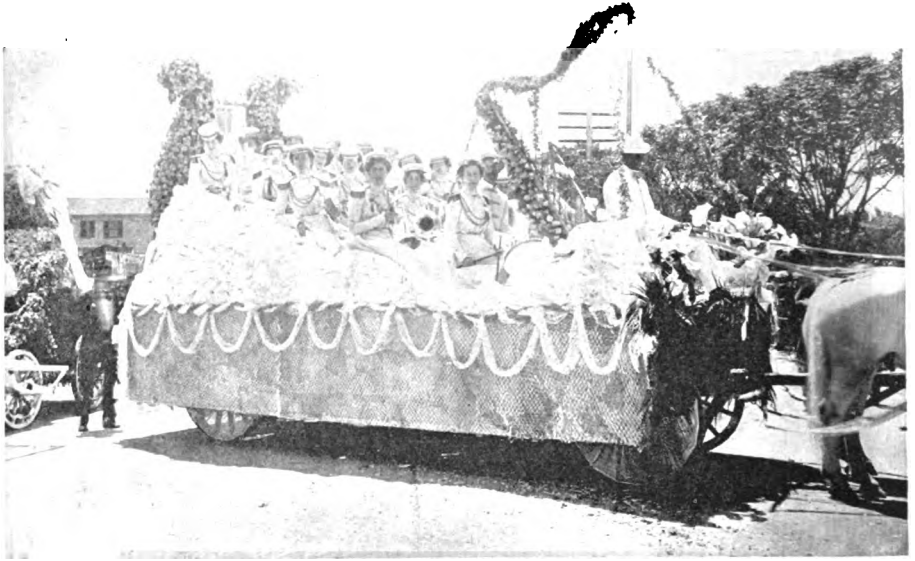
Mountain View Arch, St. James Park.

Hill and Tucker Photo.

measure them, yet here are some. There are in the county 3,975,180 prune trees that have been in bearing a year or more and are therefore on the assessment roll, with at least half a million more not yet in full bearing. There are also 530,000 apricot trees, 127,905 cherry trees, 485,100 peach trees, 16,000 olive trees, 15,300 almond trees, 10,000 English walnut trees, 5,000 fig trees, 10,000 pear trees and 20,000 apple trees, besides orange, lemon and many other kinds of fruit and nuts not grown commercially on a large scale. Particularly is this true of oranges, lemons and limes, which grow in the valley and foothills to perfection, but are not cultivated for market, the attention of orchardists being given entirely to those classes of fruit specially adapted to this valley, as well as to grape culture and wine making, to which certain portions of the valley, and particularly the foothills of both the Mount Hamilton and the Santa Cruz ranges, are especially adapted.

As is shown by the statistics of trees, prune culture is the chief business of the orchardists, there being four times as many prune trees in the county as all

other trees combined, and it is therefore upon the prune industry the valley chiefly depends. The fruit crop of the county approximates \$5,000,000 in value annually, two-thirds of which is represented by prunes, of which there were grown in the county 100,000,000 pounds when cured last season. There are prunes grown elsewhere in the State, and in Oregon, Washington, Idaho and Arizona, but all the acreage elsewhere does not equal that of this county alone, and the prunes of the Santa Clara valley bring a higher price in the market per pound than those of any other portion of this State or any other State. Conditions of soil and climate combine here more perfectly for prune culture than elsewhere, and this is the reason why they are grown here in larger quantities and of the best quality. There are several varieties of soil in the county, in some of which the prune will not flourish, as some growers have learned to their cost, yet in most of them it does well and in some flourishes mightily. This is a technical matter which every purchaser of an orchard or planter of a new one prudently inquires into before investing, yet



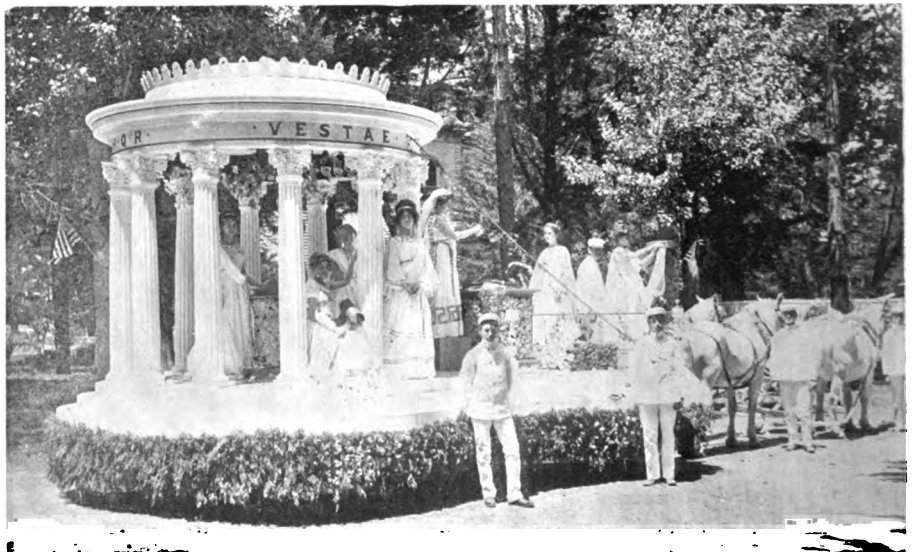
Ladies' Band Float.

Hill and Tucker Photo.

generally speaking, the prune thrives throughout the valley, and its thriftiness may be ascribed more to the favoring climate than to any special excellence of the soil. It is this climate so excellently adapted to the culture of deciduous fruits that also renders the valley

so desirable as a place of residence.

The Eastern farmer, particularly one from the great prairie region of the Mississippi valley, is not accustomed to the idea that there is a wonderful difference in the climate of districts but a few miles distant from each other, yet in California



University of the Pacific Float.

Hill and Tucker Photo.



Normal School Float.

Hill and Tucker Photo.

with her mountains and valleys, her coast line open to the gentle influences of the warm current of the ocean and exposed at times to its cold fogs, her coast valleys still open to those warm influences but protected by intervening mountains from the fog and winds, her great interior plane, swept by the hot winds from the north, and her Sierra foothills and mountain valleys, there is to be found a wonderful variety of climate within comparatively short distances. It is for this reason that one district may be especially adapted to the culture of one variety of fruit and another to others, and it is this which makes the valley of Santa Clara and the encircling foothills so especially adapted to the culture of deciduous fruits, particularly the prune, and the wine-making grapes that love the sunny hillsides. Protected from the raw winds and cold fogs of the ocean by the intervening Santa Cruz mountains, there is yet sufficient communication with the sea by the bay of San Francisco to admit the summer moisture so necessary for the full development of the fruit. On the East also the valley is hemmed in by the Mount Hamil-

ton mountains and is thus protected from the parching influence of the hot winds that sweep down the Sacramento and San Joaquin valleys, as well as the cold winds of the dominating Sierra Nevada mountains. Sheltered as it is it possesses the genial warmth without excessive heat, the ocean moisture without the cold and disagreeable fogs, having neither extremes of heat or cold at any season of the year, and exposed only to occasional spring frosts which seldom do more than save the orchardist the trouble and expense of thinning the fruit upon the too thickly bearing trees in order to prevent them from breaking down or producing an inferior quality of fruit.

These are the climatic conditions which have settled the Santa Clara valley as the natural home of the prune and have concentrated here two-thirds of the prune orchards of the State and more than half those of the entire United States. No wonder that a few acres of prune orchard are worth a good sum and no wonder that by prudent cultivation those few acres may make their owner independent in a few years, paying their

class



Kindergarten Float.

Hill and Tucker Photo.

original cost and giving him a good income. The valley contains hundreds of orchards of but ten to thirty acres, whose owners have cultivated them from the day of first planting until they came into full bearing and have paid the entire cost with a few years of crops, having now their orchards free from debt and bringing them in a comfortable income. This is why the valley is dotted with beautiful homes whose surroundings testify to the prosperity and culture of their owners.

It is readily understood that horticulture on such a large scale means work for a great many people during the picking, drying, and canning season, for be it known that in the valley are located some of the largest canning establishments in the State, canneries which put up half a million cases of canned fruit each year. Much fresh fruit, also, particularly cherries, apricots, peaches and pears, is shipped by the car load, aggregating some 20,000,000 pounds annually. All this means work, not only for men, but for women and boys and girls. So urgent is it and so much does the handling of the fruit crop enter into the life of the entire community, that the opening of the fall term of school throughout the

county is postponed several weeks beyond the opening in some other counties, in order to permit the children to aid in saving the fruit crop and incidentally to earn a neat little sum in wages.

When the picking season comes the towns have a deserted look, while the whole country seems to be alive with people. Entire families go out into the orchards to work, many of them camping for a few weeks near the scene of their labors. Others go to and from their work morning and evening on bicycles or in wagons specially run for the purpose. Thousands are at work picking the fruit, putting it into boxes, hauling it to the dryers or canneries, cutting it up and spreading it out upon wooden drying trays, which are in turn spread out upon the ground for the warm rays of the sun to do the drying that in less genial climes is done by artificial heat, or putting it into cans for preserving. A dryer or a cannery is a busy place. The people work with feverish activity and yet with cheerfulness and in comfort, as though each one realized the necessity for haste in saving the crop. Yet with all the hurry everything is systematic and clean and the fruit is kept in perfect condition, thus preserving the reputation for quality

that California canned and dried fruits have so rightly earned.

While many orchardists dry their own fruit the majority of them belong to unions or exchanges, where the work is done on the co-operative plan, thus reducing the individual expense. Fruit is delivered to these union dryers and the producer credited with it according to quantity and quality. It is then handled with the other fruit received and when dried it is all graded together and when sold, after the expense of operation has been deducted, each member of the union is paid a dividend in proportion to the fruit delivered. There are half a dozen such fruit unions in the county, all of them prosperous and saving their members considerable in the expense of curing and selling their fruits.

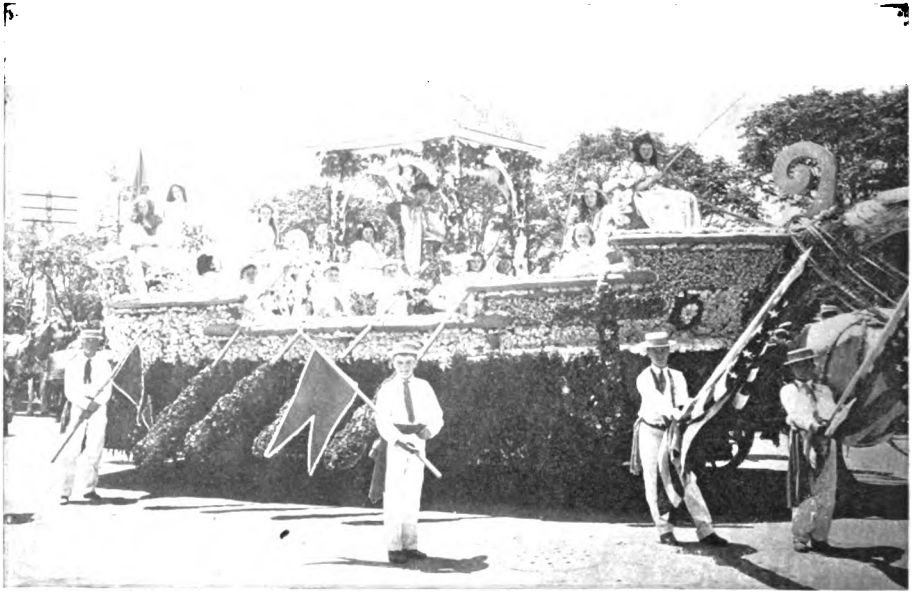
Co-operation has gone a long step farther than this in the prune industry, as the growers have organized a prune association which embraces more than three-fourths of the prune acreage in the State and numbers more than 3,700 individuals. All the fruit unions and their members belong to the larger association, which is known as the California Cured Fruit

Association and handles the prune crop only. Other fruits handled by the unions are not united with the prunes in this larger combination. The object of the association is to prevent the unnecessary low price paid the growers for their prunes when they go into open market in competition with each other, each one endeavoring to sell his crop and get his money first. It is realized that a good price can be had for the entire crop if it is not all crowded upon the market at once. By handling the crop through the association and all growers sharing equally the dividends paid from time to time, there is no necessity for the cutting of prices in order to make sales, and thus a good price can be maintained. This is the first year of this association, and like all new things on a large scale it has not been as successful as it promises to be in the future with the benefit of the valuable experience it has acquired. By these various unions and associations the orchardists show their appreciation of the money saving value of co-operation and testify to their own high intelligence and knowledge of business conditions.



Hester School Float.

Bushnell Photo.



Longfellow School Float.

Hill and Tucker Photo.

But there is much besides fruit to interest the traveler who rides through the valley of Santa Clara and observes the factors combining to make her prosperity, whether he drives along the excellent highways or passes more rapidly through on the train. He sees thousands of acres of vineyards, both in the valley and climbing the graceful sloping sides of the encircling hills. From 12,000 acres of

these vines last year, besides the market grapes, there were made 330,000 gallons of brandy, and 5,430,000 gallons of wine. He sees some 60,000 acres of wheat, barley, and hay. He sees many hundreds of acres of vegetables and flowers growing for their seed, the Santa Clara Valley being one of the chief producing sections of flower and vegetable seeds in the United States. He sees dairies that



Lincoln School Float "Emancipation." ..

Hill and Tucker Photo.



Franklin Grammar School Float.

Hill and Tucker Photo.

handle the milk of 12,000 cows. If he gets into the foothills he also sees thousands of grazing cattle and angora goats, Santa Clara county being famous in the United States for its high grade animals with the long wool. He also sees some splendid stock farms, where some of the most famous horses in the country have been bred. He might also by a special effort, the making of which would be well rewarded, see at New Almaden in the mountains the most famous quicksilver mine in the United States and the third largest in the world.

One thing especially the traveler can not fail to notice, and that is the numerous and splendid school houses that dot the rural districts. These are not the famous "little red school houses" from which so many of our great men have come, but are, except in the most remote districts, graded schools and in general appearance resemble the school buildings of towns. The character of the school houses alone is a splendid index to the nature and density of the population of the valley. Education receives the attention to be expected from such a community. More educational institutions are located in the valley than in any other portion of the State or any like

territory, probably, in the Union. There are 268 public schools maintained in the county, six of them high schools, at a cost of \$288,887 a year, the school buildings being valued at \$801,650. Teachers receive an average salary of \$81.67 a month. In addition to the public schools there are the Leland Stanford Jr. University at Palo Alto, The University of the Pacific at San Jose, the Santa Clara College at Santa Clara, the College of

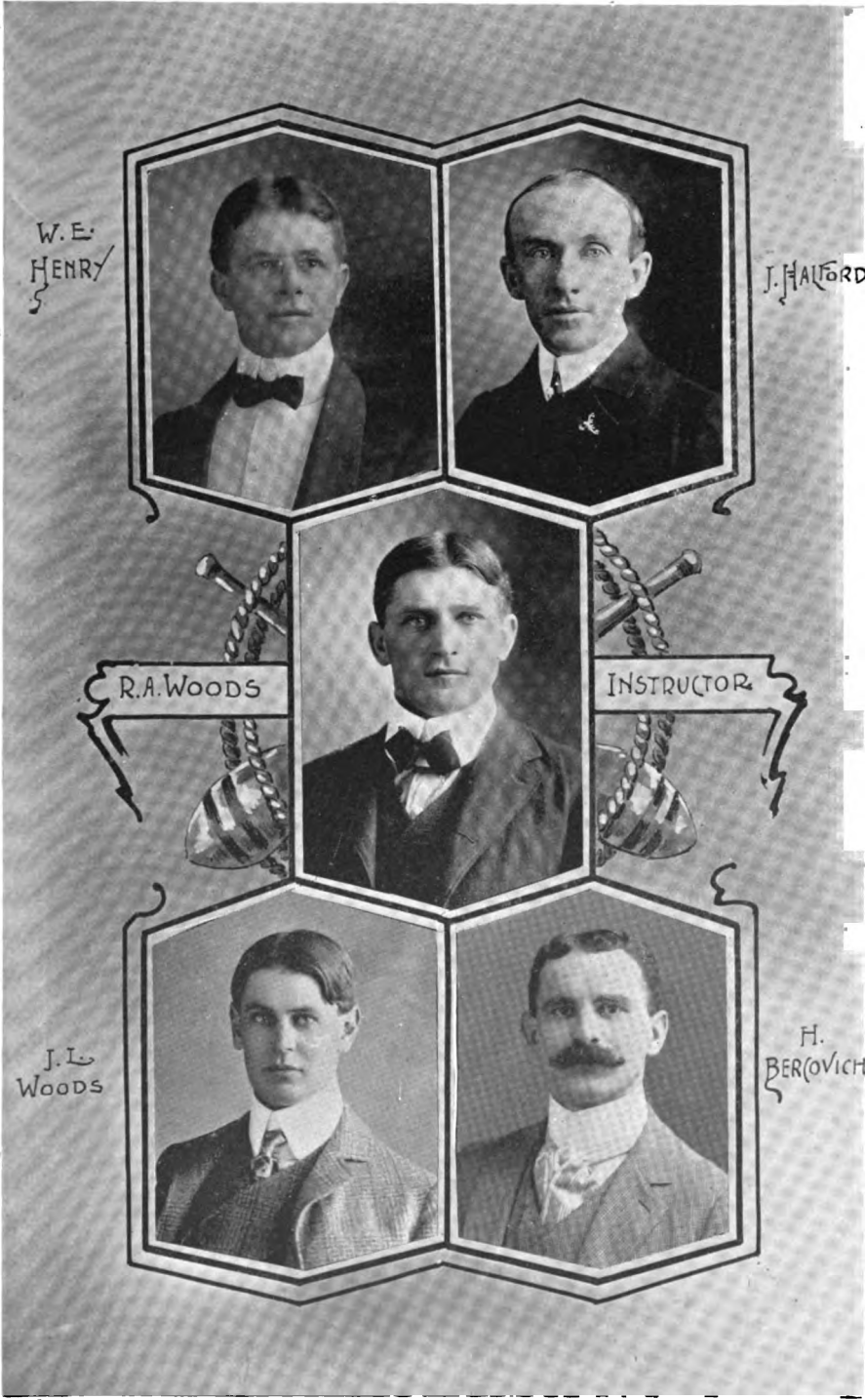


Gus Lion's Phaeton.



MERCHANTS
ATHLETIC
CLUB
SAN JOSE





W. E.
HENRY

J. HALFORD

R. A. WOODS

INSTRUCTOR

J. L.
WOODS

H.
BEROVICH

Prominent Members of Merchants' Athletic Club.



City Hall, San Jose, Cal.

Normal School, San Jose, Cal.

Notre Dame and St. Joseph's College at San Jose, and the California State Normal School at San Jose. In addition to these educational facilities there are a public library at San Jose, which will soon have a splendid new building, the gift of Andrew Carnegie, and the famous Lick Observatory on Mount Hamilton—the drive to this is one of the finest in the State, the road costing the county \$96,000—besides several business colleges, art schools and conservatories of music. Allied with these in their educational work are 98 churches, valued at \$300,000.

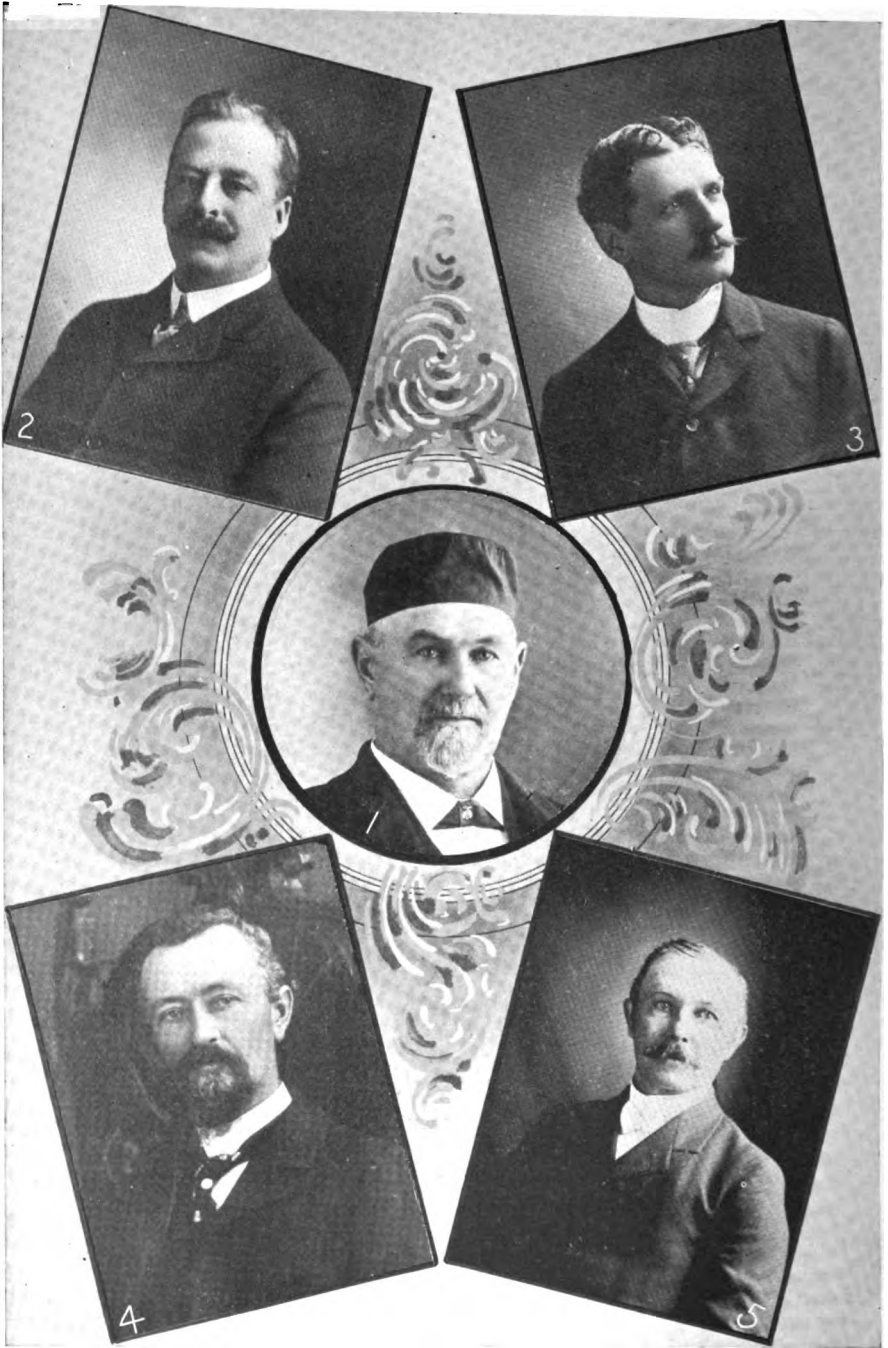
If Santa Clara County is one of rural homes it is one of strong business communities also, where the same culture and intellectual life find expression in public buildings, private residences, churches and social and charitable organizations. San Jose, the capital and metropolis, is a city of 30,000 people within the metropolitan area. It is distant from San Francisco fifty miles, being connected with it by twenty-eight daily trains over three lines of railroad and by a line of steamers on the bay, and having the prospect of an electric line also. Its own electric roads give it ample street service and a steam motor line connects it with a beautiful public park belonging to the city and lying in a canyon of the Mount Hamilton range. Alum Rock Park, as it is named, contains among its attractions thirteen developed mineral springs of hot and cold water, and sulphur baths, and is a delightful spot. In the center of the city is St. James Park, a charming spot thickly grown with trees of many kinds. Two other parks are also within the city limits. The city is supplied with splendid water from the mountains and is lighted by both electricity and gas. A large and efficient paid fire department and a good police department contribute to public safety and order. The public buildings are handsome and imposing, particularly the court house and hall of records, the city hall, the postoffice, the high school and the normal school. The streets are wide, and those in the business part of town have fine bituminous pavements kept in good condition. Shade and ornamental trees of pepper, eucalypt-

tus, elm, linden, magnolia, maple and various varieties of palm trees beautify both streets and yards, while from one year's end to another roses, callas, geraniums and other flowers combine with the perennially green grass to make the scene one of continuous summer.

Summer it is indeed in the daytime all the year round. It is the cool nights which bring down the average of the winter temperature, which is 41 degrees, with 29 degrees as the minimum. The winter days are warm and sunny, as they must be indeed to keep the geraniums, roses and callas in constant bloom. As for the summer temperature, the tendency is the same. In the extreme heat of day the highest point for the thermometer is 92 degrees, and as soon as the sun goes down a delightful coolness steals in from the ocean that reduces the average summer temperature to 68 degrees. Warm sunny days and cool nights are thus the climatic characteristic the entire year round, thus conducing to comfort and enjoyment in the day time and to refreshing sleep at night. It is an ideal climate and combines with the productiveness and beauty of the valley and nearness to the metropolitan city of the Pacific Coast, to make this the most favored residence section of the State.

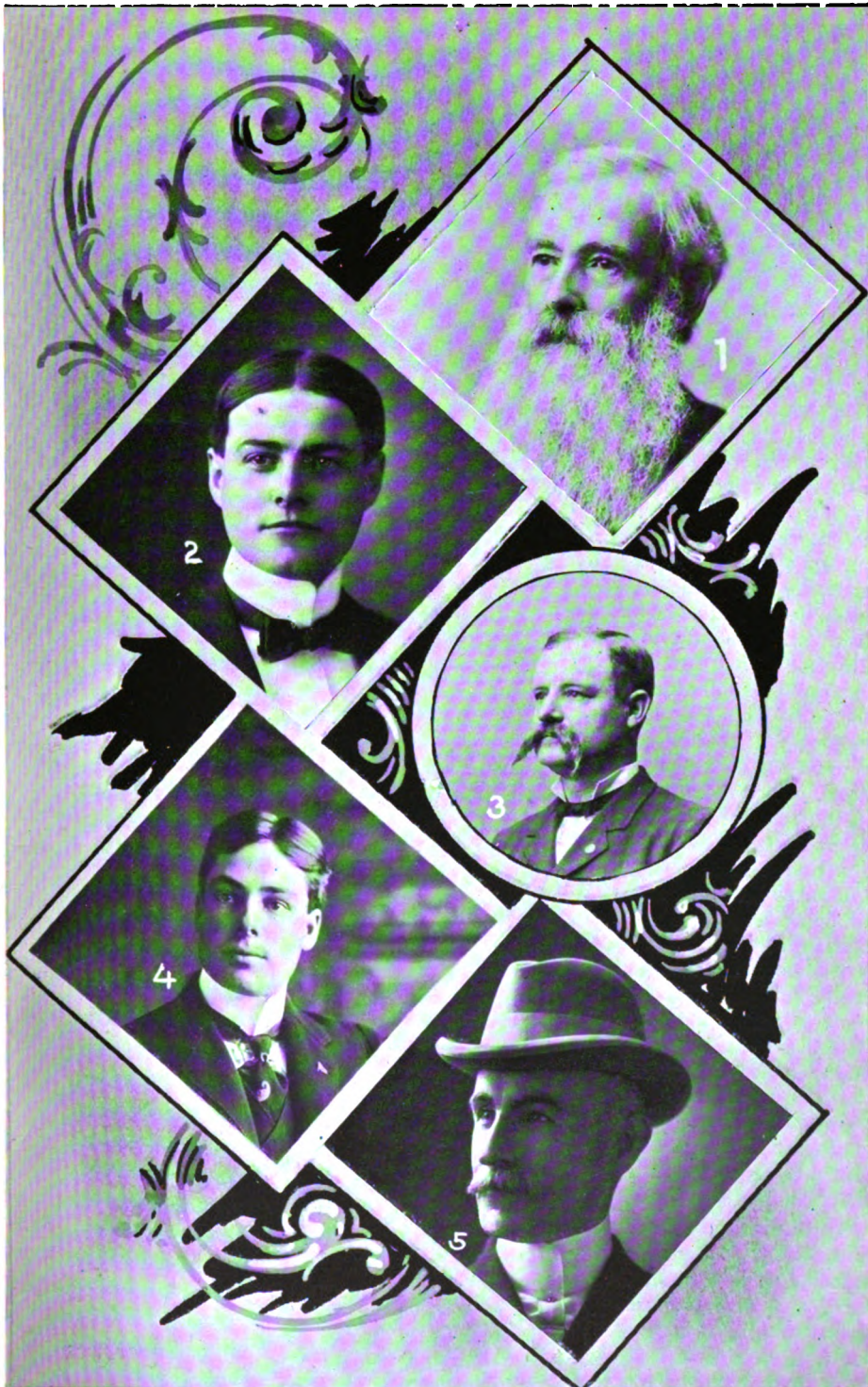
Besides San Jose there are numerous other towns in the county, all delightful as places of residence. Santa Clara almost adjoins it on the north and is connected by an electric line. Palo Alto lies in the valley toward San Francisco; Gilroy is near the head of the valley to the South, and Los Gatos is a charming town in the foothills of the Santa Cruz mountains. Other villages are Alma, Almaden, Alviso, Berryessa, Campbell, Evergreen, Mayfield, Madrone, Morgan Hill, Milpitas, Mountain View, Rucker, San Ysidor, Saratoga, Sunny Vale, West Side and Wright's.

The Santa Clara valley is one of those rare places where natural beauty combines with a charming climate to render life both comfortable and pleasing, while it possesses the potentiality to supply a livelihood to thousands of people in pleasant and agreeable ways.



Santa Clara County officials : 1. Lewis Spitzer, Assessor. 2. A. G. Col, Auditor. 3. H. A. Pfister, County Clerk. 4. J. A. Lotz, Treasurer. 5. J. Y. McMillan, Surveyor.

Bushneil Photo.

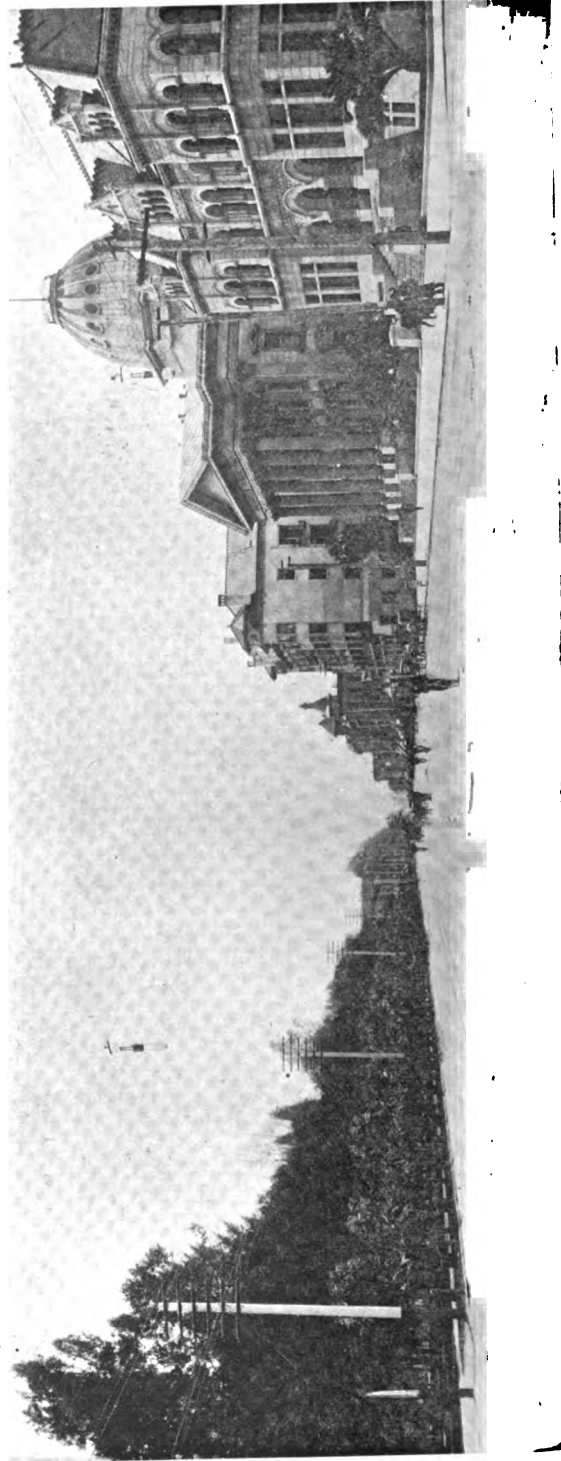


Santa Clara County officials: 1. Wm. A. January, Tax Collector. 2. T. J. McGeoghegan, Treasurer. 3. W. G. Hawley, Postmaster. 4. Clem Argues, Deputy County Clerk. 5. A. J. Mullen, Deputy Tax Collector.

St. James Hotel, San Jose, is the starting point for the journey to the Lick Observatory, on Mt. Hamilton. No one has really seen California if Mt. Hamilton has been left out of the itinerary. It is one of the wonders of the world. The Observatory is the best equipped on the continent. Aside from this the view is magnificent, overlooking the beautiful Santa Clara Valley at its feet. There is a view of mountain ranges, foothills, forest, rivers and ocean that is inspiring. The drive to the top is over a picturesque mountain road, each turn of which reveals new beauties of nature to the traveler. Stages leave the St. James Hotel daily for the top of Mt. Hamilton, making the journey convenient for guests of the hotel, which is situated in the heart of San Jose, convenient to car lines and to the business portion of the city. It faces St. James Park, the most beautiful in San Jose.

This hotel has two hundred and fifty rooms, most of which have private baths attached. The chef employed by Mr. George M. Murphy, the proprietor, has achieved a reputation, and all his assistants are artists in their line.

Special provisions have been made at the St. James for commercial travelers. Sample rooms are at their disposal and the hotel has become the recognized headquarters for the "knights of the grip" who visit San Jose.



Hotel St. James. Court House. Hall of Records.

F.A. STERN

JOHN ROLL



P.P. AUSTIN



ELMER REA



DR. F.W. KNOWLES



LOUIS ONEAL

E. L. RHODES

J. H.
CAMPBELL

H. V. MOREHOUSE

EDWIN COOLIDGE

Prominent Attorneys, San Jose, Cal.

Though the Floral Carnival held in San Jose during the President's visit was marred somewhat by Mrs. McKinley's illness, which did not allow him so much time in our sister city as had been arranged for, it was a great success. The Santa Clara Valley in May is one great mass of bloom and this was freely drawn upon in the desire to do honor to our Chief Executive. Tons and tons of flowers, in quantities that made the Eastern visitors gasp in astonishment, were brought to San Jose. Floats of gorgeous color and fragrant almost to suffocation

though the President could not attend, the members of the Cabinet and other distinguished visitors were present. It was the most brilliant affair ever held in San Jose. Those who had the Garden City's celebration in charge made a wonderful showing, and their efforts to entertain their visitors will never be forgotten by either hosts or guests.

One and a quarter miles from Menlo Park Station, San Mateo County, California, and three miles from Stanford University, in one of the most beautiful



Hoitt's School, San Mateo County.

passed through the streets—great masses of bud and bloom that held even the residents, those acquainted with California's great floral wealth, in breathless delight. Schools and other institutions were represented. The illustrations we present give but a faint idea of the splendor of the display. A huge bouquet containing a ton of flowers was presented to the President by a group of beautiful young ladies arrayed in white.

A reception and ball were held and

spots in the State, is located a justly famous preparatory school for boys. The school was established in 1891 by Dr. Ira G. Hoitt, who up to that time was State Superintendent of Public Instruction. It is now known as one of the foremost schools of its kind west of the Rocky Mountains.

When the patronage of the school outgrew its facilities, the Atherton place, near San Mateo, was purchased and fitted up at large expense, thus securing larger

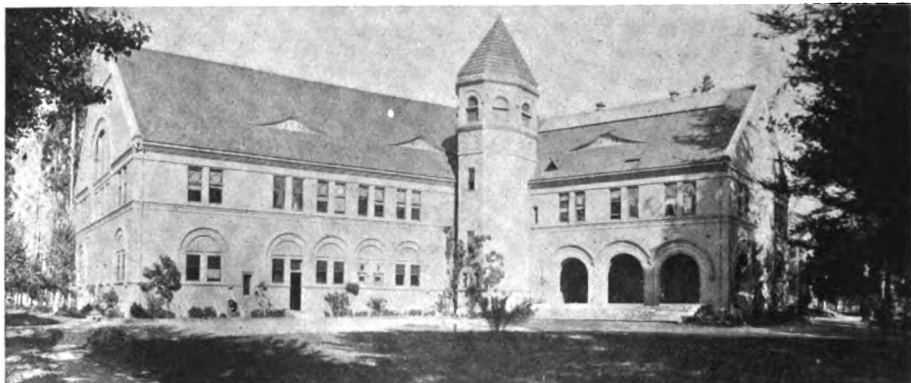
and more permanent quarters. The school took possession on January 1, 1899.

The grounds, consisting of over forty acres, are possessed of great natural and artificial beauty. An orchard, a vineyard, an olive grove and an abundance of pure water are among the attractions and utilities of the place. The school possesses a well-furnished gymnasium, ball court, tennis court, croquet ground, ball ground, football field and running track. Much attention is paid to the care and instruction of the boys in all these sports, but never to such an extent as to interfere with their school work.

The teaching force is large and first-class. The course of study extends from the primary to the college course. It is

pervision or more thorough training than at Hoitt's school. This, together with the charming location, the healthful surroundings, the opportunity for outdoor exercise and the home influences, easily place Hoitt's in the front rank of schools for boys.

The University of the Pacific was represented in the Rose Festival by one of the most artistic floats in the procession. This university was chartered in 1851, and celebrated its Golden Jubilee during its commencement week in May. From its halls during the last fifty years have gone about five hundred graduates as clergymen, lawyers, physicians, teachers, merchants and aggressive workers in the various honorable vocations of life. On



Conservatory of Music, University of the Pacific.

the aim of the school to contribute vigor to the boy's physical development, quicken and strengthen his manly impulses and his sense of duty and moral courage, and help him to the acquisition of such mental training as to fit him for the best universities or for business.

The number of pupils is limited to fifty boarders and a few day pupils. In this way the school is made strong in its work by a large amount of individual attention to each pupil. The graduates of the school are admitted to the University of California, Stanford University and Dartmouth College on the recommendation of the principal. It is believed that nowhere do boys receive more careful su-

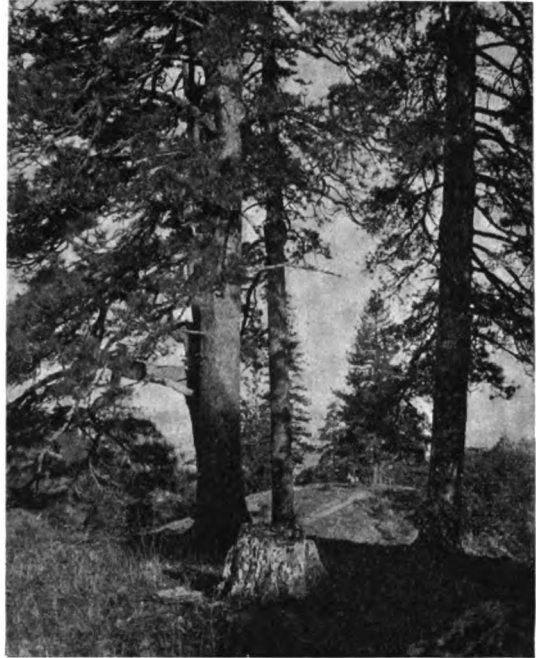
its beautiful campus are found a college with classical, philosophical, scientific, and literary courses, each leading to the bachelor's degree, and a conservatory of music which offers students of music opportunities unrivalled on this coast. Its professors in both instrumental and vocal music received training from the masters in musical centres in Europe. The conservatory conferred the degree of bachelor of music on twelve graduates at its last commencement. Many of its graduates secure remunerative employment as music teachers. The Academy of the university is on the campus and offers excellent advantages for young ladies and gentlemen to prepare for the best

universities. In addition to the above there are opportunities for the completion of courses in art, elocution, and business.

The institution is open to both sexes, and ladies and gentlemen associate freely with professors at the same tables in the common dining hall. The general control is under the Methodist Episcopal church, and the constant aim of the management is to stimulate and foster Christian sentiments and ideals among faculty and students.

The vigorous life and popularity of the university is indicated by the fact that this year it is freeing itself from a debt of \$60,000.

On the summit of Pine Ridge, at the altitude of from twenty-five hundred to three thousand feet, the long leaved Southern pine trees attain the height of one hundred and fifty feet and a diameter as great as six feet and often thirty feet to the lowest branches. Here on the table summit the air has a peculiar dryness, warm nights, equable temperature and remarkable freedom from frost. It overlooks the beautiful Santa Clara Valley. Near the summit are hot and cold mineral water springs of valuable medicinal properties. These conditions



Pine trees at Coe Bros.' *Hill Photo.*
Pine Ridge Ranch, Santa Clara County.

combine to make Pine Ridge in more than one respect a freak of nature.



Hotel Vendome, San Jose, Cal.

A Matter of Opinion

WHEN California was in swaddling clothes gold was plenty and people were

few. A combination of these conditions engendered the hospitality which made the State famous.

Our Traditions of Hospitality. Though conditions have been changed to some extent and the second generation rules, the latch-string still hangs out and pilgrims are still given royal welcome to our land.

This open, free-handed spirit made the recent Western trip of President McKinley essentially a visit to California. Other States were visited and all gave him fitting welcome—but California gave him an ovation such as none of the others attempted. From Redlands to the end of his itinerary the way was flower-strewn, and everywhere that he went lavish entertainment was the order. Regardless of party feeling or political division the people of California joined hands in an endeavor to make the President's visit something to be remembered and talked about for years to come. In spite of Mrs. McKinley's illness the reception accorded him made an ineffaceable impression upon President McKinley and the members of his party.

Then, too, outside of our attitude toward them, the people and conditions of life were something of a surprise. The idea that California is still wild and woolly has almost disappeared from the minds of Eastern people; still, to those who have not visited us we are yet looked upon as somewhat primitive people, retaining many of the customs and manners of pioneer days and far behind the Easterners in most things modern. Very little of that impression now remains among those who have visited us. They found a modern, progressive community, up to date in everything and retaining very

few marks of early days, and among them hospitality.

As regards our own condition, no better time could have been chosen for the visit. California is more prosperous now than it has been for years. Workmen are scarce and wages correspondingly good. Everything points to bounteous crops, good prices and a consequent plentitude of money. A feeling of contentment and prosperity is generally noticeable. Such things could not help making an impression upon those who came among us. Let us hope that they carried away with them a pleasant remembrance and will always talk of their trip to California as a journey to a land of contentment and plenty, where nature smiled, where flowers bloomed and fruit ripened in May, and where the people lavished upon them entertainment in generous abundance.

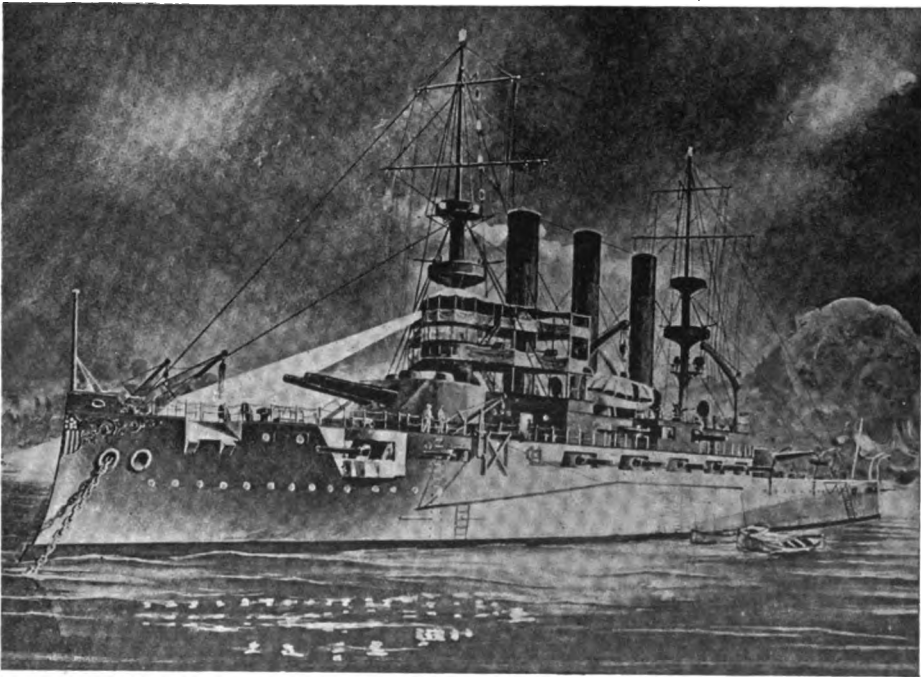
Commercially this visit has been of more importance than we yet realize. The visitors found a far-reaching empire here, every diversity of landscape and climate, and natural resources of which they hardly dreamed. The launching while they were here of the new battleship Ohio called their attention to our magnificent facilities for turning out huge fighting machines and our possibilities in the way of trade with the Orient was brought forcibly to their view. Every man in the party—and they were all men to whom such revelations mean much to us—took away with him some new ideas regarding California.

President McKinley was with us some twenty years ago as a private citizen. California has gone ahead wonderfully since then—so has he. We were then just beginning to call attention to our possibilities outside of gold producing—were just beginning to make ourselves felt in the markets of the world as producers of grain, fruits and wine. Now our products go to all parts of the world.

A man with the President's powers of memory and observation cannot have failed to notice all these things or to be impressed by them. We have been glad, too, to see the stride forward that he has made in this score of years. He was almost unknown when he first came among us. He came the last time as our ruler—came in a state that befitted his position as President of this Republic, and was welcomed as royally as any man was ever welcomed. California was proud to receive him and hopes that he feels a par-

ness. But the fates were kind and the latest and greatest addition to the American Navy slid into the water under the eye of the Nation's Chief Executive. Many other distinguished men were present, and the Ohio was christened under the most auspicious circumstances.

The Ohio is three hundred and eighty-eight feet long and seventy-two feet, two and one-half inches in breadth. Her armament excels that of any other boat in the Navy and her hull is amply protected from the onslaught of any enemy.



U. S. Battleship Ohio.

From the designer's drawing.

donable pride in the welcome accorded him.

THE launching of the Ohio at San Francisco on the seventeenth of May was a success from every standpoint. It was thought during the week that President McKinley would not be a spectator on account of Mrs. McKinley's ill-

ness. She is a credit to the Nation, to California, to San Francisco, and to the Scotts, who built her.

On Giving Things Away.

ABOUT the time when that very tall American, Mark Twain, was smiling sharply down on that very small American, the Rev. Ament, exposing the while with an honest Yankee twang the

"Christian" methods of exacting blood money from The Person Sitting in Darkness, our lion of satire was incidentally finding time to pen a few seasonable letters to his friends, among them Mr. Andrew Carnegie, who was written to as follows:

"My Dear Carnegie—I see by the papers that you are prosperous. I want to get a hymn book; it costs \$1.50. If you will send me this hymn book I will bless you. God will bless you and it will do a great deal of good. Yours truly,

MARK TWAIN.

"P. S.—Don't send the hymn book; send me \$1.50."

As is the custom with our friend Mark, he uttered a great many more syllables in that short squib than were ever set into type, for when he wrote he placed himself (for the sake of satire) in the place of the ubiquitous canting leech who preys upon the foolishness of wise men.

Of late Mr. Andrew Carnegie has been increasing his worldly store at the rate of a million or so a day, and being a Scotchman and a good man at heart, has been confronted with the grave problem of returning to earth that which he has taken therefrom. In his declining years Mr. Carnegie has been impressed with the truth that it is more blessed to give than to receive, but with equal force the truth has come to him that it is easier to receive profitably than to give wisely. If the steel king were content to scatter gold sinfully after the manner of the mushroom millionaire from the Klondyke or to lavish bread and combats like a Roman parvenu, it is possible that with a few added years of life and considerable industry he might be able to die happy—and a pauper. The same reasons, however, which prevent Mr. Carnegie from holding on to that which fortune has given him, also prevents him from wasting the same riotously; so the problem is still hanging over the head of one poor, flesh-ridden human being—how to endow his fellow men with a multitude of millions and to give them their money's worth.

It is easier to say where Mr. Carnegie should not give his money than where he should. It is written in the volumes

of Sociology that it is unlawful to give to the drunkard, the thief or the habitual mendicant; and by the same token it is unlawful for a man of wealth to sign the endowment list of any institution which is unworthy to thrive. Missions, charities, colleges we have in abundance, a majority of which no amount of endowment can render beneficial. From these arise the greatest danger, since among men and institutions the most unworthy are invariably the most persistent beggars. Public and private institutions, then, he should investigate before endowing and no less should he be cautious in his patronage of the sculptor and the architect. The endowing of public statuary is a benevolence that has done no end of harm in this broad land, and unless Mr. Carnegie's taste equals his fortune, we cannot but accept such gifts with a degree of hesitancy.

So far as he has gone Mr. Carnegie seems to be moving along the right track, but, if he be not wary, he will find himself at the threshold of death with little more than the interest of his wealth given away. Meanwhile California has been the grateful recipient of several splendid public libraries and can point out a multitude of equally worthy objects for the good millionaire's future generosity. San Francisco needs an aquarium and a bathing beach in Golden Gate Park. A municipal opera house in any of our great Coast cities; an increase of library accommodations at Stanford University; an aid to Berkeley in the completion of her new University site; a thoroughly equipped school of sculpture or design in the West—in all these directions the Carnegie gold could find an easy outlet while doing an inestimable amount of good.

THE unfortunate illness of Mrs. McKinley while she was in San Francisco was alleviated to a large extent by her

An Act of
Courtesy.

surroundings. When the journey was first decided upon Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott courteously offered to the committee in charge of San Francisco's celebration of



The Executive Mansion in San Francisco.



The Cabinet Room in the Scott Residence.

the event, the use of their entire house, servants and stables. The offer was accepted, and when Mrs. McKinley was brought here ill two days in advance of the time scheduled for her arrival, she was immediately taken there and made as comfortable as though at home.

Her pleasant and homelike surroundings undoubtedly had much to do with her recovery. The Scott mansion is situated in one of the best parts of the city, at the corner of Clay and Laguna streets, and as will be seen from the illustrations herewith, is handsome and luxurious in its appointments.

Mrs. McKinley's room, the most ad-

vantageously situated in the house, overlooks Lafayette Square. Its windows command a fine view of Mt. Tamalpais and the Marin hills, with San Francisco Bay in the foreground. Much of the best part of the city can be seen from it.

Then, too, the house has the advantage of quietness, something that could not have been secured in a public place. The comfort of the first lady in the land in her deplorable illness is a matter of moment to everybody. The public owes a lasting debt to Mr. and Mrs. Scott for this act of courtesy, which did so much toward lessening Mrs. McKinley's suffering.

Books: to read or not to read

THE short story is a form of art which is as modern as the invention of the telephone. It serves in two cases the same purpose.

Bret Harte in *Early San Francisco*.

For it precludes a circuitous route and it necessitates one's sticking to his business. It is like modern life itself—in that it has no time for non-essentials. A short story has rightly no room for extraneous description, sub-plot or lengthy conversation. Hence it is the most popular form of literature to-day. Whereas poetry is said to be practically a drug in the market, too delicate for the leviathan digestion of the Great American Public, the short story is its antidote, for it is all the G. A. P. has time to read. A tale of the proper measurements to be called "short" should be at the same time terse, perspicuous and unencumbered. One episode, one situation will do, but it must suggest, pique continually the curiosity, be complete. Can we forgive the writer who falls to keep us mystified until the very last stick for the final conflagration

is laid? This is what Bret Harte's stories evince. He must always (to use a slang phrase) finish off with a "snapper," and he delights in surprising us into admiration. His plots are never commonplace. This may be perhaps because he had the new West in his youth as a mine of material, and far away over there in England he still startles us with the strange, wild, "woolly," if you will, doings in California. But the California and the San Francisco of which he writes and romances in his "Under the Redwoods" are depicted as they were in the early fifties. The characters which move to a lively measure in these pages are a motley, Bohemian gathering, including Indians, Chinamen, gamblers, miners and children. Bret Harte is always at his best when depicting the touching effect of children upon the otherwise hardened "man of the world." Thus in this later volume, "Jimmy's Big Brother" and "Three Vagabonds of Trinidad" have more than have the others of that deeply touching fidelity to human nature which made "The Luck of Roaring Camp" one of the greatest short stories ever written.

His "Heathen Chinees" is also almost invariably drawn from a vivid memory if in no way "peculiar." But to read of a white Indian squaw with red hair, encamped near the Golden Gate, even early in the fifties, fills us with misgiving; though without doubt it is the sort of thing about America which the British still receive with an enthusiastic "Really?" In this story of the white squaw there is something of that ultimate romance with which French writers always picture the American Indian, and the ending is as sudden and stinging as the unexpected cut of a whip. It is the stroke of realism which restores the balance of the tale. Bret Harte's humor is also of a most convincing sort, and clothes situations which might otherwise appear almost melodramatic with a recognizable Western air. The "Youngest Miss Piper" draws in a good natured Californian way and says independent, keen things in a manner funny enough to make us forgive such Southern expressions of hers as "I admire to hear" and "So I reckon I'll go." "Under the Redwoods" though she blooms, she has some of the flowering speech of an Alabama girl. But her manners are not soft; they partake rather of the unregenerate sharpness of a mountain pine cone. Yet we suspect her right along of that Western big heartedness with which her master endowed his famous Miggles—to her immortality. "A Widow of Santa Ana Valley," around whom the hearts of a whole community throb, and who became a helpless, religious centre at parties of deacons and Sunday-school teachers, is a blonde. Hence mourning is becoming to her. Hence she has adventures. In her timidity she is unconsciously humorous. This humorous view of her is what saves her, we feel sure, from the otherwise impending fate of all blonde heroines—to become lachrymose and insipid. As it is, she lives a weak, charming, but somewhat trying woman. The last chapter of all is entitled "Bohemian Days in San Francisco," which involves some of the old-time horrors of Chinatown, mysteries in Italian cafés along the water front and wanderings along the wharves. The book is altogether interesting and a good

volume to take on your vacation trip this summer.

("Under the Redwoods," by Bret Harte, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., New York.)

PERHAPS the most interesting book which has yet been written on California is Mr. Vachell's "Life and Sport on the Pacific Slope." Its value lies in the fact that its comments are on the California of to-day instead of the past, and in the fact that it takes a discursive and inclusive view of the varied and interesting life on the shores of the Pacific—not sifting the subject matter for the needs of the novelist, nor mincing matters for purposes of flattery. Mr. Vachell's book is a volume of chatty essays written in an almost conversational style, full of anecdote and incident, never too lengthy and always entertaining. Many Englishmen have written books of American notes but not like this, for Mr. Vachell has stayed long enough with us for this to become for a time the land of his adoption, and he understands us as well as an Englishman can. His topics are such as are likely to appeal to the visitor: "The Women of the West," "Ranch Life," "Anglo-Franco-Americans," "The Side Show," "Ethical," "Big Game Shooting," "Small Game Shooting," "Sea Fishing," "Fresh Water Fishing," "Business Life," "The Land of To-morrow," "The Englishman in the West." He also adds seasonable appendices, including "A Few Statistics" and notes on Horticulture, Beet Culture, Irrigation, Hints to Sportsmen.

Mr. Vachell has a way of hitting from the shoulder in the typical British way of stating an opinion. "Mrs. Eddy," he says, "bottles the wine of Christ and sells it under her own label." "The same spirit that makes men build false fronts to their houses, forces them to 'keep up appearances' in everything else. They pay the price of lies—the word is too harsh perhaps—by being constrained, as the poet tells us, to lie on still. Finally the lie masquerades as truth; the liar becomes convinced that he is an honest man." "The good qualities," he says, "of

the children of the Pacific Slope are: Originality, independence, pluck and perspicuity. They are extraordinarily quick-witted and plastic, full of quips and odd turns of speech, and blessed with the strongest imaginations." With great enjoyment he tells the story of a Californian youth who was selling books. He "had heard that at a certain bank the clerks had agreed to hustle any book agent who invaded their premises. Our young friend took his own line. Rushing into the bank he exclaimed excitedly, 'Boys, have you seen him?'

"'Seen whom?' repeated the clerks in chorus.

"That book agent."

"No. We want to see him! We're fixed for him. The last fellow made us weary. We're going to skin the next one alive. Where is he?"

"He is—here!" said the youth dramatically. 'Start right in, boys, and enjoy yourselves. When you get through I'll sell you some books.' He sold his books."

("Life and Sport on the Pacific Coast," by Horace Annesley Vachell. Dodd, Mead & Co., N. Y.)

**Irish Experiences
of a California
Woman.**

"THIS is not an historical novel," says Kate Douglas Wiggin of her "Penelope's Irish Experiences," "but a 'chronicle of small beer.'" She has a merry way with her at the end of her pen-point, this charming and cultured woman, and a draught of her brewing, be it wine of Burgundy or small beer, indeed, has a way of setting you up in fine style. She is in no sense a novel-writer: her characters are rather types than individuals, arousing in the breast of the ever gentle reader no stronger emotion than that experienced on making a pleasant new acquaintance, in the conventional drawing room of every day life. The qualities of her charm are rather those of an essayist or letter-writer, consisting of condiment such as a pure literary style, the dash and humor of a woman of the world, the observation of a keen and sympathetic eye, and always the wee bit of fun. What could promise better for a book of travel? "Penelope's Irish Experiences," like her

"Scotch and English Itineraries," could no more bore you than could meeting a fascinating woman, and ten to one you close the book quite daft over her, and meditate selling the farm in order to follow in the care-free way of one Moira O'Neill—

"Sure a terrible time I was out o' the way,

Over the sea, over the sea,
Till I come to Ireland one sunny day,—

Better for me, better for me:

The first time me fut got the feel o' the ground

I was strollin' along in an Irish city
That hasn't its aquil the world around,
For the air that is sweet an' the girls
that are pretty."

This merry yet melancholy isle, where Tom Moore sung his matchless melodies, where Goldsmith, Steele and Samuel Lover wrote, peopled as it is with Nora Creneas, Sweet Peggies and Pretty Girls Milking Their Cows, shows itself off at its very best, in the dainty habiliments of Mrs. Wiggin's rallery and unquenchable ardor. Even the elves, fairies and legends, realities born of the dreamy, lazy souls of the life loving Irish, are treated with a respect at her hands (quite out of the ordinary way of the practical American tourist), which must have delighted their irresponsible souls. It is all on a par with her charming courtesy.

"A modern Irish poet," she says, "accuses the Scots of having discovered the fairies to be pagan and wicked, and of denouncing them from the pulpits, whereas Irish priests discuss with them the state of their souls, or at least they did, until it was decided they had none, but would dry up like so much bright vapor at the last day. Of course it is an age of incredulity, but I have not come to Ireland to scoff, and whatever I do, shall not go to the length of doubting the fairies; for as Barney O'Mara says, 'They stand to raison.'"

"Loughareema, Loughareema,

Stars come out and stars are hidin',
The wather whispers on the stone,

The fittherin' moths are free.
Onest before the mornin' light,

The Horseman will come ridin'
Roun' an' roun' the Fairy Lough,

An' no one there to see."

One of the most valuable pleasures of the book is the frequent, inimitable lilt of the Irish melodies; at the beginning of the chapters, starting you off in a rollicking mood, as it were.

The Irish experiences are divided neatly into five parts, Leinster, Ulster, Munster, Connaught and Royal Meth. Nor need you fear that in the author's amusing junketing you will be called upon to miss any more castles, cities or villages of importance than if you went by the more staid guide book. As a book of travel, the Irish experiences of "Penelope" are outdone by nothing unless it be Mark Twain's "Tramps Abroad," and the former, we have faith, is the more reliable if the less humorous. Being feminine it is conscientious.

To the average person Ireland means just Paddy, the Merry Andrew of the English speaking world; and in the south of the isle Penelope finds him—ragged, lazy, jovial, whimsical. "A clock is an over-rated piece of furniture, to my mind, ma'am. A man can ate whin he's hungry," says Paddy (only she calls him Mr. Brodigan), "go to bed whin he's sleepy and get up whin he's slept long enough; for faith and its thim clocks he has inside of himself that don't need anny winding!"

And at the time of Queen Victoria's visit to Dublin this voice is heard: "Look at the size of her now, sittin' in that grand carriage, no bigger than me own Kitty, and always in the black, the darlin'. Look at her, a widdy woman, raring that large and heavy family of children; and how well she's married off her daughters (more luck to her!), though to be sure they must have been well fortun'd! They do be sayin' she's come over because she's plazed with seein' estated gintlemin lave iverything and go out and be shot by them bloody Boers, bad scran to thim! Sure if I had the sons, sorra a wan but I'd lave go! Who's the illigant sojers in the silver stays, Thady?"

Mrs. Wiggin's literary career had its commencement while she was still a resident of San Francisco, although she has never written upon any distinctively Western subjects. However, she is proudly claimed as another star of the first magnitude in the galaxy of Cali-

fornian litterateurs whose work has drawn them "back East."

("Irish Experiences of a California Woman," by Kate Douglas Wiggin. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Publishers.)

THE early history of California is full of romance and charm. To the novelist in search of interesting material it offers a field scarcely equaled for adventurous episode and picturesque situation,

and perhaps the years when California lay under Spanish rule and the life was one unrestrained pleasure, appeal most to the modern reader, who is always on the lookout for a tale full of action and ruled by the rules of melodrama. And if you are looking for another such swash-buckler romance (there are so many of them) you will enjoy "John Charity," by Horace Annesley Vachell.

It is a story of Monterey, placed about 1837, told by a young Englishman who seeks his fortunes in the new Alta California, where ranchos and senioritas are in abundance. The character drawing is simple but vivid, involving a Spanish villain who would do credit to the stage and a passion-ruled little Spanish heroine who is less stereotyped. The interest in the tale never flags and it is decidedly well told. In fact, we are rather of the opinion that Mr. Vachell (an English resident of Southern California, we are told) is to be numbered among the "born story tellers," who are bound to be read and enjoyed, whatever their subject.

("John Charity," by Horace Annesley Vachell, Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.)

A FEW months ago there appeared a small volume dubbed "The Love Letters of an Englishwoman." I will say that it was a literary event whose importance was somewhat overrated, but there were two reasons which caused the inane attempt to be widely read:—it was published anonymously and it contained a mystery. At the bottom of the bundle we came

Needless Answers to a Silly Book.

upon the sudden separation of the epistolary lovers. The man never explained, at least to the maddened and victimized public; the woman—died. There was no one to tell us what had happened. Forthwith appears a sequel, "The Missing Answers to an Englishwoman's Love Letters." And the author of this volume also quakes under the mantle of "anonymously." Filled with a misguided and trusting gratitude I hastened to possess myself of the little cardinal book, and waded through its listless pages with but one purpose. But the secret is not divulged. In this book also occurs the factitious parting, for which no reason is given. Here also occurs the unreasonable act of the hero (?) for which we have no redress. We would suggest now the writing of a yellow volume entitled "The Missing Answer, to the Missing Answers, to an Englishwoman's Love Letters."

It has been suggested by a member of the tribe of reviewers that the man to whom the Englishwoman wrote simply dropped out of sight through utter boredom. We feel quite sure that any girl who was the recipient of these "Answers" would be driven into violent hysterics at least once a day.

These letters are not only dull beyond description, but are heartless beyond the usual bounds of masculinity. They urge the girl again and again to curb her ardor and consider the delights of unselfish love, by which he means to prepare the soul for some such pleasures as Peter Ibbetsen knew when he met his lady, in dreams alone. This strangely bloodless creature likes "unco' weel" to lie on his back and discourse with pad and pencil upon the delights of soul meeting soul, the mysteries of one's "aura," the lustfulness (he calls it) of Browning's poetry, against which he feelingly warns her as being of the earth earthly. On the other hand he advises that Swinburne is the most spiritual poet England has produced. He descants continually upon the selfless joys of love, bids her "lose herself in his," until she can reach his high spiritual point of not caring if the "earthly marriage (which is merely to be seen of men) is delayed." There is so much in this strain that we have

dire suspicions of him. Is he not already preparing her ardent and earthly soul for the final catastrophe, when his highly spiritual love is to be withdrawn forever? With fine ingenuity he appeases her with a new name for every day—"My Joy of Life," "My Star and Goddess," "Light of the Age," "Dear Witch's Curve," "Peach Blossom," "Querida Mia," "Dear Bird of Paradise," "O Fond Dove," "Twin Soul of Me," "Sweet Spirit," "Dearest Dulcinea"—when all she wanted was "Wife!" Oh, well, by the terms of the mystery we are supposed to feel he was not to blame when he gave her up, but it is just what we expected of the weak-kneed, cloud-gazing charmer all along.

We must own, however, in justice to the case, that a love letter is a difficult thing to write. The Brownings made a tremendously fine thing out of it, but they were rare souls. Yet five out of six readers even of the Browning love letters are sure they have nicer ones in that trunk in the attic at home. Nevertheless every one who is a failure at other forms of literature opines he can write letters. There is such entertainment in racking one's brain for the hundredth beginning and closing term of endearment. It is like the "parlor game," my love begins with A, with B, etc., but in which your disgusted audience are not at close enough range to catch you—and lock you up. These "Love Letters" have only one theme, one situation—on 249 pages we listen to the same changes rung on the same hazy idea. The pursuit of the "secret" was all that made us read it. Do thou not go and be taken in likewise!

("The Missing Answers to an Englishwoman's Love Letters," Frank F. Lovell Book Company, New York.)

"The Last Man," a novel by N. Monroe McLaughlin, is a love story of the times during and following the Civil War, and contains a prologue with an optimistic forecast of our country's conditions and circumstances in 1926. Its literary value is not great. ("The Last Man," by Monroe McLaughlin. The Neale Company, Publishers, Washington.)

AN INDUSTRIAL INNOVATION

BY FAIRFIELD JONES.

WITH her manufacturing interests California places her best hopes for the future, since in this direction she is the least developed. She is just entering, as it were, the age of manufacturing, and in this age it is not too much to say that California will find herself in her greatest era. Though limited as yet, our manufactured products are the best of their kind, as exemplified by the recent shipbuilding triumphs of the Union Iron Works. Our present achievements, however great they may be, are yet more in the line of prophecy than accomplishment, pointing to the day when California shall lead the world in manufacture as well as production.

At the beginning of the Twentieth Century the Pacific Coast looks to her capitalists to put their shoulders to the wheel of progress and aid the working classes in sending our material development forward with mighty impetus. In the past when they have been appealed to it has often been in vain, and the promoters of legitimate enterprises have turned Eastward for funds. Happily this feeling is rapidly passing away, and it only needs the wealth, brains and energy of our Coast, properly applied to its resources, to give us the greatest decade of material progress we have ever had.

Under just economic conditions, our fertile soil, our rich mines, our flowing wells and our large forests, combined with the establishment of great factories and the accumulated wealth of the people, will produce the happiest land the world has yet seen.

Soon the din and noise of a great manufacturing plant will be heard and the shrill sound of factory whistles will echo and re-echo on the shore and hillsides of West Berkeley. The contract for one of the greatest enterprises on the Pacific Coast has been let. It is for the construction of the buildings that are to be

occupied by the Pacific Coast Lumber and Furniture Manufacturing Company, an enterprise of such magnitude that it is destined to inaugurate a new era in the industries of the Coast and turn the tide of purchasers westward. The plant is to be built in West Berkeley, on the line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, and facing the Bay, with a water frontage of nearly one mile. The company has acquired by purchase thirty acres of land. The plant will occupy three acres. In the cluster of buildings will be four principal structures of two stories each, situated in the block bounded by Gilman, Harrison, Second and Third streets. These structures will have basements for machinery 600x285 feet. The raw material will be delivered at the water front of the factory, pass through the various processes of manufacture, and the finished article will be shipped to the markets of the world from the opposite frontage of the plant. In the dry kiln the lumber will be seasoned, thence taken to the machinery building, where all kinds of furniture, household and office fixtures, utensils and ornaments will be manufactured; thence to finishing departments, and then shipped to all parts of the world where these articles are used. The greatest office buildings and the most costly residences in San Francisco will bear evidences of the excellent work made by the company.

The idea of this new company is modern in the extreme, and in the way of a corporation is unique. It stands in no danger of being dominated by either trust or labor union, since its shares will be held by its workmen. The company was organized purely on the industrial plan. Every employe must be a shareholder. The system works admirably, as it makes strikes, boycotts, lockouts and similar difficulties impossible. Every employe feels that he is working for his own interest,

and gives to the company his best talent and energy.

This plan is less Utopian than it appears. It has been tried in several notable instances in the East and where the trial has been fair has succeeded. It stands to reason that a workman will give more conscientious effort to a work with which he thinks he himself is identified as a personal shareholder. He feels himself to be one of the firm, not a hiring, and his earnest desire will always be for the well being of the undertaking.

To convey an idea of the magnitude of the enterprise and the beneficent results which must of necessity accrue from it, it only needs to be said that the plant includes the completion of the first great concrete wall, 1,770 feet long, three and one-half feet broad, and five and one-half feet high. All the machinery and shafting will be in the basement, working and resting on concrete foundations; every machine will have a concrete base of its own, thus removing danger to life and limb of employes.

The company owns 4,000 acres of the very best timber land near Corbin, Oregon, and practically controls all the available oak for the purposes intended. The raw material will be brought to the factory in the company's own steamers and sailing vessels. One steamer and one sailing vessel are now in contemplation. The company owns the mills and store at Corbin, which are in full operation, and has over 1,000,000 feet of the finest lumber ready for shipment. The material will cost \$15 per 1,000 feet landed at the factory, when Eastern manufacturers have to pay \$75 per 1,000. One item, that of wheelbarrows, of which thousands are used each year: not one has heretofore been manufactured on this Coast. This company will manufacture at Corbin all the wheelbarrows required on this Coast, and many thousands more to be sent East, which will be a great saving and enable it to compete successfully with all factories of the world.

In the way of first-class building material the West is entirely independent. Instead of depending on the East for the best quality of oak for furniture and interior finish, the Pacific Coast has as-

sumed the lead, for it has in its control all the material available. All it needed was the factory. Besides the oak, the company owns an almost inexhaustible supply of fir, maple, white cedar and other valuable timber.

The investments in land and buildings and machinery at West Berkeley amount to \$150,000, and will give employment to 150 persons at the start, though that number is likely to be increased in a short time to 1,500. The value of the timber land, mills, store, wharf, shops, railroad and other assets aggregate over \$1,000,000. The net profits per annum, at a conservative estimate, are figured at \$300,000, or 30 per cent on an investment of \$1,000,000.

The output of this great plant is by no means limited to the home market and the Pacific Coast, for the Western States cannot fail to avail themselves of the best and cheapest market. There is also a growing demand for the best class of these manufactured articles from Mexico, Central and South America, Australia, the Hawaiian Islands, and a demand is being created in the Philippines and the trans-Pacific countries, as Western civilization reaches these Oriental regions and Western commodities become known to the inhabitants. The company enjoys every facility and advantage of owning the raw material, the means of carrying it, manufacturing it and sending it to market, and has its factory where ship and rail are brought together at its very doors.

The officers are: Mr. William Corbin, president and treasurer; Mr. R. A. Bog-gess, vice-president; Mr. D. Gilbert Dexter, secretary; Mr. C. J. Brusckke, manager furniture department; Mr. A. E. Rudell, assistant secretary, and Dr. Joseph G. Crawford.

Considering the company's million dollar capital stock, the sensible lines upon which it is founded and the unparalleled advantages which our Coast offers to the manufacture of furniture, there appears no reason why the Pacific Coast Lumber and Furniture Manufacturing Company should not open a new future to us, both industrially, sociologically and financially.

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